SEPTEMBER.

THE BATTLE OF THE PYTHONS

By H. HERVEY

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F.WARNER.

6d

Vol. XIII. No. 78. SEPTEMBER, 1905

Energy & Endurance

are essentials to the warrior, the worker, & the student. If you would possess these qualities, drink

van Houten's Cocoa

It supplies stamina & vigour, & is the most delicious of all beverages.

A COCOA YOU CAN ENJOY.

AN ALBANIAN REBEL. By Tom Browne, R.I.

Published Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12 Southampton Street, Strand W.C.

Digitized by Google

GAMAGE'S HOCKEY OR FOOTBALL SHIRTS.

We supply every description of Shirts for all Sports.

No. 1 (as illustrated).
2 in. Stripes (all Colours).

Flannelette, A Quality 2/1
" B " 2/9
Flannel, best Shrunk* 9/6
*(To order only in quantities of 1 doz.)
Boys' sizes, up to 14 in. neck, **3d.** less.

No. 2.
4 in. Stripes.

Flannelette, A Quality 2/1
Red and White, Black and Amber.
Flanelette, B Quality 2/9
Red and White — Navy and Red
Sky and White — Black and White
Navy and White — Black and Red.
Boys' sizes, up to 14 in. neck, **3d.** less.

Postage on below 10s., 1 shirt, **3d.**; 2 or more, **4d.**

The "Referee" (Regd.) Association.

Gamage's of Holborn

SPECIAL VALUE IN FOOTBALL OR HOCKEY KNICKERS.

Strong Swansdown or navy blue Serge, 24 to 28 in. waist, Boys' 1/4

Ditto, 30 to 42 in. waist, Men's 1/4

White Lambskin or navy blue Serge, 24 to 28 in. waist, Boys' 1/8

Ditto, 30 to 42 in. waist, Men's 1/10

White Lambskin (super quality) 24 to 28 in. waist, Boys' ... 2/8

Ditto, 30 to 42 in waist, Men's 2/10

Strong navy blue or black Serge, 24 to 28 in. waist, Boys' ... 2/8

Ditto, 30 to 42 in. waist, Men's 2/11

The Holborn Rugby.

GAMAGE'S CELEBRATED FOOTBALLS.

The "School" Football.

RUGBY OR ASSOCIATION.

These Balls are made of Stout Hide Cases, and are a marvel at the price.

No. 3, 3/9 ... No 4, 4/6
No. 5 (MATCH SIZE), 5/3
Complete with Rubber Bladder.
Postage 4d.

"Referee."

Perfect in Shape. Will last longer than any other make. Every Section Stretched and Hammered before being made. Welted Seams. It is utterly impossible for the ball to stretch, because the sections are so small. The Hides also go through a process which renders them Waterproof, and are sewn by the most experienced workmen. The shape is perfect, and every Ball is guaranteed. The Bladders are the celebrated "Referee" (extra strong). No. 5 (MATCH SIZE), Price 10/6, post free

The "Army" Ball

Is specially recommended for use at Barracks and Public Schools. It is composed of eight sections, cut from best selected English Cowhide, and is the best Ball for hard wear.

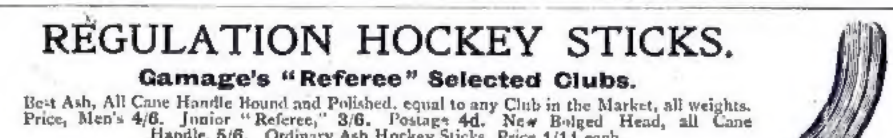
Price, complete ... 9/6
Postage 4d.

The Holborn Match Ball, Stout Cowhide, Hand Sewn, 4/6, 5/6, 6/3, 7/3.

REGULATION HOCKEY STICKS.

Gamage's "Referee" Selected Clubs.

Best Ash, All Cane Handle Bound and Polished, equal to any Club in the Market, all weights. Price, Men's 4/6. Junior "Referee," 3/6. Postage 4d. New Bolged Head, all Cane Handle, 5/6. Ordinary Ash Hockey Sticks, Price 1/11 each.



Hockey Balls from **5d.** each, or **4/6** per doz. Postage **2d.** each. Quantities of 1 doz. carriage paid. Gold Cape Hockey Gloves, Horse-Hair Stuffed Fingers, very light but ample protection to the Hand, price **2/6** each. Postage **2d.** Leather Football or Hockey Shin Guards, Cane protected, for wearing under Stockings, Price 1/- pair. Postage **3d.**

Extract from a Testimonial sent from an experienced Customer: "I want to say about the Hockey Stick that I, and also others I have shown it to, think it a splendid Stick. I am now using it for the sixth season. I have used it consistently since 1899 in over 150 matches, and have never had occasion to have it seen to."

A.W. Gamage Ltd Holborn— London.E.C.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY 16 11 1905

Digitized by Google

I HAVE FOUND POSITIONS FOR 15,000

GEO. E. CLARK,
Founder and Principal.

For 25 years Clark's College has held the premier position amongst Civil Service and Commercial Training institutions. During that time it has placed over **15,000 students** in good positions in **Government** and **Business Offices.**

3000 students are at present in attendance at the Central College and its branches, in **Daily and Evening Classes.** There is also a thoroughly efficient and successful system of **tuition by post** for students throughout the British Isles or in any part of the world. All the work is under **my personal direction** and supervision, and is carried on under the system which has proved so successful for many years. That is why **Clark's College** is the most successful institution of its kind.

To secure an appointment in the Civil Service or in one of the leading business houses is to obtain an agreeable, permanent, and profitable position. The surest, safest, and quickest way to secure such a position is by way of **Clark's College.** Write for **free Illustrated Booklet** or call and see me personally.

CLARK'S COLLEGE
123, CHANCERY LANE
LONDON. W.C.

GNL

SEEKING A PROFESSION

STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE

Premium Moderate.

Exceptional Advantages for Training as above.

Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.

For terms and full particulars apply to—

COX & CO.
Engineers & Shipbuilders

Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, FALMOUTH.

Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct entry of Probationary Assistant Engineers in His Majesty's Navy.

An Admirable Food for Cyclists, Cricketers, Oarsmen

EPPS'S

The Cream of Cocoas.

COCOA

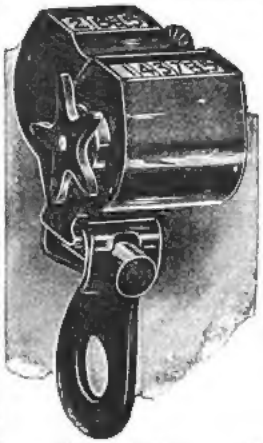
and all engaged in outdoor sports and pursuits.

There is no more Accurate Cyclometer

THAN THE ORIGINAL

"Veeder"

The Cyclometer that Revolutionised Cyclometers



Fits snugly up against the wheel.

Takes up little room

Easily read at any time.

Records to 10,000 Miles and Repeats.

NEW 1905 MODELS.

Of all Dealers. Insist on the "VEEDER."

Trip, 6/6 each. Regular, 3/6 each.

Booklets from Sole Agents—

MARKT & CO., Dept. III.,
6 CITY ROAD, FINSBURY SQ., LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Now Ready, price 1s. 6d., post free.
The Fifth (1906) Edition of the

UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE

OF THE

Postage Stamps of the World.

422 pages, 2,900 Illustrations.

Includes all Stamps issued to date of publication, with price of each, unused and used. No perforation measurements or minor varieties. The only catalogue for the beginner or the general collector. Cheapest, simplest, neatest, and most easily understood.

THE STANDARD POSTAGE STAMP ALBUM.

Arranged and Illustrated on a novel principle, every space numbered to correspond with above-named Catalogue. Quite New and Up-to-date.

Full Particulars, Prices and Specimen Page sent free on Request.

New 68-page Price List of nearly 2,000 different Sets and Packets of Stamps sent gratis and post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.
ESTABLISHED 1869.

6d. The "World." 6d.

250 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, including **Newfoundland, Gold Coast, Shanghai, Corea,** Guatemala, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Nicaragua, China, Servia, Japan, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Cuba. **20 Different British Colonials. Gwalior State,** &c. &c.

6d. Postage 1d. extra (Colonies and abroad, 3d. extra). **6d.**

☞ **In addition,** every purchaser of this Packet *within* 30 *days*, applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets, will receive

GRATIS, A GOOD STAMP ALBUM.

Strongly bound in stiff covers of artistic design, well illustrated and indexed. Spaces for over 1700 Stamps.

☞ This offer is made as an advertisement *for one month only*, simply in order to circulate our **Illustrated Price List** of Bargains in Sets, Packets and Albums. Only one "World" Parcel will be supplied to each person.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, N.E.

A MARVEL FOR FOURPENCE.

To start the new season with an exceptional bargain, I offer during September (extra time for Foreign countries) a packet of 80 different postage stamps, including Travancore (set of 3), Chili (obsolete), Malta (King), Great Britain (Army Official), Orange Free State (old issue), Newfoundland (a set), West Australia, Gwalior, Queensland, British Guiana, Orange River Colony (King), many others, **80** different, all postage, price **3d.**; postage, **1d. extra**; and in addition I will present every purchaser of this packet who ASKS FOR APPROVAL SHEETS with a **SET OF BARBADOS.** WRITE TO-DAY and do not fail to ask for APPROVAL SHEETS.—**NEW APPROVAL SHEETS.** A splendid variety, selections of all countries. DISCOUNT **50** per cent. Clean and perfect stamps. Write to-day for a selection. Collections purchased, stamps exchanged. Correspondence with Colonies desired.
F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22, Desborough Road, Plymouth.

"N TOLIMA" PACKET 2D.

50 different STAMPS

Postage 1d. extra.

Including **UNUSED TOLIMA,** 4 cents; unused **Servia, Ivory Coast,** surcharged Bavaria, 3 Trinidad, U.S.A. unpaid (mineral), 3 New Zealand, Transvaal, Army Official, 3 Jamaica, unused **Columbia, large Japanese Celebration** stamp, &c. **OUR PRICE LIST** contains thousands of bargains. Send for a free copy of this book, 72 pages, 150 illustrations.

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

OUR PACKETS CAN'T BE BEATEN.

THE ENTERPRISE No. 30 CONTAINS 115 ALL DIFFERENT.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN FOR 3d.

This packet includes the following specimens:—**GOLD COAST,** Costa Rica, New South Wales, Pictorial New Zealand, **BRITISH NORTH BORNEO,** India Native States, Canada 1869, Roumania, **TOLIMA** (4 cents unused), Argentine Republic, Japanese Empire, Fine set of 5 Germany, high values 30, 40, 50, 80 Pf. and 1 Mark, catalogued at 8d. per set, &c., &c. The lot price 3d., postage 1d. extra.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To all collectors sending for the above packet we will present **FREE** one of our handsome

"ECLIPSE" POCKET CASES

for holding duplicate stamps. These are bound in superior crocodile cover, and fitted with transparent linen pockets to enable contents to be seen readily.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE. SEND AT ONCE.

Price List of Albums, Packets, &c., post free on application.

WHOLESALE LIST TO DEALERS ONLY.

KING BROS., LTD. STAMP IMPORTERS BILSTON

Write for it

COLOSSAL PACKET No. 4.

Comprising 60 very desirable stamps (including many obsolete and some of King's Head Colonials) as follows: English Levant and Army Officials; B.S.A. Co.; 5 Cape (including Table Bay); 2 Lagos; Malta; Mauritius; 3 Natal; 2 Orange River Colony; 4 Transvaal; 2 Ceylon; 2 Hong Kong; 5 India (all King's Head); 2 Straits Settlements; Barbadoes; 3 New South Wales; 2 New Zealand; 3 Queensland; 2 South Australia; Tasmania (Mt. Wellington view); 3 Victoria; 2 West Australia (Swans); 2 long French; 2 Greece; 3 Egypt, and 2 scarce Colonial Wrapper Stamps. **The Superb Packet,** post free 9d. *Applicants for our well-known approval sheets, at 3d. and 6d. in the shilling discount, also receive:—Scarce Argentine and Brazil, the 1 peseta Spain; Set of 4 high values German Empire; and the 1 piastre Austrian Levant.* **Specials.**—Queensland, 3d., 9d. and 6d., the set, 3d.; New Zealand, 3d., 6d. and 1s., the set, 6d.; 2s., 10d. each; South Australia 6d. and 1s. long stamps, 9d. pr.; B.S.A. Co. 1s. ochre, 3d.; Gt. Britain 2s. 6d. and 5s. King's Head, 8d. pr.; postage extra.
Collections (small or large) and parcels of loose stamps wanted. Cash or exchange

A. W. TYRRELL & CO., 75 Little Britain, E.C.
(The oldest stamp shop in the City of London.)

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER PACKET (Quote Sep. when ordering.) **100** different, **2d.**, including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Canada Bill, Gibraltar, Venezuela, Jamaica, 2½d., 2 Old Mexico. GRATIS—Large List Colonials 1004, 250 Mounts and set of 2 U.S. 1901, and U.S. Card, and 2 "View" Jamaica gratis to all who apply for sheets. The above packet and gift given only to applicants for sheets. **3d.** to all others. **1s.** each abroad.

A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 90 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

is about the wonderful value of our approval sheets. Fine old and unused British Colonials at half catalogue rates. Send to-day for a selection. Stamps bought at highest possible prices.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS

of stamps of all countries, in good condition, at very low prices. Large discount.

BRIDGER & KAY, 65 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

25 STAMPS. 1/1;

B. Colonial Packet, grand value, Abroad, 1/3; Post Free.

Comprising **N. Nigeria, India, Transvaal (King's Heads),** Bermuda, Newfoundland, Barbados, Travancore, **B. Bechuanaland** (obsolete), Tasmania, **Zanzibar,** &c. &c. **50 Stamps for 6d.** as advertised. Thousands sold yearly. Approval (Section 1, **B. Colonials 6d. in 1/- disct.** (Section 2, **European and Foreign) 8d. in 1/- disct.** 2 Jamaica (pictorial) *gratis* to applicants for Approval Selections.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.

STAMPS—Note this Bargain.

The following Stamps will be sent, post free, for **3d.** The greatest bargain in Stamps ever offered. No. 38 contains 100. Venezuela, very old (scarce), Gold Coast (King's Head), British Guiana, Sumatra, Luxemburg, Egypt, Costa Rica, Bulgaria, Peru, Chile, Ecuador (catalogued 1s.), Canada (maple leaves), Mozambique Company (1893, scarce), Cuba, Porto Rico, New Zealand (universal), Japan, Colombia (new issue), Roumania, Greece (new issue), Hyderabad, Bolivia (catalogued 1s.), Argentine, India, Brazil, Spain, &c. Post free, **3d.** Sheets of Stamps sent on approval. **50d.** in the 1/- discount.

EDWARD COOPER & CO.,
14 ARCHWAY ROAD, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing

600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., Stamp Importers, BRIGHTON.

"EXCELSIOR" PACKET 3D.

120 STAMPS ALL DIFFERENT.

Including **TEN PICTURESQUE BRITISH COLONIALS** (such as **TURKS ISLAND,** Jamaica, Western Australia, British Guiana, Tasmania, &c.), **SET OF TEN INDIA,** including scarce official issues, obsolete United States, Chili, Set of 5 Japan, Portugal, United States Colombus, Victoria, Chili, Greece, Set of 10 Austrian, Venezuela, Deccan, Holland, obsolete Canada, Italy, Roumania, &c., post free, **3d.**, Abroad, **5d.**, and **FREE to EVERY PURCHASER a SET of SEVEN SWEDEN SERVICE,** the scarce oblong issue only on official letters.

☞ **OUR NEWEST PRICE LIST** is a large book of 60 pages, full of information and beautiful illustrations. It is written by an expert, and will tell you more about stamps than you know, and enable you to buy in the cheapest market. Let us send you a copy; it is quite free.

OR, if you would like a packet of 50 different stamps, including British Colonials (King's head type), Costa Rica, Chili, Venezuela, Egypt, &c., send One Penny to pay the postage, and receive the packet and the list.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS. STAMP ALBUMS. *All at lowest prices.*

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

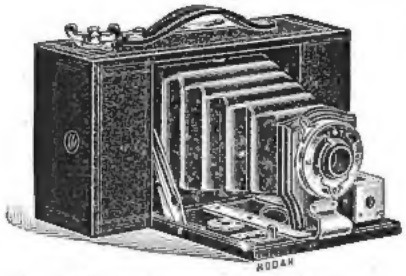
THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX 6D.

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G., **89 Aldersgate Street, London.** *Post Free.*

Digitized by Google

A KODAK KIT FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Complete Photographic Outfit for £2 2s.



No Dark Room and no Previous Experience required.

The Kit includes the New

No. 2 FOLDING BROWNIE

Fitted with our splendid **Automatic Focussing Device** and giving 3¼ by 2¼ pictures; the **Kodak Tank Developer**, in which the exposed film can be developed perfectly in daylight; Canvas case; Spools of film for 24 pictures; Developing and fixing salts; Printing frame; Solio paper; Toning and fixing solution; Dishes; Mounts, etc.

Full Instructions enabling anyone to commence at once, supplied with every outfit.

Write for the Kodak Book, Illustrated, and particulars of the Kodak £400 Competition, post free.

Of all Dealers and

KODAK, LTD., 57-61 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C., and Branches.

3D. "HOO DOO" 3D
PACKET.

100 Stamps, including: 3 HONG KONG (King), JAMAICA (King), Mauritius, Corea (old), 5 U.S.A. (none common), 3 New Zealand (pictorials), 12 scarce old Austria, 3 unused Cuba, 5 old issue Spain, Chili, Colombia, splendid set of 5 Portugal, &c., &c. Price **3d.** Postage 1d. extra (abroad 3d. extra). Purchasers asking for APPRO. BOOKS receive FREE

10 ZOOLOGICAL STAMPS
(Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Monkeys, &c.).

PERRIN BROS., STAMP IMPORTERS, HARLESDEN, N.W.

---

250 STAMPS. 250 MOUNTS. PERFORATION GAUGE.

"IDEAL" PARCEL OF ASSORTED STAMPS, &c.

THE LOT, POST FREE, **3d.**

To encourage this profitable and fascinating hobby, and to enable young collectors to get a good **COLLECTION** of **STAMPS** at a mere **NOMINAL COST**, we will send the above **PARCEL** containing: **250 FOREIGN** and **COLONIAL STAMPS**, in great variety, including **JAMAICA** (Waterfall), Canada, U.S.A. Columbus, Chili, Set of three Victoria, Queensland, Australia, India, **SET** of **ROUMANIA**, &c. &c. &c. **250** of the **FINEST STAMP MOUNTS** obtainable, and **ONE PERFORATION GAUGE.** The lot post **FREE** on receipt of three 1d. stamps. Abroad 3d. In addition we will

PRESENT ABSOLUTELY FREE to **EVERY APPLICANT** for the above **PARCEL** a **BEAUTIFUL SET** of **THREE COSTA RICA.** Catalogued at **9d.** per set.

ONLY ONE PARCEL SUPPLIED TO EACH APPLICANT.

We pay the **BEST PRICES** for **COLLECTIONS** or **LOOSE STAMPS** in any quantities. We encourage **COLONIAL EXCHANGE.** Try one of our **SPLENDID ALBUMS**, prices 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, 7/-, 8/- up to **£5**, post free.

A Customer writes: "I received your 1/3 Album, and like it very much. It is beautifully illustrated and must be the finest album published at the price. Shall always be pleased to recommend.—T. W. S."

Illustrated Priced Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World (Finest Catalogue published), Handsomely Bound, price 1/6 post free, 1/9. Send at once for our Illustrated Catalogue and find out the **CHEAPEST MARKET** for buying all requisites necessary for **STAMP COLLECTING.**

Guarantee.—All stamps guaranteed genuine. No reprints or fiscals sold by us.

HENRY ABEL & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS BILSTON.

THE VERY BEST.

Our "**BEAT ALL**" packet is really good. If you are not satisfied with value received, send it back **at once**, and we will return your money. We can't make a fairer offer, and we know no better method to convince you that we believe you will be pleased. It contains **120 different**, including many attractive stamps, as **St. Helena pictorial** Uruguay native girl, obsolete Turkey, West Australia, obsolete Spain, set of 8 Belgian, obsolete Chili, Jamaica pictorial, set of 10 German Empire, Bavaria, Denmark, set of 8 French, United States obsolete and pictorial, set of 10 Italy, Mauritius, Sweden official oblong, Natal, Deccan, set of 10 Austria, set of 6 Holland, Brazil, Zambesia, and set of 5 **MEXICO** (alone cheap at price asked for whole packet) &c. Price **3d.** post free (abroad **5d.**).

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

The Great Substitute
for physical exercise is the "Gem" Turkish Bath. It cleanses the system of waste matter, and gives health, energy—life! Booklet free. Gem Supplies Co. Ltd. (Dept. 128), 121 Newgate St., London.

ZOX FOR NEURALGIA.

YOU MAY TRY IT FREE.

Neuralgia is a disease of the Nerves, and most commonly attacks the nerves of the face. All who suffer will be glad to know of **ZOX**, a Simple and Sure Remedy, certified free from injurious substance. The Proprietors of the Remedy offer to send *two free sample* **ZOX** *Powders to any reader of* THE CAPTAIN *who will send them a stamped addressed envelope.*

ZOX Powders can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, &c., 1/- and 2/6 a box, or post free from

THE ZOX CO., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Sample £10 10s. Cycle for Cash,

From **5/-** Monthly. **£4 15s.**

Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheels, 2 Brakes, carriage paid. **Cycles from £2 10s. Sample £42 Motor Cycle £20.**

List Free.

DEREHAMROAD CYCLE CO. NORWICH.

Digitized by Google

GRAND MAGAZINE

Price 4½d. net.

The Most Original Magazine in the World

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—*Denham.*

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is absolutely unique in the annals of journalism. It is, unquestionably, the most original magazine in the world. From cover to cover—and there are more than 170 pages in the current number—it literally teems with interest. Every story appearing in its pages is contributed by a first-rate author—every article is written by an expert authority.

Every copy of THE GRAND MAGAZINE means—to the thoughtful, intelligent man or woman into whose hands it may fall—so much additional pleasure and delight brought into his or her life; so much additional knowledge—both useful and interesting—acquired for future need.

In a word, you'll like THE GRAND MAGAZINE because it is bigger—brighter—better—than most magazines.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., LONDON & NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

How You may be Taller

A Rational and Scientific Method of Increasing Height from 1 to 2½ inches, with added Strength, Health, and Bodily Beauty, by the New "Clease-Extensor" Method, the invention of Mr. F. Meredith Clease, Ph.L.D., late Director of Exercises to Haileybury College, and the outcome of 17 years' continuous study of the Physical Side of Life.

The **"Clease-Extensor"** Method is the Rapid Culture of Physical Beauty with increased height by Novel and Natural Means. It is an **original** system of bodily movements which, adapted to individual needs, will, in the course of a few weeks, improve the **personal appearance** of a man or a woman 100 per cent., with the satisfaction of knowing that it is **real** and **natural,** and not artificial and unnatural (*à la* fashion plate). **Mr. Clease's** system will give to **ladies** a **beauty** of **figure** and grace of carriage unattainable by other methods, and the same result can be assured for **awkward** and **ungainly men. Mr. Clease's** method—the **"Clease-Extensor"** method—is the result of many years of continuous study of the human frame, and constitutes an absolutely **new departure** in the science of improving the body by physical education. **It has no connection or similarity whatsoever with any other form of bodily exercise, whether it be for health or increasing height, that is being advertised.**

FREE TWO WEEKS' PERSONAL INSTRUCTION AND EXPLANATORY BOOK.

In order that **serious enquirers** can sufficiently judge the merits of this method, please **cut** the **attached form** off page, and indicate by a mark thus **X** your **physical requirements,** and a set of **selected movements** prepared for you by **Mr. Clease** will be sent in course of a day or two. Each movement is a **photo from life,** with instructions (covering a period of **two weeks**) that can be readily followed and understood by a child. **Mr. Clease** makes this offer in order to have his unique methods widely and quickly known, and will at the same time enclose an interesting **24-page booklet,** fully illustrated, entitled **"Why you are not Taller." All correspondence is strictly confidential.**

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D., 30, New Bond St., London, W.

CUT THIS OUT.

108.

Put a mark X against any of the following in regard to which you desire special improvement:—

Too Short.
Round Shoulders.
Flat Chest.
Narrow Chest.
Stooping Shoulders.
Head Stoop.
Weak Back.
Weak Chest.
Protruding Abdomen.
Incurved Back.
Weak Ankles.
Flat Foot.
*Stomach Trouble.
*Lung Trouble.
Stunted Growth.
Ungainly Walk.
*Curvature of Spine.
Too Thin.
Superfluous Flesh.
Prominent Hips.
Thin Bust.
*Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned?
*Occupation.
*What is your Age?

** Concerning these give full particulars in a letter. All correspondence is strictly confidential.*

POST TO ME.

LAUGH & GROW FAT.
Weigh yourself after a year's reading of . . . Tit-Bits

C. B. Fry's is the **IDEAL MAGAZINE** for the **OUTDOOR MAN.** It never bores. **SIXPENCE Monthly.**

If you want Wit, Humour, and interesting Information, read . . . Tit-Bits

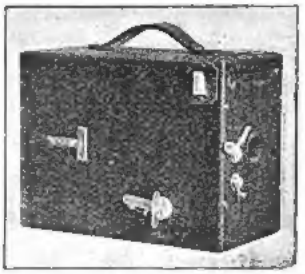
Digitized by Google

CAPTAIN COMPETITION PRIZES

£25 SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION

Open to All Readers under Twenty-two Years of Age. See "Editorial."

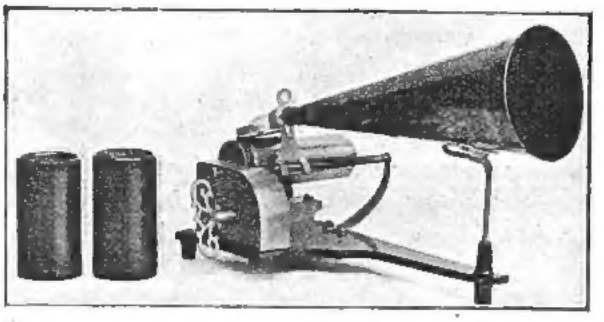
SEE PAGE 567.



See "'Captain' Birthday Book" Competition if you want one of these "Scout" Cameras, by Messrs. Houghtons, Ltd.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS IS AWARDED IN COMPETITION No. 3.

This "Guinea Kilto" Hand Camera, from Messrs. Houghtons, Ltd., is awarded in Competition No. 2.



This New Columbia Graphophone, value 17/6, is awarded in the "Ideal Number Competition."

Three of these Messrs. Cradidge Footballs are awarded in "September Celebrities" Competition.

One of these 10/6 "Swan" Fountain Pens is awarded to the winner of Competition No. 4.

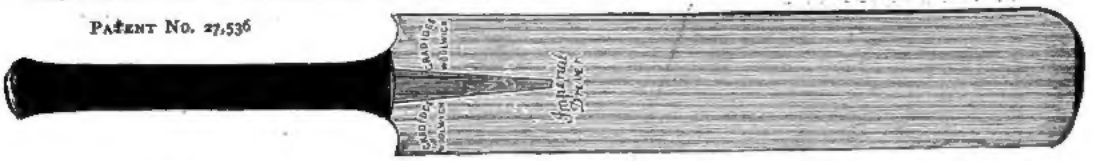
Digitized by Google

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in CRICKET, LAWN TENNIS, RACQUETS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c. &c.

Patentees and Sole Makers of the Famous "IMPERIAL DRIVER" Cricket Bats.

PATENT No. 27,536



As used by C. B. FRY, Esq., V. TRUMPER, Esq., A. C. MACLAREN, Esq., C. MCGAHEY, Esq., P. PERRIN, Esq., G. L. JESSOP, Esq., K. S. RANJITSINHJI, C. M. WELLS, Esq., J. DOUGLAS, Esq., G. BRANN, Esq., A. J. TURNER, Esq., E. M. SPROT, Esq., H. GARNETT, Esq., J. T. TYLDESLEY, A. WARD, A. LILLEY, A. E. RELF, G. HIRST, H. R. MURRELL, E. H. D. SEWELL, L. C. BRAUND, A. E. TROTT, G. C. B. LLEWELLYN, E. HUMPHREYS, D. DENTON, W. RHODES, and all the leading players in University, Public School, and Club Cricket.

The Gradidge Extra Special, Close Grooved. The Fishtail. The Special. The Club.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITÉ

EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE GAME.

PRICE LISTS and QUOTATIONS FREE.

Factory: Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

SOLD EVERYWHERE at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

Owbridge's LUNG TONIC, THE WORLD'S CURE

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c.

The best thing for the Tuck Box is a good supply of

Mackintosh's TOFFEE

which is "moreish." The more you eat The more you want. Every Tuck Shop sells it.

J. Mackintosh, Ltd., Halifax

ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD IS 10/-

And our "Eclipse" Fountain Pen is honestly worth half-a-sovereign. Here is the specification: — Polished vulcanite barrel and cap, stpd. 14ct. gold nib with iridium tip, twin feed bar, silver spiral, complete in box with filler and directions.

3/6 each post free.

Money returned if dissatisfied after three days trial.

J. WALLER & CO., Fountain Pen Specialists, 99 ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON.

A PRACTICAL AIR-GUN.

For Volunteers, Rifle, and School Clubs, &c. The most reliable and accurate air-gun ever put on the market. Not only more accurate, but shoots stronger than any other. Suitable for small Game. Used in the Principal Air-Gun Clubs all over the country. Correctly sighted and beautifully finished. **20s., 25s.,** and **35s.**

The New "Millita" Air Rifle.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you one, or send for Illustrated List to the Sole Proprietors,

MARTIN PULVERMANN & CO., (Dept. 4)

26 Minories, London, E.

Digitized by Google

A TASMANIAN ROBINSON CRUSOE:
THE STRANGE SEQUEL TO AN OCEAN MYSTERY

Now on Sale Everywhere

6D.

ACROSS THE GREAT SNOW DESERT:
AN ACCOUNT OF A RECORD JOURNEY

ADVENTURE SPORT

THE SEPTEMBER

WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

MANY UNIQUE STORIES AND ARTICLES

TRAVEL CUSTOMS

ROUND THE WORLD ON FOOT

6D.

Now on Sale Everywhere

TRAPPED! A STORY OF SMUGGLING IN NORFOLK

Digitized by Google

BILLIARDS at HOME.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

To place on your own DINING TABLE.

Instantly Removed. Stored against Wall. Will fit any size of Table.

Specification. Made in Mahogany, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, two Cues, Set of Large Ivory or the new Crystalate Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Good Rest.

Size.	Cash Price.	Or in 13 Monthly Payments of
4ft 4in by 2ft 4in....	£3 17 6	6 6 per month
5ft 4in by 2ft 10in..	£5 2 6	9/- per month
6ft 4in by 3ft 4in .	£6 0 0	10 9 per month
7ft 4in by 3ft 10in...	£8 0 0	14 6 per month
SPECIAL QUALITY (very superior)		
5ft 4in by 2ft 10in..	£5 16 0	10/- per month
6ft 4in by 3ft 4in	£7 0 0	12 6 per month
7ft 4in by 3ft 10in....	£9 5 0	16 6 per month

Delivered Carriage Paid at our risk.

RILEY'S Billiard & Dining Tables Combined.

In Solid Mahogany, with Dining Table Top in three parts. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards this table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

SPECIFICATION. Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Super or Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c.

PRICES.

WITH STOUT TURNED MAHOGANY LEGS.

Size as a Billiard Table.	Size as a Dining Table.	Cash Prices.	Or in 13 Monthly Payments of
5ft 4in	5ft 8in	£13 10 0	24/-
6ft 4in	6ft 8in	£15 0 0	26 6
7ft 4in	7ft 8in	£18 10 0	32 6
8ft 4in	8ft 8in	£24 10 0	43/-

Delivered Carriage Paid at our risk

AS A BILLIARD TABLE.

AS A DINING TABLE

London Showrooms—

147, Aldersgate Street E.C.

All Correspondence to Works and Head Offices—

E. J. RILEY, Limited, ACCRINGTON.

THE RECORD BREAK in 1904 was 788 by Stevenson, and in 1905, 821 by Roberts, both on RILEY'S TABLES.

FREE. Full detailed Catalogue with Illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, all kinds small and full size Tables and Sundries.

C. B. FRY'S—

The Magazine with the breath of Life.

Once Bought Always Sought.

The Outdoor Magazine.

WHAT WE CLAIM TO GIVE YOU.

In the event of your not having seen the current number of **"C. B. Fry's Magazine,"** we venture to invite your attention to the following aims which its conductors have in view:

(1.) To assist and entertain all classes of the community having an interest in any outdoor pursuit or pastime.

(2.) To supply expert illustrated articles on outdoor hobbies and games which shall give real information as well as genuine pleasure to the reader; also short stories of a vigorous and manly character.

(3.) To provide each month **new** and original pictures of topical events, and men and women of note, in the outdoor world.

(4.) To treat sport and athletics, not as the centre of interest in daily life, but as means to an end—a healthy and happy existence and a better understanding of a bodily and mental well-being.

(5.) To assist the average man, by sound and sensible advice, to retain his good health, and where that is lacking to offer him hints and suggestions for its recovery.

(6.) To bring home to men and women the value of fresh air and fresh ideas; to stimulate the efforts of all who are anxious to procure greater physical efficiency; to so interest the public in healthy outdoor happenings that their outlook is widened and their life made brighter.

We fully believe that the Magazine will impress you to such a degree that you will wish to become a regular Subscriber.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS.

FRY'S—The Outdoor Magazine; 6d. Monthly.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

Mountains are but molehills to riders of the new variable-geared Rudge-Whitworths. Prices to suit all purses. 64-page catalogue illustrating 70 models from **£5 5s.** to **£15 15s.** post free from

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD., (Dept. A28), COVENTRY.

Easy payments from 4/3 monthly.

Pure JAEGER *Wool*

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHS & DESIGNS

Wool "Taffeta," "Cambric," "Lattice Web," Fancy Flannels, &c., specially selected for wearing quality, smartness, and for their pleasant and soft handle. The most comfortable Shirts, Pyjama Suits, and Night Shirts obtainable for gentlemen.

PURE WOOL *is known and recommended by Medical Men to be the safest and best for Summer and Winter Wear.*

Shirts from 8/9 Pyjama Suits from 15/9
Night Shirts from 12/9

The JAEGER Natural Wool Underwear is GUARANTEED against SHRINKAGE, and is Durable, Soft and Comfortable.

Pure Wool Sheets and Blankets a Speciality.

Fixed Moderate Prices.

"THE VERA"

A very stylish garment, made in Printed Delaines, Wool Taffeta, Cambric, &c. The front is made with three half-inch folds, and allows plenty of room across the chest. The new sleeve, with fullness at the shoulder, is slightly gauged into a tight wristband. The collar is made detachable.

Price 8/6 in Delaines

other materials in proportion.

Write for PRICE LIST (No. 18) containing Patterns and 230 Illustrations, post free.

LONDON:
126 Regent Street, W.
456 Strand (Charing Cross), W.C.
30 Sloane Street, S.W.
115 Victoria Street, S.W.
85 & 86 Cheapside, E.C.

The JAEGER GOODS are sold in most towns. Address sent on application to Head Office, 95 Milton Street, London, E.C.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

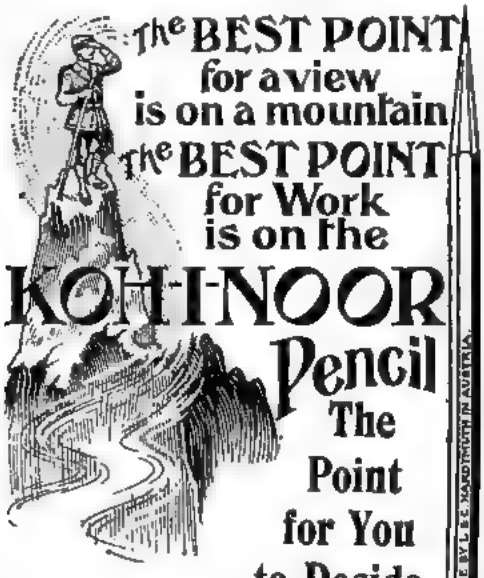
P. F. Warner, Athletic Editor.

Editor, The Old Fag.

Contents for September 1905

		PAGE
ON THE EVE OF THE FIRST	*Back of Frontispiece*	481
ON CAME TONKS AND THE WHOLE CROWD OF BLOODTHIRSTY VILLAINS	*Frontispiece*	482
THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD. (Conclusion.) Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.	H. C. Crosfield	483
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (Great Bowlers of To-day.) And Answers to Correspondents.	P. F. Warner	496
TALES OF THE FAR WEST. (No. 18.—Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook.) Illustrated by George Hawley	Franklin Welles Calkins	504
STORIES IN LONDON STONE With Illustrations from Photographs.	Walter Dexter	509
THE RIFLE BRIGADE CADETS		515
THE BABOON THAT WENT TO SCHOOL. Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.	Cecil H. Ingle and A. E. Johnson	518
THE RUN HOME		523

(Further Contents on next page.)



Is—whether to use a KOH-I-NOOR, which easily outlasts six ordinary pencils,—or to use inferior makes, wasting time, temper, and money.

KOH-I-NOORS cost 4d. each, 3/6 per dozen

Of Stationers, Photographic Dealers, &c. Dainty Illustrated Booklet Post Free from

L. & C. Hardtmuth, 22 Golden Lane, London, E.C.

MR. P. F. WARNER,

The Celebrated Cricketer,

Recommends

BARLEY WATER

Made from

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

"IN POWDER FORM"

As an excellent

DRINK FOR ATHLETES

"I have been drinking lately Barley Water made from Robinson's Patent Barley, and find it excellent. I think it is a drink that should be popular with everyone who goes in at all for athletics."

(Signed) P. F. WARNER.

Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (Exposure and Development.) With Illustrations.	Archibald Williams	524
TALES OF WRYKYN. (No. 6.—An International Affair.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	P. G. Wodehouse	528
THE CYCLING CORNER. (Taking It Easy.) With Illustrations.	Archibald Williams	534
O. H. M. S. (No. 6.—The Sniper.) Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.	George Ellbar	538
SEPTEMBER EVENTS	Readers of "The Captain"	546
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (The Stamps of Norway.) With Illustrations of New Issues.	E. J. Nankivell	551
WANTED—A PYTHON Illustrated by George Soper.	H. Hervey	554
NATURALISTS' CORNER	Edward Step, F.L.S.	560
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		562
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER		567
EDITORIAL	The Old Fag	568
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		574
RESULTS OF JULY COMPETITIONS.		576

The Captain is published monthly by the proprietors, George Newnes, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8*s.* 6*d*. Entered as Second Class matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1*s.* 6*d.*; or post free for 1*s.* 9*d.* direct from the Office. Vols. X., XI., and XII. are now ready price 6*s.*, or post free 6*s.* 6*d.* each. Vols. I. to IX. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

To Libraries, Clubs, Hot[illegible]

A Reading Case for The Captain can be had, post free, on application to the Publisher, George Newnes Limited, Southampton Street, Strand, London.

IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE

the victory is to the strong, the swift, the well equipped. With few exceptions [illegible] those positions which offer the highest remuneration.

For instance, in the Civil Service there are hundreds of positions [illegible] hours, long holidays, big pay, and what is possibly even greater importance, a substantial pension at the termination of service.

Skerry's College has been successful in securing for its pupils over 15,000 of these [illegible] positions. Shall we secure one for you? Write for our new Illustrated Prospectus.

The Secretary (C Dept.), SKERRY'S COLLEGE, 119, High Holborn (Corner of Southampton Row, opposite the new Kingsway), **London, W.C.**

GML

"JEWEL" PEN 5/-

Everybody can write easily and fluently by using the "JEWEL" FOUNTAIN PEN. It is the ideal of efficiency, combines all the latest improvements. Fitted with best quality 14ct. Gold Nib.

Price Complete, post paid
Chased, 5/-
Mounted and Chased, 7/6.

[illegible] Style Pen [illegible], of Stationers, or Sole Makers

JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. 50), 102 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

PEARCE'S HIGH-POWER "ACME" TELESCOPE

Three Miles Range

Invaluable to Tourists

Price 15s.

STANLEY PEARCE
161 WARDOUR STREET, W.

MAKE MONEY BY PHOTOGRAPHY

There is no need to pay a lot of money for an efficient Hand Camera nowadays. Modern machinery and modern methods have improved Cameras and reduced their cost. Everybody should possess a camera of some sort. It enables him to record some of the happiest moments of his life. Plate photography is cheaper than Film photography, that is a point in favour of a Plate Camera. Sell your snapshots to the popular magazines and make your hobby pay its own expenses.

These Four Cameras represent

The No. 1 Briton, which takes six plates 3¼ by 2¼, has a good lens and snap-shot shutter and costs only **5/-**

The No. 3 Mascot takes six quarter plates with a rapid Achromatic Lens, Everset time and instantaneous shutter, two magnifiers . . . . Price **7/6**

The No. 5 Briton takes twelve quarter plates, has a Rapid Achromatic Lens and Iris Diaphragm, Everset time and instantaneous shutter, and three magnifiers . . Price **12/6**

The GUINEA KLITO, the most popular Guinea Camera on the market. It is a rack focusing model, has a splendid lens, Iris Diaphragm, Yellow Screen for clouds, adjustable shutter, holds twelve quarter plates. The most up-to-date Camera sold . **21/-**

HOUGHTONS, Ltd.,
The largest manufacturers of Cameras in the United Kingdom,
88/89 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
Write for free Catalogue and name of nearest dealer, or send Postal Order direct, mentioning "The Captain."

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

OFTEN A VITAL POINT.
Chocolate by any other name than CAILLER is not as sweet not so deliciously minty

Cailler's
MILK-CHOCOLATE.

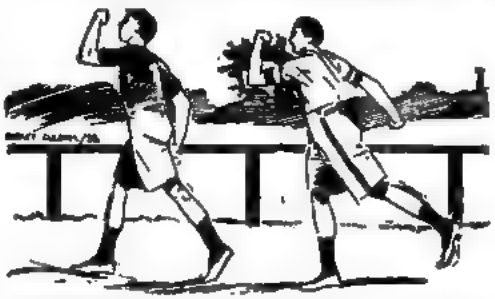
CAILLER'S is the Schoolboys' Favourite. IT DOES NOT CREATE THIRST

SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

If you are interested in
LOCOMOTIVES and RAILWAYS
Send two penny stamps for splendid coloured plate of express locomotive and list of publications.
"RAILWAY MAGAZINE" Office,
30 FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

RUBBER STAMP OF YOUR NAME and ADDRESS In FOUR lines, post free. 6D 1/2
SELF-INKING. READY FOR USE.
ERNEST WOOD & CO.
CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY, MANCHESTER.

To Prevent Exhaustion—Mental or Bodily—Drink



A Stimulant—and not for the moment merely—but a permanent and agreeable form of nourishment.

Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa.

BENETFINK & Co

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, LACROSSE, ETC.

HOCKEY STICKS.
BENETFINK'S

Regulation Ash, Bound Handle, weight up to 18 ozs.
2/- each, 22/- doz.
Super do., all weights, 2/6 each, 29/- doz.
Do., do., Bound Cane Handle
3/- each, 33/- doz.
4/- each, 45/- doz.

The "GREEN" pattern Hockey Stick, as used by the International players.
All Cane Handle ... 5/6
Double Rubber and Cane Handle ... 7/6

The "PIM" Bulger, double rubber and cane handle ... 8/6

GRENVILLE'S "Pickering St. George" Bulger, 9/3.

All above, Postage Free.

FOOTBALL and HOCKEY SHIRTS.

		doz.
Special Quality Flannelette, Stripes, Halves, or Plain Colours	Boys' 1/8 each	18/-
	Men's 1/10 ,,	20/-
Extra Strong Quality	Boys' 2/3 ,,	24/-
	Men's 2/6 ,,	27/-
Flannel, all Wool, Plain Colours	Boys' 4/6 ,,	52/-
	Men's 5/3 ,,	60/-
Ditto, Halves, any Two Colours or Plain with Coloured Facings	Boys' 4/9 ,,	54/-
	Men's 5/6 ,,	63/-

For other designs see catalogue.
Postage free.

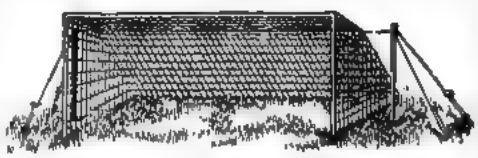
FOOTBALL or HOCKEY KNICKERS.

	Boys'			Men's		
White Swansdown ...	1/4	...	...	...	1/8	
White Lambskin...	2/-	2/8	...	...	2/2	2/10
Blue Serge 1/5	1/8	2/4	...	1/6	1/9	2/6
Ditto, all Wool ...	3/3	4/4	...	...	3/11	4/11
Best Navy Flannel ...	..	..	...	...	..	5/11

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 doren knickers, 2/-
Postage free.

FOOTBALL CATALOGUE

And Patterns of Shirts, Post Free.
Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."



BRODIE'S PATENT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GOAL-NETS.

Per Set of Two Nets, with Steel Rope and Iron Pegs.
No. 5.—Strong Laid Hemp, Steam Tarred ... 35/-
No. 1.—Very Stout Hemp, Steam Tarred ... 45/-
No. 8.—Cheaper Fittings ditto, Steam Tarred 31/-
Carriage paid to any Station in England or Wales.
N.B.—The above prices include everything except the actual Goal-posts.

"THE CLUB" GOAL-POSTS.

Four Posts, 8 ft. above ground, two 24 ft. Cross Bars to fold up, painted one or two colours ... 31/-
Ditto, with Iron Shoes 36/6
Carriage paid to any goods station within 50 miles
CHEAPER GOAL POSTS ... ... 12/- 18/- set.

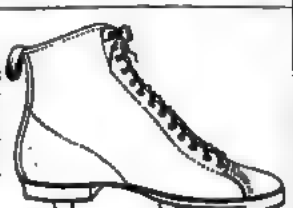
BENETFINK'S
"1st Practice," full size, 6/6
"THE MATCH."
Full size, No. 5 ... ... 7/-
Youth's, No. 4 ... ... 5/9

THOMLINSON'S
Eight-panel Match Ball, as Illustration 8/6
BRYAN'S "Grasshopper" 10/-
With Button End, or Buttonless.
The "ZUG" Patent Waterproof Leather 10/6
All Footballs Post Free.

"SPECIAL" and "LEAGUE."

FOOTBALL BOOTS.

BENETFINK'S "SPECIAL," Best White Chrome, Latest Pattern (as Illustration), Men's ... 10/6
BENETFINK'S "LEAGUE," Scotch Chrome, Waterproof Sole (as Illustration) 7/11
BENETFINK'S Scotch Chrome with Ankle Pad 7/11
BENETFINK'S "FORWARD," Scotch Chrome, Spring Heel (as Illustration) 7/11
BENETFINK'S "LEADER," Scotch Chrome, Waterproof, Special Value.
Boys', 5/11. Men's, 6/11.
Postage, free.



"FORWARD."

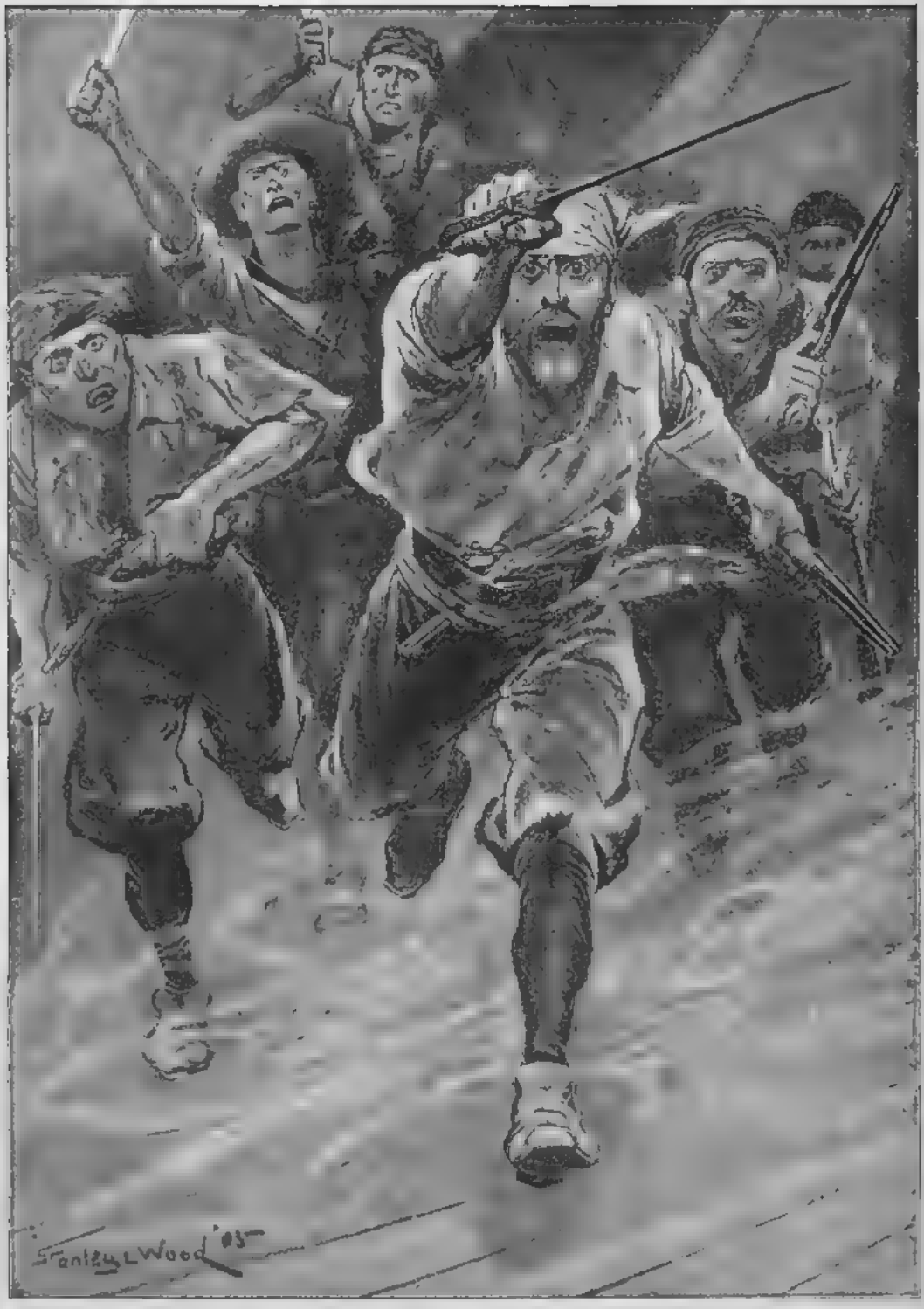
Address:—
(Dept. "Y.")
107 & 108, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

ON THE EVE OF "THE FIRST."

FATHER PARTRIDGE: "My son, to-morrow is the terrible *First*. Remember the traditions of our family and do not show the white feather."

SON PARTRIDGE (*an inveterate joker*): "At any rate, father, whatever I do I'm bound to die *game*."

(*Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.*)



ON CAME TONKS AND THE WHOLE CROWD OF BLOODTHIRSTY VILLAINS

Google

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 78.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H. C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, by whom they are compelled to work as slaves and treated in an inhuman manner until they succeed in making their escape, only to fall into the hands of a company of Spanish soldiers. With the help of Tonks, the English mate of the Spanish ship in which they are being borne to San Domingo by their captors, Skeffington and Baywood seize the vessel and turn "filibusters," or pirates, Baywood following Skeffington's lead much against his will. Having seized another Spanish vessel called the *Madre de Dios*, which they find to be full of treasure, they change over into this ship and make sail for the Barbadoes, where they wish to take in provisions, guns, and ammunition. Arriving at Carlisle Bay, Skeffington fits out his ship and sets sail for England. The ship has not been long on her voyage when Tonks, the mate, heads a mutiny of the men and sets Baywood and Jeffery Horton adrift in the long boat, but keeps Skeffington, tied and bound, a prisoner. Baywood and Horton, after an adventurous time in the open boat, at length reach a derelict, which they board with some difficulty, but on the derelict they find nothing whatever to eat or drink, and death by starvation and thirst stares them in the face. They are in this sore plight when they are sighted by the *Swallow*, a vessel chartered by Zephaniah Eccles for the purpose of carrying off Verity Whalley and her friend, Prudence Baywood, to England. Greatly to Eccles' annoyance, Mr. Allstone, captain of the *Swallow*, insists on picking up the castaways, and there is a joyous meeting between the latter and the two maidens. But almost immediately the four young people are threatened by a fresh danger, for the *Barnabas and Joseph* is sighted bearing down on the *Swallow* in a menacing manner. While the *Swallow* is preparing for a fight, a man, whom Baywood recognises as Captain Skeffington, leaps from the deck of the *Barnabas and Joseph* into the sea, and, followed by an ineffective fusillade from the mutineers, heads in the direction of the *Swallow*.

CHAPTER XX.

WE FIGHT WITH THE "BARNABAS AND JOSEPH."

WE stood watching the swimmer, as he gradually drew nigh to the *Swallow*. Whilst I was standing there, Zephaniah Eccles came to me, and said:

"John, my old master's son, I trust that you bear no ill will towards me. I ask your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you."

"Zephaniah Eccles," I answered, "I bear malice towards no man at a time such as this. Yet I cannot forget that it is your accursed folly and wickedness that have led us, Verity and Prudence and all of us, into this strait. Your repentance is sudden, and full late; but play the man in the fight, Zephaniah, and amend your ways afterwards, and I will try to forgive you."

"It is of Verity that I desire to speak," said Zephaniah. "I wish to make amends so far as I can."

"Well?" said I.

"First of all, if we escape the fight, I will make no further advances towards Verity, and will send her and you and your sister Prudence home at my own charges."

"Well?" I said once more.

"John, I should like you to believe that I meant no harm towards them. I was blinded by my affection for Verity."

"Supposing I admit that, Zephaniah," said I, "I do not see that it carries us much further. You cannot say that you meant no harm towards me when you caused Captain Skeffington to carry me off. But it is useless to argue about that now. Have you any more to say?"

"Only this much," he said. "You are a poor man, John, and I a rich one; and what I have to say, therefore, is this: if I should be slain in the fight and you should live to bring Verity and your sister to land, I give you the lading of this ship, which is all mine, to lay out for their and your own benefit and bring you safely home to Boston. Master Horton," Zephaniah went on to Jeffrey, "I call you to witness that if I die the whole cargo of this ship belongs to John Baywood."

I shook him by the hand, and wished that his repentance had been earlier. Yet I believed, and do still think, that his repentance

was an earnest one, and I am glad to remember that the last words I ever spoke to him were friendly ones.

"Farewell, Zephaniah," I said. "I do believe that thou meanest to do well at last. But cheer up, man—we are not going to be killed."

"Farewell, John," he answered. "Give my duty to thy worshipful father. It is borne in upon me that this is my last day on earth; and I trust to find mercy and forgiveness for my many sins."

By this time the swimmer had reached the ship's side. Mr. Allstone threw him a rope's end, and he climbed up to the deck, slowly and painfully.

"Captain Skeffington!" I called out to him.

"What, Jack, my boy, art *thou* here?" he exclaimed. "And thou, too, Jeffrey? Why, this is indeed a meeting of old friends. But we have no time for talk. Who is master of this ship?"

"I, sir, Gregory Allstone, at your service," said Captain Allstone.

"Sir, your servant. I am Barnabas Skeffington, master of yonder ship, the *Barnabas and Joseph*. The crew have mutinied and turned flibustiers. But I see you are ready to defend yourselves."

"Under Providence, we shall be able to give a good account of ourselves, I doubt not," said Captain Allstone. "But are you for us or against us, Mr. Skeffington?"

"Well," said Captain Skeffington, "do you think I took this long swim for the pleasure of it?"

"True," said Allstone. "Sambo, reach Captain Skeffington a glass of Nantz. Why doth yonder ship not shoot at us, Captain Skeffington?"

"Why truly," said Captain Skeffington, "because they cannot find more than a very little powder, and for that you must thank me, for there is good store on board. Now, look you; they think to capture you by falling aboard and carrying the deck with a rush; but they are cowards at bottom, more particularly their leader, one Tonks; and if ye withstand them boldly ye have naught to be afraid of."

"Here they come," said Captain Allstone. "Now my lads, shoot 'em if ye can; if not, steel must do the work. O the brig ahoy!" he shouted, "do ye want to run foul of us? Put her head round, ye lubbers, or ye'll be into us."

By way of answer they on board the *Barnabas and Joseph* shot off their muskets, but without doing hurt to any of us on the *Swallow*; and Captain Allstone answered with a shot from his great gun, which struck the brig's forefoot, yet not so as to do her any harm. In another minute the *Barnabas and Joseph* ran foul of us, her bowsprit catching fast in our mainshrouds; and with cries like a pack of hungry wolves her crew swarmed up her bowsprit and so leapt down on our deck. At their head came Tonks, and after him the whole crowd of bloodthirsty villains who made up the ship's company.

Now, I had done my share of fighting against Indian savages, in our woods at home, but this was my first battle against Englishmen; and I need feel no shame in saying that my knees trembled and shook at the first onset. But my tremors were soon gone, and instead of fear came a great joy and pleasure in the turmoil and stir of fighting. And was not I fighting for the lives and honour of my dear Verity, and of Prudence?

The judicious reader will no doubt have observed, in reading of battles, that no two men tell the story alike, although each may be a perfectly truthful man and desirous of relating what really happened. The reason of this is that in a battle (even so small a one as that of which I am now to speak), every man is too closely occupied with his own affairs to take a large general survey of the course of the fight. Each man can, therefore, only tell of what happened to himself, and of what he noticed near to him; and with this caution in mind I must now relate what I saw of the fight between the *Swallow* and the *Barnabas and Joseph*.

First we of the *Swallow* did all let off our muskets, and three of the enemy fell dead or sore wounded; and then all set to with pike and cutlass. So headlong was the onset of Tonks and his men that at first we gave way and were forced backwards along the deck, here one and there another on each side falling down wounded with stroke of cutlass or push of pike. But we kept well together and fought stoutly. The *Swallow* had flush decks—that is to say, she had no poop, nor even a roundhouse on deck, and we had thus no place to set our backs to until we were forced clean across the deck and against the larboard bulwarks. At this part of the fight I was closely engaged with a sturdy ruffian named Luke, and he was pressing me hard and had struck the cutlass from my hand, when one from behind me thrust at him with a pike and he fell dead. I looked to see who it was, and found it to be Captain Skeffington.

"Thank you, Captain," said I. It was the third time that he had saved my life.

I must not omit to say that during the whole fight Sambo, the black steward, who had ascended to the mizen top to be out of harm's way, continued to blow the Hundredth Psalm out of his trumpet; and it did mightily encourage us and refresh our spirits to hear this noble music amongst the tumult of the battle.

The issue of the fight was for some time doubtful. I suppose it did not rage for any long time, perhaps not more than ten minutes, for a man keeps no reckoning of time when he is fighting at close quarters. The decks began to be red with blood and encumbered with slain and wounded. I saw Tonks go down, and then Captain Allstone. I clave the skull of another man who was assailing me, and I saw Jeffrey drive his pike through the body of one who was striking at him with a cutlass. Zephaniah I could not see, and it crossed my mind that he had skulked away and hidden himself. But in so thinking I did him wrong, as you shall hear.

The *Swallow's* great gun was mounted on a swivel, or pivot, on the forecastle, and was so made that it could be turned in any direction at the will of the gunner. Now of a sudden, above the din of battle, this gun gave forth a great roar, and sent a charge of old iron, nails, bullets, and sundry other matters clean into the ranks of the *Barnabas and Joseph's* men, overthrowing divers of them and causing the others to look towards the gun in amazement. Seeing their confusion the *Swallow's* men made a sudden onset and forced them across the deck, hewing and stabbing at them. Now that Tonks was gone they had no leader, and they lost heart. Many of them had been slain and others sore wounded; and the rest we chased back into their own ship.

"Now Swallows," cried Captain Skeffington, "follow me and we will turn the tables upon them." So saying he leapt upon the bowsprit and so on board the *Barnabas and Joseph*. Some half-dozen of us followed him; and to such effect did we ply our weapons that in five minutes but three of the flibustiers were left unwounded, and they were on their knees crying for quarter. We quickly disarmed and bound them.

No sooner was the fight over than I hastened to Verity and Prudence with the glad news that the Lord had given us the victory, and brought them up into their cabin again, warning them to stay there until the traces of the conflict had been washed from the deck.

"What man was it that fired the gun?" said Captain Skeffington. "It was he that won the victory for us."

"If it please your honour," said Rogers, the boatswain, "it was that Mr. Eccles. I saw him go away forward, and I thought he was sneaking away out of the fight; but then I saw him load the gun and blow his match and give fire as if he had been born to it; though where he picked up his knowledge Heaven only knows."

"Where is he?" said Skeffington.

"He was with us when we boarded the brig," said Jeffrey. "He went up the bowsprit in front of us."

The two ships were still locked together, and I went on board the brig again. There I found Zephaniah lying dead on the maindeck, with a bullet through his forehead. I remembered to have seen one of the flibustiers fire a musket just at the end of the fight, but I had not observed whether the ball struck any person; and it must have been with this last shot that poor Zephaniah was slain. He was a bad man; but in the manner of his death he made amends for many misdeeds.

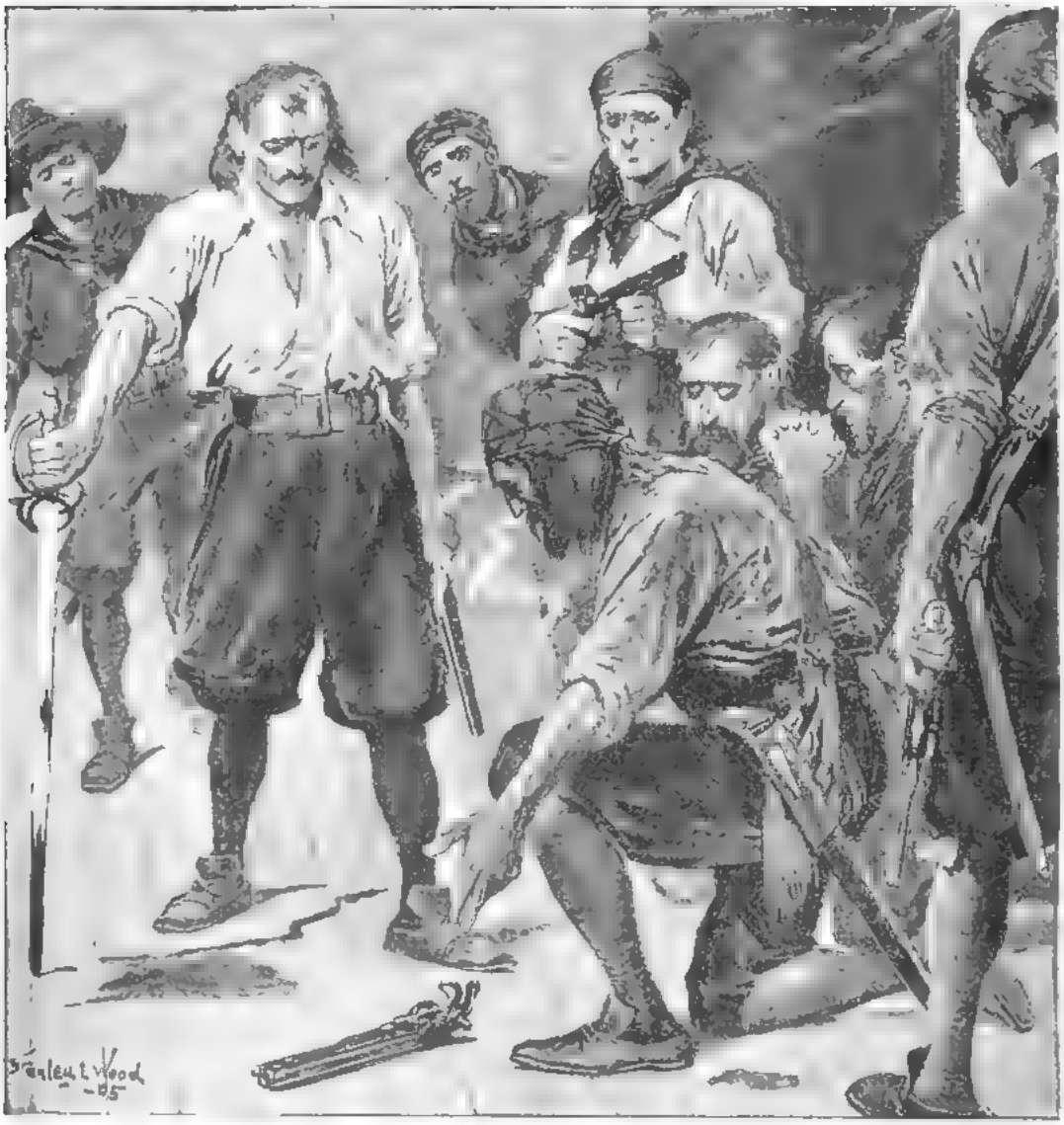
Now came the task of counting over the dead and wounded and clearing them away from the decks. Of the *Swallow's* men were killed Captain Allstone and three seamen, and five more seamen wounded. On the part of the flibustiers Tonks was so wounded that he died during the day, seven others were slain outright, and eight more wounded, leaving but three unwounded, and those close prisoners. Not only that, but we had regained the *Barnabas and Joseph* for Captain Skeffington and her cargo for Mr. Prickett; and Jeffrey and I also recovered our belongings. Never was a victory more complete.

The ships had suffered but little in the fight, and the damages were soon repaired. The fight was over by ten of the clock, and before noon the dead had been committed to the deep, and the wounded cared for as well as could be, we having no chirurgeon on board, and here Verity and Prudence bore their share, for dressing of wounds and care of the sick are lessons which every Boston maiden must learn.

"Captain Skeffington," said Mr. Wilkins, the mate, who had taken over the command of the *Swallow* on poor Captain Allstone's death, "I take you, sir, to be a master mariner of some experience."

"Captain Wilkins, sir," said Skeffington, "indeed you do me no more than justice."

"Therefore," Wilkins went on, "I would fain ask you whether, in your opinion, it be possible, after the losses we have suffered



THE FLIBUSTIERS WERE ON THEIR KNEES CRYING FOR QUARTER.

to tow yonder old hulk to England. Mr. Allstone was bent upon taking her to the Thames with him, but in my judgment that hath now become impossible."

Captain Skeffington asked several questions about the *Dolphin*, which having been answered he went on :

"My honest opinion is, that it is not only impossible, but that it might endanger the safety of the ship towing her. If it were a great matter, it might be well worth while to run the risk ; but for the small sum which at the best she and her cargo will fetch I believe you would be doing wrongly to make any such attempt. I, therefore, counsel you against it."

"I am pleased that our judgments are at one," said Wilkins, "and I will act accordingly."

"That being so, Master Wilkins," said Captain Skeffington, "I have somewhat to propose to you. There is no doubt that the mutineers on board the *Barnabas and Joseph* richly deserve death, yet I am not minded to carry

them to England and give them over to the Admiralty and be kept six months or more kicking my heels to testify against them; and moreover, to be plain with you, I do not desire too close an inquiry into the proceedings of that ship. Now what I propose is that those of our prisoners who are unwounded be offered their choice to be either hanged forthwith, or to be put on board the *Dolphin* with a month's food and water, to take their chance of sinking or swimming."

"Suppose, sir," said I, "that they get on board some other ship, and there make trouble?"

"There are but three of them," said Captain Skeffington. "It is not much that they can do to annoy any peaceful ship."

"Better hang them, sir," said Jeffrey; and I spoke to the same effect; but the plan had taken hold of Captain Skeffington's thoughts, and so after some further talk it was settled. When the choice was given to the three men they at once chose to take their chance on the *Dolphin;* and a proper quantity of salted pork and beef, bread and water having been put on board, the three men were taken to her and there left. What became of them I cannot say; for we lost sight of her that afternoon, and I have never since seen the old *Dolphin* or heard a word of her.

Captain Skeffington went on board his own ship, taking Jeffrey with him; and the unwounded men were equally divided between the two ships, though they made but slender crews for the two vessels. I stayed in the *Swallow*, and did duty under Captain Wilkins. During the afternoon we made sail, and the two ships pursued their voyage towards England in company.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN SKEFFINGTON TELLS HIS ADVENTURES.

ALTHOUGH it was not for some time afterwards that Captain Skeffington related his adventures on board the *Barnabas and Joseph* after Jeffrey and I had left her, I will set them down here for the entertainment of the reader. I will tell them as he told them to me.

"Thouseest, Jack," he said, "my skull is of the thickest, somewhat of the same metal as thine own, I think; and when Joseph Tonks fetched me that crack over the sconce, it did not kill me, though it knocked me insensible. How long I lay like that I do not know, though I think it was not very long. When I came to myself there was Tonks looking at me, and he stirred me with his foot, to see if I lived, I suppose. Hearing me groan, Tonks fetched me water, and glad enough I was to drink it; and afterwards I feigned to go off in my swoon once more.

"I am sorry for Joseph Tonks. He had no stomach for the dirty trade he had picked up. A right flibustier would have pitched me overboard; but when Tonks saw me swooning, what did he do but loose my bonds and drag me off to my own bunk and lay me in it, shutting the door and turning the key. I fell asleep, and slept for many hours, until next day, in fact, for when I awoke it was daylight again and Tonks was in my cabin, and with him that man Luke. These two men asked politely concerning my health; which I informed them was very far from being such as I could desire. This moved them to offer me a drink of cognac, which I took, likewise some meat which they brought me. After I had eaten, I felt refreshed, and at their request went forth with them into the cabin, and there found the ship's company assembled in council. Jack, thou oughtest to have seen them. Sure such a sick and sorry company were never seen before. In the space of one day they had consumed enough strong liquor to have lasted them a full quarter of a year; and they sat with aching heads and parched tongues, longing for more drink, yet loathing the smell and taste of it. They were quiet enough, and presently Tonks took up his parable and spoke thus:

"'Mr. Skeffington. I have been chosen Captain of this ship and her company of gentleman adventurers, according to the custom of these seas.'

"'A worthy and wise choice,' says I.

"'And I have prevailed with these honest gentlemen to spare your life,' says he.

"'I thank you,' says I.

"'But on conditions,' says he.

"'State them at large,' says I.

"'They be these: first that you shall take a solemn oath to cast in your lot with us and be true to us; secondly, that you shall discover unto us your share of the treasure which we took in this ship and make fair division among all hands by way of ransom for your life. If you agree to these fair and moderate conditions, well and good; otherwise we are purposed to cast you overboard to the sharks. We await your answer, sir.'

"'Mr. Tonks, and you honest gentlemen,' said I, 'I will see every mother's son of you very well hanged before I agree to either of

your conditions.' So saying I set my nose in the air and waited. I was not such a fool as not to be able to see which way the wind was setting. The truth was that there was not a soul among them who had wit enough to sail the ship to a port, let alone working her during a fight, and they could not do without me. I had my treasure safely hid, and I knew that they had not come at it, or it would have been divided up amongst them without my leave asked.

"At this a mighty hubbub arose; some were for tossing me to the sharks forthwith, whilst others were in favour of treating further; and when the clatter had gone forward long enough I said, very stately:

"'Gentlemen, if you have no further need of me I will withdraw to my cabin, for I am something sick and faint with the blow Captain Tonks fetched me when I was lying bound hand and foot.'

"This made Tonks rather shame-faced, but they would not suffer me to leave them, and at the end this treaty was entered into: that I should sail them to the nearest port where they could obtain a navigator, and that I should then be free to depart with all my possessions. Even so they had a very good bargain, for, as I did not fail to remind them, I was giving up my ship to them, to say nothing of Master Amos Prickett's cargo. I did my best to save it for Mr. Prickett, but it was no use. I likewise laid down that I was to be Captain, so long as I stayed on board, and that there was to be no flibustiering work.

"After this all went smooth for the few days before we met the *Swallow*, and it was well for them that I was on board, for although the bit of a blow which we had was naught to be afraid of, it was more than they could have managed. I need not tell thee, Jack, that I was not such a fool as to trust any single one of them. As for Tonks, he was a poor weak thing, blown about this way and that with every breeze; and I knew that as soon as they could do without me my throat would be slit or I should go over the ship's side. I gave out that I was steering a course for the Azores, where I said that gentlemen captains of the sort they wanted were as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. The poor souls knew not that the course I was steering would not bring them within a thousand miles of the Azores, but towards the coast of Ireland, where I hoped to find a King's ship (if the King, God bless him, has any ships left to him), or some armed vessel of the Parliament, so that I might escape on board of her and perhaps save ship and cargo as well.

"Early in the morning of the day on which we met the *Swallow* I had left the deck to Tonks and turned in to my bunk for a few hours' sleep. Before long Tonks comes to me and bids me a good morning and desires to be informed how I did.

"'I thank you, Mr. Tonks,' said I, 'my bodily health is in nowise impaired since I left you on deck not two hours ago.'

"Tonks cleared his throat and hummed and hawed for a space, until I was moved to say to him:

"'Mr. Tonks, I have answered your kind inquiry, and if that is all you had to say I will thank you not to stand hawking there, like a Parliament man at a loss for a word, but shut my door and return to your duty on deck.'

"'Captain Skeffington,' then said Tonks, 'the crew have commissioned me to make inquiry of you whereabouts the powder is stored.'

"'Mr. Tonks,' said I, 'when this ship left the Barbadoes you were her master's mate, or I am mistaken?'

"'Ay sir,' said he.

"'And if you knew so much of the sea as the ship's cat you would know that it is the part of the mate, not of the master, to know where every single thing on board a ship is stored.'

"'Ay sir,' said he again, looking like a fool, as the poor fellow was.

"'Well, if you had attended to your duty, instead of wasting your substance in debauchery on shore, you would have known all about the powder. Wait till I come on deck, and then, if I do not forget, and if I think proper, I will endeavour to recollect whereabouts the powder is stored.'

"I pushed him out of my cabin and put on my clothes. Now the truth is that there was plenty of gunpowder on board; but before we left Barbadoes, having many doubts of the honest intentions of our excellent crew, I had so dealt with Master Prickett that he had put all the powder in sugar barrels, with a secret mark known only to him and me; and these barrels were stowed in the hold along with the sugar; so that unless the rascals had broached every barrel they would never have hit on what they wanted. When I went on deck and cast my eyes over the sea I knew at once why the rogues wanted powder; for there was the *Swallow* plain to be seen with the old *Dolphin* towing astern.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, in a loud voice 'I

grieve to tell you that our store of gunpowder is very small, since, as ye all know, we sailed as a peaceful merchant-ship and not equipped for fighting. Such powder as we have is very much at your service. We have two kegs, and these will suffice to load our great guns. There is perhaps one charge for each, and there should be enough left to charge some of our muskets. But what matter?' said I. 'We have no need of powder for fighting, for yonder ship is not a pirate, ye may be sure.'

"I told them where the two kegs were—in a little cupboard in the after part of the cabin, where I had caused them to be stowed in case of need. They were fetched and opened on the deck. The men did not seem content, yet were they forced to be satisfied, for I told them that if they did not believe me they were welcome to rummage the ship; and certain of them were for doing this, but others said that there was no time.

"Now a fight was just the time when they needed me most, to direct the motions of the ship during the battle, or doubtless I should have been shut up below out of the way, if not thrown to the fishes. Yet that ruffian Luke came to me as I stood on the poop and said:

"'Skeffington, the ship's company order that thou shalt take an oath to be true to them during the fight, and——'

"What he would have said more I cannot tell, for I was very much angered, and shouted at him:

"'Luke, thou vile scum, say *Captain*, and *sir*, and *you*, when thou speakest to me. Get thee off this poop, and if thou darest to utter so much as one word to me after this, thy vile carcase shall smart for it. Stay not to consider of it, but go.'

"See now the power which righteous anger hath against the wicked! Luke was armed with sword and pistol, while I had not so much as a marlinspike, yet he sneaked away off the poop, muttering, 'No offence, no offence.'

"Then, as I stood there on the poop it came suddenly upon me to leap overboard and chance the swim; trusting in the Lord that the crew of the *Swallow* were less hardened ruffians than those on the *Barnabas and Joseph*. So I leapt and did swim, and the rest of my tale thou knowest."

"GET THEE OFF THIS POOP."

CHAPTER XXII

IN LONDON.

NOW is my story nearly ended; yet I must relate shortly what befell us in England, and how we returned home safe and sound after so many and great dangers.

The winds continuing favourable, the two ships stayed in company, and in ten days or thereabouts after the fight we came to an anchor in the Downs without further adventure. Captain Skeffington, Jeffrey, and I went ashore at the town of Deal, in Kent, taking with us Verity and Prudence; and after some little ado, for the country was much unsettled, hired horses, and in three days rode up to London. Captain Wilkins sent by me letters to the owner of the *Swallow*, one Master Grocott, a merchant in Seething Lane in the City of London, acquainting him with what had befallen; and I had with me likewise the bills of lading of the cargo, which was mine by the gift of Zephaniah Eccles.

I was much put to it to provide some place of refuge for Verity and Prudence while we abode in London. As we were riding through Southwark towards London Bridge on our way to the City, I bethought me of what poor Mr. Allstone had told Verity and Prudence of his wife and daughters; and at my entreaty we lighted from our horses at an Inn in the Borough, as they call Southwark, and made inquiry from the host whether he knew Madam Allstone. He did not, and told me that I had better ask the parson of the parish, the Reverend Nicholas Bagshawe, who was a good man and knew many of the people, though he was but newly come thither.

I sought out Mr. Bagshawe, and found him to be a man past middle age and of the Presbyterian way of thinking. When I told him my name he said:

"Do you come from Lancashire? In my young days I remember some Baywoods in the town of Liverpool in Lancashire."

"Sir," said I, "my father dwelt in Liverpool, and I come from Boston, in New England, whither my father removed his family some years ago."

"An Independent, if I mistake not?" said Master Bagshawe.

"Yes, sir."

"Alas, they are blinded persons, blind leaders of the blind," said he. "Still, for old acquaintance' sake let me hear your business."

I told him my errand, which was to inquire after Madam Allstone, and I was led into relating some part of my adventures.

"Mr. Baywood," said Mr. Bagshawe, "this woman Allstone is well enough, but after all she is but a rough sea captain's wife, and her dwelling is in a mean court, not fitted for your sister and the other young woman of whom you speak; not but what they would be safe enough there. But suffer me to speak with my wife, and we will see whether we can make some scheme for their safety until you can return with them to New England."

Madam Bagshawe was a kindly, stout woman; and it ended in my entering into an agreement that Verity and Prudence should dwell in the parsonage under her care for a few weeks; I agreeing to pay for their entertainment after the rate of one shilling sterling per diem for each of them; for Mr. Bagshawe was but a poor man, while I was now a rich one, at least in my own estimation.

Now I was free to go about to sell my cargo, for it was not consigned to any merchant, Zephaniah having designed to keep the sale of it in his own hands. But first Jeffrey and I went to Master Windball, the goldsmith in Lombard Street, and presented Amos Prickett's drafts; and (not being used to dealings in paper) were glad to receive good solid jacobuses in exchange for them.

"Bless your hearts, gentlemen," said Mr. Windball, "I would honour my good friend Prickett's drafts for five times that sum."

Mr. Windball seeming friendly and disposed to talk, I told him of the cargo which I had for sale and how I had become possessed of it.

"Would you sell it to me?" said Windball.

"Surely," said I, "at a fair market price."

"Well," said he, "I deal in all manner of things. But I must first see my attorney and ask him if all be in order. This Eccles may have left kinsmen, or failing that, the Parliament, which is in sore straits for cash, might take a fancy to the cargo as being goods of an intestate; and what I desire to buy is a cargo, not a law-suit. You have the bills of lading?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good. Then come you again at this hour to-morrow, and you shall know my mind."

When I went again to see Mr. Windball he told me that his attorney said the cargo was undoubtedly mine and that he might safely buy it.

"My attorney told me," said Windball, "that this gift having been made to you by word of mouth before witnesses, by a person in immediate apprehension of death, may be taken to be of the nature of a non-cupative testament—these lawyers love long words—

and that as a bequest it is good against all the world. He added something about a *donatio mortis causâ*, but that was only to make me believe him a man of learning and the less inclined to look askance at his next bill of costs. Let me see the manifest and the bills of lading, and I will name a price which I am ready to pay."

He offered me for my cargo the sum of £1000. This sum he told me frankly was below the real worth of the goods, but the times were troublous and his risk was great. I took counsel with Captain Skeffington, and by his advice agreed to accept Mr. Windball's price, rather than have the trouble and risk of going from merchant to merchant, selling a parcel here and a parcel there, and perhaps making less in the end.

By this time the *Swallow* and the *Barnabas and Joseph* had worked up the River Thames and were lying in the Pool, and Captain Skeffington had to see to the delivery of the lading of his ship to the merchant to whom Mr. Prickett had consigned it. With this I had nothing to do; and for some weeks I was free to go abroad with Prudence and Verity and with them to see all the sights of London town. We saw the Tower, London Bridge, old St. Paul's (since, alas! burnt to ashes), the Abbey of Westminster, the Palace of Whitehall (little thinking of the dreadful deed which was to be done there within a few short years after), Westminster Hall, Hampton Court. To us it all seemed very gay and splendid, though Captain Skeffington assured me that the whole town was mean and sordid compared with the time before the troubles, when the King still dwelt in Whitehall, and so many nobles, now scattered far and wide, also had their houses in London.

I must also mention that by Verity's desire I made my way to her kinsman Whalley, the Parliament man, to tell him of his kinswoman's plight, so that if he were so minded he might stand her friend. Great ado I had to come at him, for in those days members of Parliament were (more particularly in their own esteem) little kings, and were to be approached with reverence and fear. Howbeit I did at last come to have speech with him at his lodging in Spring Gardens—after greasing the palms of two or three serving-men, whose sober looks and apparel and pious speech were but cloaks for rapacity and insolence; and after kicking up my heels for a couple of hours in an antechamber.

"What is thy will with me, young man?" said Master Whalley. "Be brief and come to the point speedily, for we that serve the commonwealth have no leisure to listen to idle prattle."

I told my story in as few words as I could; but while I spoke he was for ever pulling his watch from his pocket, or turning aside to look at a heap of papers that lay on a table, and striving in other ways to convey to me a sense of his importance and my unworthiness.

"Well," said he, when I had finished, "and what has all this rigmarole to do with me?"

"Why, nothing, sir," said I, "unless you would be pleased to consider that this young woman, your own kinswoman, is here a stranger in a strange land."

"Hast thou any proof that this young woman is, as thou sayest, of kin to me?" said he.

"My word, sir——" I began.

"Thy word? What have I to do with thee or thy word?" he answered. "And even if it be all true (which I think is an extravagant thing to suppose), why should I, who am burdened even to fainting with public matters, concern myself about this young woman? But it is idle to talk thus. Young man, thy device is an ingenious one to palm off this creature upon me, thyself being tired of her, I suppose. But I am not so credulous as thou imaginest. Begone, and be thankful that I do not deliver thee to the constable."

"Sir," said I, being very angry, "I am but a small man, and you are, I suppose, a very great one; but I take leave to tell you that you are abandoning your own blood relation to the care of—of—whomever will take care of her. But you can rest assured that you will not be further troubled; and I can only say that I shall be sorry for the Kingdom if it be left to the care of such guardians as you."

This speech had the effect of striking Mr. Whalley dumb with amazement. He rang a little bell which stood at his hand, and when the servant answered the call he could but point at me and then at the door. I was glad when I found myself in the street, for indeed I feared that the great man would have an apoplexy and that I should be called to account as being the cause of it.

Verity was greatly distressed when I told her the result of my embassage.

"My own flesh and blood cast me off!" she cried. "What must I do?"

"What must thou do, my dear?" said I. "Why, thou must love me more than ever, and we will get a ship back home again, away from all these proud people here."

Now, I made many inquiries after a ship, and was told on all hands that there was very

little chance of getting one back to America that year, for it was already late in the season and past the time when ships usually sailed across the Atlantic, and I well-nigh made up my mind to tell Verity and Prudence that we must stay in England until the spring.

It was now near the end of September; and one day Captain Skeffington entered my chamber at the Inn in the Borough, where I still lay for nearness to Verity and Prudence, and said to me:

"Jack, hearken; art thou minded for a voyage to Boston?"

"That am I," I said, "but where can a man find a ship at this season of the year?"

"Will the *Barnabas and Joseph* serve thy turn?" said he.

"Truly; but——"

"Listen, Jack; and thou shalt hear news. I am a rich man once more; rich in good solid lands and beeves," said the Captain.

"How is that, Captain?"

"I sent a messenger down into Leicestershire some ten days back, and he is now returned with the news that my elder brother Leonard was killed at Edge Hill, fighting on the side of the Parliament. (Would he had been for the King, but he was ever a thought cranky; yet it has saved me my estate.) He was never married, and I am his heir-at-law."

"Captain——"

"Do but wait a moment, Jack. I am minded for one more voyage before I take up mine inheritance. I need wait for no cargo, for I am rich enough to bear all charges myself. In a fortnight the *Barnabas and Joseph* can be made ready for sea, and in London I can get a sober, steady crew, not like the scoundrels I had last time."

"Captain——"

"There again, Jack; do but be silent; I can get in no word for thy prating. One young maiden I can do with on board my ship; two were too great a weight for me to make myself answerable for, but one I can well take on board. Then we must have, to bear her company, a gentlewoman, married, of sober life and conduct, yet not too old."

"Captain," said I, he having at last paused to get his breath, "I thank thee most heartily; yet I fear we cannot accept thy kindness. For even if I were willing (which I am not) to leave either Verity or Prudence alone in England, thou knowest as well as I do that they would never agree to be parted."

"Jack," said the Captain, "thou art a dullard. I perceive that I did not sufficiently rope's-end thee on board the *Good Hope*, and now thou art grown too great a man for me to mend thy wits by thrashing. Were I as young as thou, I should long since have gone to the reverend Bagshawe, and have clapt him on the shoulder, saying, 'Your reverence, here be two loving young hearts longing to be made one. Tie us, therefore, so fast together in the bonds of matrimony that none shall be able to separate us.' Now what dost thou think of that, John?"

"I think, Captain, that Verity would never agree," said I.

"Well, ask her, man, and see what she says. And, Jack, thou canst tell her likewise that I am going to change the ship's name again. She was unlucky to her rightful owners when she was the *Madre de Dios*, and not much better when she was named in honour of me and that poor rascal Tonks. I am going to call her the *Verity and Prudence*, and sure two such excellent qualities as these should bring good luck. And ere I forget, tell Mrs. Verity likewise that I will give her away to be thy bride with the greatest pleasure in life. That may tempt her if nothing else doth."

"Captain," said I, "'tis a thousand pities that thou art not in the Parliament. Thou hast a fine natural eloquence which is thrown away on ship-board."

"Jack," said he, "thou art impudent and ungrateful. But I forgive thee, my lad, for the present. Wait until we are on the open sea again, and then we shall see."

I made my proposal to Verity that very day; and she immediately said that she would have naught to say to any such precipitate and unsuitable doings.

Next day I asked her again; and she bade me not trouble her.

The third day I put the question to her again, and she wept and told me that I was unkind. At this I was much dashed in my spirits, and was going away like a whipped puppy when Prudence ran after me and advised me to arrange matters with Master Bagshawe. "For," said she, "you have yet to learn, John, that a maiden often says 'no' when she means 'yes.'"

Not to trouble the reader further with my love-affairs, I may state that in a week after that Mr. Bagshawe had united Verity and me as man and wife in his church; and in another week she and I, together with Prudence and Captain Skeffington, were on board the *Verity and Prudence* in the Downs, wishing for a fair wind to bear us back to Boston.

JEFFREY TOOK HORSE AND RODE OFF INTO THE WEST.

Google

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRINGS US BACK TO BOSTON, AND MY STORY TO AN END.

NOW before we cross the Ocean again I must relate shortly what had befallen Jeffrey Horton, that he was not one of the guests at the wedding of Master John Baywood and Madam his wife.

Soon after we reached London, Jeffrey took horse and rode off into the west to inquire after his father and friends. He underwent many perils from the disturbed state of the country; and in particular, not having a pass either from King or Parliament, he was more than once in danger of being hanged as a spy by one or other of the armies. However, in the end he reached Bristol safely, and there found that his father had died in great poverty, about a year before this time.

"And what of Mrs. Phillett, Jeffrey?" said I, when Jeffrey was giving me later on the history of his adventures.

"Name her not to me," he answered. "No longer than a month after I had been kidnapped out of Bristol, what does the jade do but go and get wedded to a man old enough to be her grandfather, but reputed to be enormously rich. Well, I have done with her, and 'tis quite as well. I saw her, Jack, and I marvelled that I could ever have thought that I loved a fat painted Jezebel like that."

Thus finding none in Bristol to bid him welcome home, Jeffrey thought he could do no better than come back to the Captain and me, who seemed to be his only friends. He rode back to London by roundabout ways only to find on asking at the Inn in the Borough that we had gone down to Deal, designing to sail thence to Boston. He, therefore, rode post after us, and made inquiry on the beach whether such a ship as the *Barnabas and Joseph* were in the Downs, not knowing of her change of name. The boatmen told him "no," and also that no ship of that name had sailed within the last few days. He therefore stayed in Deal for two or three days, thinking that the ship must be working down the Thames.

One day it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-east, and among the many ships which were loosing their sails and making ready for sea, to take advantage of the fair wind, Jeffrey saw one which looked very much like the *Barnabas and Joseph*.

"Can you tell me the name of yonder brig?" he said to one of the boatmen.

"Ay, sir. That is the *Verity and Prudence*, outward bound from the Thames to New England, they tell me," said the man.

"The *Verity and Prudence!*" shouted Jeffrey. "That is the very ship I want, but her name hath been changed."

Thus it happened that just as our anchor came to the cat-head and the sails were being loosed, we on board the *Verity and Prudence* saw a boat come shooting out from the beach and make straight for our ship; and when the boat came near a man stood up in her and shouted to us. It was Jeffrey.

"*Verity and Prudence* ahoy!" he shouted.

"Jeffrey Horton ahoy!" answered Captain Skeffington.

"Will ye take me with you to New England?"

"Gladly. Throw us up your traps," said the Captain.

So Jeffrey paid his boatmen, handed up his baggage and came on board; and with a fair wind we stood down the Straits of Dover and the Channel and so out into the great Altantic Ocean.

We made a long and difficult passage of it, owing to storms and adverse winds, and above all to fogs, which in the fall and winter make the navigation of the American coast very dangerous. It was not until the month of December that we reached the port of Boston, and winter had already set in. I must pass over the joy with which our friends and neighbours received us In their happiness at beholding us once more Madam Whalley and my father fully forgave Verity and me for being so bold as to be wedded without obtaining their consent.

"Indeed," said Madam Whalley, "it was the best thing ye could do, when my kinsman Whalley refused his aid; and I thank thee, John, for thy tender care of my dear daughter."

I was very much moved when my father called me into his parlour one day, and said:

"Son John, I ask thy forgiveness."

"My forgiveness, father?" said I.

"Yes, my son. I was too harsh with thee, and I gave ear too readily to Zephaniah Eccles. Had I been more tender, all this trouble had been spared. I see my fault now, John."

"Thou hast my forgiveness most readily, father, if it is needed," said I. "And poor Zephaniah, too, I forgave him long ago."

As for Barnabas Skeffington, he laid up his ship for the winter in a creek, and dwelt among us until the spring. He made himself much beloved in the settlement by his cheerful conversation and kindly behaviour, and he was also of much service in an expedition which was

undertaken to chastise a band of Indians. In one thing only did he displease my father and the elders of the congregation, -and that was that he would never frequent the religious exercises and preachings on Lord's Days.

"No, no, Master Baywood," he said. "You must excuse me, but I am a good Church and King man, and my conscience will not suffer me to frequent conventicles. I am sorry if I displease you, but I must ask you to bear with me for the short time I am with you."

There was some talk of taking him before a justice to answer for his neglect of public worship, but it went no further.

Now two things only remain for me to tell the reader, and I am done.

The first is, that when the spring came Jeffrey Horton went to my father and begged his leave to marry my sister Prudence. Both my father and the maiden herself consenting, they were duly wedded not long after, and settled on a farm not far from the town of Boston.

The second and last thing is how I bade farewell to Barnabas Skeffington when he departed to enter into his inheritance in the old country. The day of his sailing I went on board and sat with him in his cabin.

"Jack," said he, "I love not this parting from thee. I am greatly minded to lock thee up in the black hole again and not let thee out until we are on the open sea."

"Captain," said I, "I love not this parting any more than thou dost. But I bid thee beware. Remember that this time thou wouldst have Madam Verity to reckon with, and I think she would pull down the Parliament House itself but she would have justice on thee."

"Yea, Jack, thou hast reason," said the Captain. "Moreover, now that I am a man of substance I have done with kidnapping and flibustiering and the like unholy trades. Now we must say farewell, lad, or I shall miss this tide."

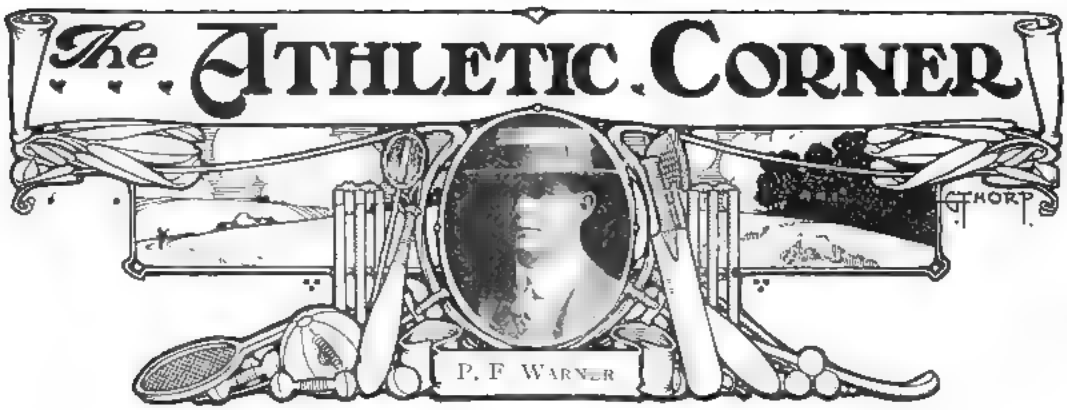
We grasped each other by the hand, and so parted. A shore-boat took me back to the land, and Verity came to the beach to meet me. We stood there together and watched the ship as she loosed her sails and stood out into the ocean.

"Verity, my dear," said I, "let us at some time go to visit Barnabas Skeffington in the old country."

"John, my dear," she answered, "I verily believe that thou lovest Barnabas Skeffington more than me, thine own wedded wife."

This was but her jest; and I took her in my arms and cherished her, and together we went back to our own small homestead, talking of all that had befallen since the time when I first embraced her in the woods.

THE END.

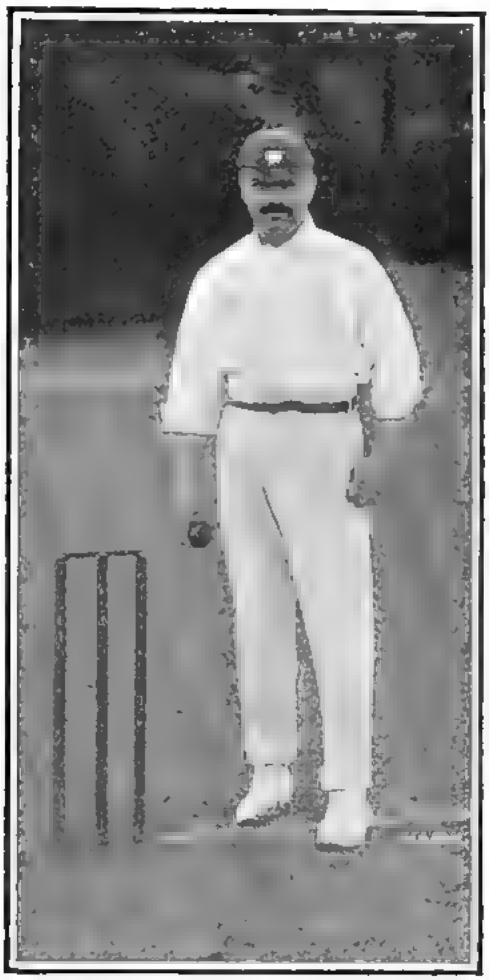


GREAT BOWLERS OF THE DAY.

LEFT-HANDED bowlers are almost invariably more difficult to play on sticky wickets than right-handers, for the simple reason that the ball is always breaking away from one—that is, granting you are a right-handed batsman; but there is one right-handed bowler who on a tricky wicket is as difficult as any left-hander. I mean Haigh. He really is horribly difficult to play, for the amount of work he can get on the ball is enormous, and besides keeping a good length he pulls the ball back in the air, and every now and again shoots a very fast yorker at you. Now, a straight fast ball on a sticky wicket is a very nasty ball to play, for one is always on the look-out for a break-back, and one is therefore very apt to be taken unawares and to play inside this straight ball.

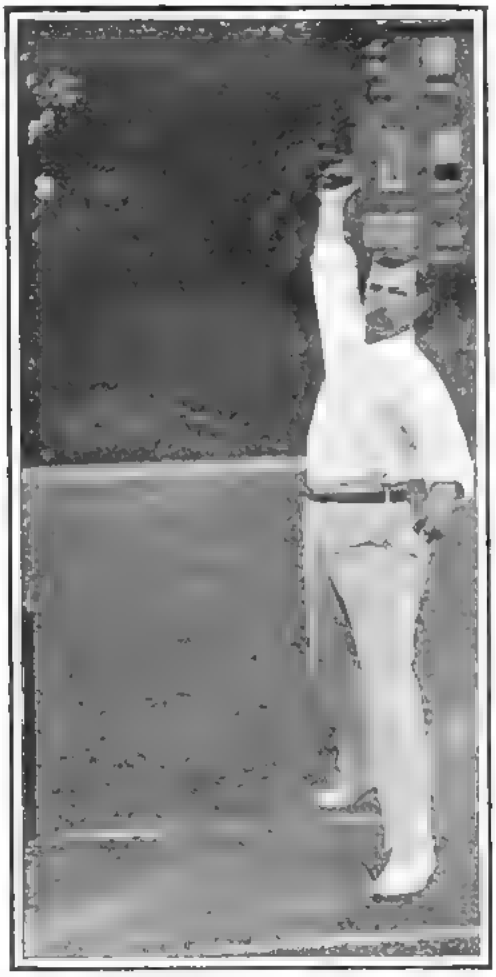
I remember a very keen match between Middlesex and Yorkshire at Lord's in August 1902. The wicket favoured the bowlers from start to finish, and the scoring was consequently small. Haigh and Rhodes had a great time. Rhodes was difficult enough, but Haigh was worse. I scratched some sixteen runs myself, and when I came back to the pavilion C. M. Wells said to me, "I see my way to getting a run or two off Rhodes, but I can't see how I am possibly going to make one off Haigh." Well, Mr. Wells was too modest of his own capabilities, for he made some twenty odd runs; but his remark served as a good illustration of the dread we, of Middlesex, have of Haigh when the turf is false.

On a batsman's pitch Haigh is rather disappointing, and ought, I think, to be a great deal better than he is, for he has every artifice of the bowler's art at his command.



HAIGH.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

BARNES (LANCASHIRE).
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.



LOCKWOOD.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

Possibly his length is not quite steady enough.

On a matting wicket he is one of the most difficult bowlers I know, and during Lord Hawke's tour in South Africa in the winter of 1898–1899 he took a prodigious number of wickets. On the Cape Town ground he did "the hat trick," and he often pitched the ball very near to the edge of the mat and came back on to the wicket—and the mat is not particularly narrow.

Another very great bowler was Barnes, of Lancashire. In Australia, with A. C. MacLaren's team, he did wonders until his knee gave way, and the leading Australian batsmen consider him the best bowler on a typical Australian wicket we have sent them. Cross-examine any of the great batsmen of the day and they will tell you that the ball of all others they detest and abhor on a perfect wicket is the one which goes with the bowler's arm. Well, Barnes used to bowl this ball to perfection when he was in form, and bowled it so well that he made you play at it. People who follow cricket must have noticed how often "*c* MacLaren, *b* Barnes" appeared on the score-sheet. It was that going-away ball that produced the stroke which enabled MacLaren to catch you at slip. It is a thousand pities that Barnes has given up county cricket for the more prosaic excitement of the League game, for one would willingly have seen more of this highly gifted bowler.

Lockwood, of Surrey, though he has now retired from first-class cricket, was in his day the finest fast bowler this generation has seen. Richardson in his prime ran him very close, and in the matter of consistency he was Lockwood's superior. But when he was bowling well Lockwood had no equal. Nearly all the great batsmen of the day hold this opinion. Ask K. S. Ranjitsinhji or C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson or A. C. MacLaren. Perhaps as a Middlesex cricketer I may have an unduly high respect for Lockwood, for is not Lord's the ground on which he has accomplished many of his most daring feats?

But it is not only Middlesex who on their own ground have had ere this to bow their knee before him, for the Gentlemen have felt the weight of his attack very severely on more than one occasion. It will be enough to instance one match. In the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1901 the Gentlemen had at lunch-time on the second day scored 206 for one wicket, with Ranjitsinhji and C. B. Fry well set; and yet an hour after play was resumed the Gentlemen were all out for 272—Lockwood having taken seven, I think, of the wickets. It was one of the finest pieces of bowling I have ever seen, that wonderful slow ball of his deceiving batsman after batsman.

Cricketers do not, as a rule, carry in their minds the memory of any one particular ball which they have seen bowled, but there is one ball which I shall never forget. England were playing Australia at Lord's in July 1893, and Lockwood was bowling from the pavilion end.

Lyons went in first, but when he had made seven runs Lockwood clean bowled him. This was a good ball—a very good ball, but nothing like the one which George Giffen, the next batsman, was asked to play.

It was an exceptionally fast one, and it pitched about four inches outside the off stump, kept very low, and hit the middle and leg. Of course Giffen had no chance—the ball would have bowled any man in the world. To this day Giffen talks about it.

The slope in the ground and the little bit of fire and life there always is in a Lord's wicket unmistakably help a bowler of Lockwood's type. Probably one of the finest things he has ever done was his seven wickets for seventy runs in the Test Match at the Oval in August 1899. The wicket was of the most perfect Oval type, and the Australian Eleven of that year were very powerful in batting, but Lockwood was invincible.

MR. C. M. WELLS.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

However well we may do in the early part of a summer, Middlesex never take the field with any real confidence until C. M. Wells and J. Douglas join us in August. When they are with us we feel equal to tackling any team in England, for the one is a superb all-round cricketer and the other a great batsman and a great long-field. But it is with Wells that I am for the moment more particularly concerned.

Learning his cricket at Dulwich, Wells was a member of those strong Cambridge Elevens in the early nineties which included such men as S. M. J. Woods, G. MacGregor, F. S. Jackson, A. J. L. Hill, R. N. and J. Douglas, E. C. Streatfeild, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

While he was at Cambridge, Wells was

HARGREAVE.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

chosen to play for the Gentlemen *v.* the Players at Lord's, and in addition to making forty-four runs bowled exceedingly well. For the last ten years Wells has been unable to take any part in first-class cricket until the beginning of August, but he is one of those gifted cricketers who can apparently come straight into a big match and bat, bowl, and field as if he had been in full practice for weeks.

From the ring Wells is probably rather a simple-looking bowler, but there is nothing simple about him when one gets to the wickets. He bowls slow, with a long and rather quick run, and no bowler that I know of has a greater command over the ball, while he has that inestimable virtue in any bowler—be he fast or slow—of making the ball look to be farther up than it is. The result is that the unwary batsman has a go and is "*c* J. Douglas, *b* Wells," for it may be taken as a practical certainty that if a catch is hit anywhere near J. Douglas a wicket will ensue. I can well recollect Douglas bringing off a wonderfully fine catch high up with his left hand—while running, too—in the Middlesex and Yorkshire match at Leeds four years ago; and when those of us who were fielding in the vicinity of the wicket were talking about it, Wells quietly remarked: "Oh, Douglas never misses. I have played with him for years, and I think I have seen him drop perhaps two catches"—which goes to show that even in these days, when we read so much about the decadence of fielding, there are still one or two good men left.

Wells' best ball is, I think, the one on which he puts an apparent big spin, but which comes straight and quickly off the pitch; he has had many a one lbw with this. Trent Bridge, Nottingham, is his favourite ground.

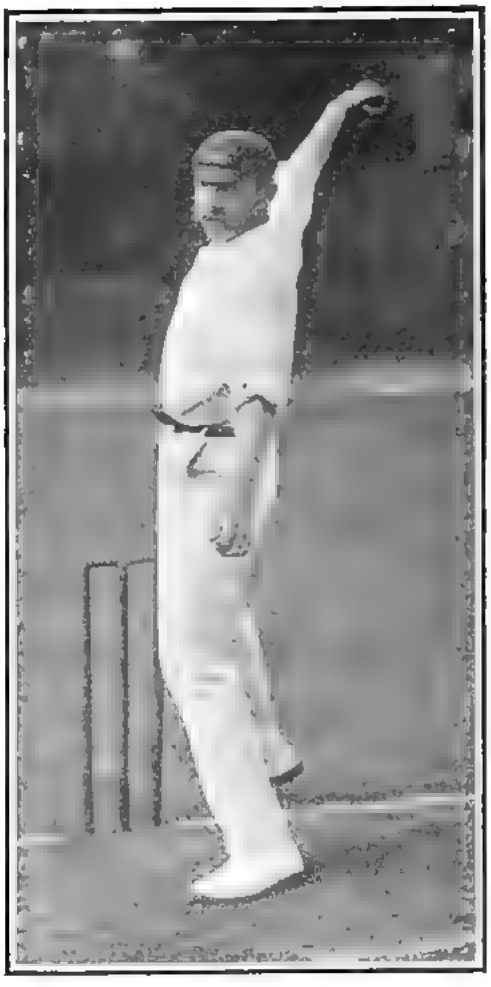
He has always done exceedingly well there, and one fine day he made 244 runs—the highest score ever hit for Middlesex—and took thirteen wickets.

But if he fails to make runs or get wickets—and I cannot recollect the match in which that has happened—Wells may be counted on to save heaps of runs in the field, at extra-cover especially, but indeed anywhere on the off-side. I have heard Lionel Palairet complain before now that Wells stopped all his drives between cover and extra-cover.

Wells was in his day, as probably every one knows, one of the finest half-backs at Rugby football in England. That position requires exceptional quickness of foot, and this extreme readiness to start makes him the magnificent extra-cover he is; for, though a man of heavy build, he can cover the ground and move to a ball like lightning.

Hargreave was originally engaged on the ground staff at Old Trafford, and the story of how he came to play for Warwickshire is, I think, worth the telling. Lancashire were playing Warwickshire, and before the match commenced Lilley went out to have some practice. Hargreave happened to be bowling at his net, and Lilley, who is a very sound judge of the game, was at once taken with his possibilities. He then spoke to H. W. Bainbridge about Hargreave, and the result of it all was that Hargreave migrated to

BLYTHE.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.



J. T. HEARNE.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

Warwickshire. Hargreave had never played for Lancashire's first eleven, but appeared twice, I believe, in the county's second team. Becoming qualified for Warwickshire at the end of 1899, Hargreave has been a regular member of the team since, and is undoubtedly one of the best left-handed bowlers of the day.

There is, indeed, no bowler in the world for whom Mr. A. C. MacLaren has a greater respect, and well he may, for the number of times Hargreave has clean bowled him is extraordinary. Until the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1903 Mr. MacLaren had not made twenty-five runs in any one innings when opposed to Hargreave, and he must have batted against him on ten or twelve occasions.

It is the ball which comes with Hargreave's arm which is so fatal to the Lancashire captain, and no left-handed bowler that I have ever met bowls this ball better.

Hargreave went with me to New Zealand and Australia in the winter of 1902–3, but though he bowled out eighteens and twenty-twos as fast as ever they came in, he was not, in the eleven a-side matches, as successful as a bowler of his class might have been expected to be. We had much hard travelling in New Zealand and a good deal of rushing about from place to place, and this hard work undoubtedly told on him. In the three games we played in Australia —against New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—Hargreave only obtained

two wickets in seventy-four overs for 192 runs; but he was palpably stale and below his best form.

Blythe, like Hargreave and Rhodes, is a left-hander, and is such a good one that many cricketers think he is the equal of either of these other two. Certainly he has the most difficult flight of the three, and it is this power of holding back the ball—when judged by his action, one might be excused for thinking he was propelling it forward—which makes Blythe such a fine bowler on a hard wicket. Then he, too, has that "go with the arm" ball—though not so markedly as Hargreave.

Blythe has never yet played for the Players at Lord's, but he might well have done so, and been no loss to the side either, for he is undoubtedly in the very front row of present-day bowlers. His bowling in Australia's second innings in the third test match was of a very high quality indeed.

The name of Jack Hearne is honoured at Lord's, as well it may be, for through many long years he has rendered great service to the county of Middlesex—and, it may be added, to M.C.C.—who have often, as Middlesex have found subsequently, worked him not wisely but too hard.

Who that has been to Lord's does not at once picture to himself, when he hears the name of Jack Hearne, that easy, graceful run up to the wicket, that swinging rhythmical action, that superb length, and that quick break-back?

It is many years now since he first played for Middlesex and bowled W. L. Murdoch, then the Australian captain, for a "duck"—but to-day he still stands forth as the backbone and sheet-anchor of Middlesex cricket. A little past his best now, he is still one of the best bowlers in England, and on certain wickets—for instance, a fast and crumbling Lord's pitch on a third day—he is as likely as any man to clean-bowl you. I wonder how many matches he has won for Middlesex?

There is besides Trott yet another Australian, Tarrant, who plays for Middlesex!

He is a nephew of the Tarrant of the sixties, but he learned his cricket on the Melbourne ground. He had at that time already made up his mind to try his luck in England, but I was so impressed with his bowling that—though I had no authority to do so—I ventured to say that if he came to Lord's I might be able to help him. Well, Tarrant came, saw, and to a great extent has conquered; and I feel sure that his left-handed bowling will help Middlesex to many a victory in the years that are to come. His best ball is that which comes with his arm. It is a good ball—a very good ball—but he is apt to overdo it, and to forget that a particular delivery, however full of possibilities in itself, is apt to breed contempt by familiarity. For he has a slow ball which he pulls back in the air after the manner of his countryman, and as he can spin the ordinary left-hander's break-back, he has a good many strings to his bow.

Over and above his bowling Tarrant is a capital batsman, with a straight bat and wristy offside stroke ranging from just behind point to the left of mid-off; and as he can field extremely well—like nine out of ten Australians — one may, without undue optimism, expect much of him in the future.

SOME NOTES ON FIELDING.

GOOD fielding, from the mere spectator's point of view, is often the best thing in a cricket match. We have been led in recent years to expect the Australians to show a superiority over us in this branch of the game; but, judging solely by the Test Match at Nottingham, the English eleven were, if anything, rather the better fielders. G. L. Jessop, for instance, stood out head and shoulders above any one else, and during the two innings of Australia it is no exaggeration to say that he saved at least fifty runs. The harder the ball was hit at him the more cleanly did he pick it up, and the amount of ground he covered and the quickness of his pick-up and return were extraordinary. He will go down to posterity, quite apart from his fame as a hitter of daring originality, as the greatest cover, or extra-cover, cricket has so far produced. V. F. Royle and Briggs gained great kudos as cover-points, and G. B. Studd as an extra-cover; but it is pretty generally admitted by those who have seen these four cricketers field that Jessop is the best of the lot.

Another whose fielding stood out as one of

the best features of a memorable game was A. O. Jones. Unlike Jessop, Jones excels in any position in the field. Jessop specialises as an off-side fieldsman; Jones is equally good in the slips or at third or in the country—in fact, anywhere. His enthusiasm is contagious, and his activity and eagerness to run after the ball would inspire the laziest eleven in the world with energy. It was chiefly to his ability as a fielder in the slips that Jones owed his place in the Cambridge Eleven of 1893—for in those days he was quite a moderate bat, going in last but one in the Light Blue Eleven—and at the present time there is not a finer all-round fieldsman in England. At a time when wickets as a general rule favour the batsman, it is very essential that bowlers should be well supported by the field, and when this is so the results are frequently surprising, for bowlers of only moderate ability find run after run saved—and maybe the dismissal of a brilliant batsman by a fine catch—and so gain heart and probably bowl above their true form. It is a fine sight to see an eleven working their hardest and keenest in the field; and when this is so it often happens that everything "comes off" for them. Public school elevens ought, by reason of their youth and activity, to excel in this respect, and last year's Eton Eleven gave a capital exhibition, though, on the authority of the late Bob Thoms, the Winchester Eleven of 1889 was the best fielding side any school had ever produced during his career. The Oxford Eleven of 1892 and 1896 gained a great reputation for fielding, and the Australians have almost always been exceptionally smart. Especially do they shine in throwing, and it is said that at least eight of the present team can throw over a hundred yards. Englishmen are, of course, tremendously handicapped in their throwing by the cold of our winters, which stiffens the muscles of the arms and shoulders; and it is a fact that the members of the English teams on arriving in Australia or South Africa, or the West Indies, where the climate is always warm and dry, discover to their surprise that they can throw twenty or thirty yards further than they were able to in England—and much harder. So that to field and catch well one must have warm weather and true fielding ground, for to field accurately is impossible on rough and uneven turf, and for this reason it is to be hoped that steps will be shortly taken to improve the conditions at Lord's. The weather during May was very trying to groundsmen, the long spell of dry weather and the cold winds at night making the surface of the ground very rough and brittle. In this respect the Sydney and Melbourne grounds are delightful to field on, the hardest hits coming truly to the fieldsmen over the beautifully kept turf, though it must be remembered that cricket is played at Lord's every day from May 1 until the end of August, while there is only an occasional match on the Sydney and Melbourne grounds. Old Trafford, too, is quite ideal to field on, and in nearly every respect an ideal ground; but comparatively few matches are played there, and the spectators are not allowed inside the ring on any pretext whatever, a practice which might with advantage be adopted at Lord's in all matches excepting Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow. Side by side with fielding comes wicket-keeping, and here there has been tremendous improvement since the days of the long-stop. Blackham is always supposed to have been the pioneer of wicket-keeping in its modern form, and it is pleasant to be able to say that Lilley proved himself in the Test Matches at Nottingham and at Lord's no whit inferior to the many great cricketers who have in the past filled the position of wicket-keeper for England. Lilley has taken part in twenty-three or twenty-four Test Matches, I believe; and the way in which he stumped Laver in the second innings of Australia at Nottingham off a ball of Bosanquet's that jumped up quickly was, I should imagine, one of the best pieces of stumping ever recorded. And then as understudy to Lilley there is Mr. Martyn, in practically every respect the equal of Lilley; so that in the event of an accident to England's first string no anxiety need be felt.

P. F. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. Crawford.—Your idea is a very good one, but with all the County cricket it would be difficult to arrange such a match. Besides, Scotland is not altogether neglected. Strong English elevens play there every season. You may rely upon it that as soon as Scotland shows herself strong enough, England *v.* Scotland at cricket will be arranged.

E. P. Watts.—Yes, the Sandow system is excellent, but you must be careful not to overdo it, as too great a strain on the muscles is, as you suggest, apt to make one slow. Personally, I am no believer in the absolutely cold tub—*in medio tutissimus!* But you must judge for yourself.

S. F. X.—So far as I can judge from your letter, the game you mention seems to be practically broomstick cricket, which is most excellent training for the real thing, as it improves the eye.

E. S. Hubbard.—B. J. T. Bosanquet, in my opinion. It is pronounced "Bozangket."

Gerald F. Marson.—I should imagine E. Nosworthy's 100 yards in 11¾ sec. must be easily a

record for a boy 14½ years old; 4 ft. 4 in. is also an exceedingly fine high jump for a boy at a preparatory school; and Littleton ought to throw as far as Trumper one of these days.

A Constant Reader.—You must consult a doctor. I really am scarcely competent to answer the questions you ask me.

G. McFadyean.—Linseed oil and olive oil mixed, rubbed in occasionally. No, sand-papering does good if the face of the bat has been rendered hard or brittle by the dirt off a wet ball.

Old Oitizen.—(1) Certainly not; only the face of a bat requires oiling. (2) Four runs. (3) No, nothing is scored.

W. H. E. Carr.—G. L. Jessop scored 104 in the second innings of England in the test match at the Oval in August 1902.

An Admirer of Cricket.—(1) C. B. Fry. (2) Rhodes, on every day form; B. J. T. Bosanquet on his day. (3) G. L. Jessop. (4) "How We Recovered the Ashes."

A Cricket Enthusiast.—Under the arrangement which was made with the Captain of the opposing side you would have been perfectly right in insisting on that arrangement being kept, and drawing stumps at six o'clock. As you, however, decided to play on after six you must abide by the eventual result of the match—viz., a victory for your opponents by five runs. Your captain showed the true spirit in which the game should be played by consenting to go on.

In Doubt.—The word *finally* is the important point in the rule you refer to. In the case you mention in the first part of your letter the ball is certainly not dead; otherwise, no batsman would ever be stumped. "Finally settled" means that the ball has been taken by the wicket-keeper, and sufficient time has elapsed to show that the batsman has "finished finally" his stroke—that he is not over-balancing himself, for instance, and that there is no chance of his being out of his crease in his attempt to make the stroke he contemplated when the ball was being bowled. As regards the case you mention, the batsman was stumped in the first instance—that is, supposing he was out of his ground at the time, and there was no necessity to pull up a stump and make a second appeal.

P. D. M.—The volume on "Football" in the *Badminton Library*.

Tom Hayward.—"M.C.C. and Ground" means that in the XI. which is representing the Club will be found members of the ground staff. An M.C.C. XI. composed entirely of amateurs would be called "M.C.C." With professionals on the side it would be called "M.C.C. and Ground." The M.C.C. was founded in 1787. The Club sprung from the ashes of the White Conduit Club, dissolved in that year. The M.C.C. is, I believe, though I am not quite sure, the oldest club now playing, as the Hambledon Club in Hampshire, so famous at the end of the eighteenth century, no longer exists.

Arthur Clark.—Your letter was replied to at once, but answers to correspondents are often held over owing to want of space. I never answer letters except through the columns of the CAPTAIN.

An Admirer of Jessop.—(1) In the event of the rubber being undecided at the end of the fourth test match, the fifth and final test match at the Oval will be played to a finish. (2) Any of the advertisers in the CAPTAIN. (3) About 14s. at the most.

H. M. Leonard.—It can do no harm whatever to the ball.

J. E. P.—About three parts of linseed oil to one of olive oil.

Saltburnian.—No, it is not strictly a hat trick, as a hat trick means three wickets with three consecutive balls in the same innings. Rhodes, the great Yorkshire bowler, once had an experience similar to your friend's. He took the last two wickets in Kent's first innings, and then dismissed E. W. Dillon with the first ball of the second innings, but it was not counted as a hat trick, why I do not know.

F. N. Stroud.—Probably a strain or a slight rupture. Consult a doctor at once.

Timepiece.—Please write me again, and I will do as you ask with regard to rules for a cricket club. An Australian tour in this country is a financial speculation on the part of the players, who divide any profits—and there is always a large profit—amongst themselves. A very successful tour may mean as much as £600 or £700 to each member of the team.

"Vi Tibblings."—Ask B. J. T. Bosanquet. He is the only bowler at present who can do so without telling the batsman which way the ball is breaking. Your first essential is a good length. Never bowl too short. A half-volley is far more likely to get a wicket than a long hop. Secondly, learn to vary your pace without changing your action. And, thirdly, try and make the ball either break back or come with your arm—both if you can do it. J. T. Hearne is a good model to take. I am afraid I can only answer letters in the CAPTAIN.

F. R. C.—No coaching will teach you confidence. Time alone can do that, for confidence is a plant of slow growth. The great thing is to argue that as one occasionally makes runs there is no reason why each particular innings should not be the one in which one is going to come off. Besides, cricket is but a game, and no moral disgrace attaches if one fails at it, so go in with a light heart and you will make runs every now and then.

J. Douglas Balls.—(1) *Vanity Fair* Office, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. W. Quaife left Sussex to play for Warwickshire, and the result of this was some friction between the committees of the two Clubs.

P. F. Cross.—In making the handicaps you must be guided by the form of each individual competitor. There can be no hard and fast rule laid down. The Committee of the Athletic Sports at your school ought to be able to do this to the satisfaction of the rest of the school; but to lay down a definite system is impossible for one who has no knowledge of the form of the various competitors.

H. Clayton.—The matches you name are not first-class matches.

F. R. H.—The umpire was quite wrong. The appeal to be successful should have been made before the next ball was bowled.

Harold F. Woods.—A hat trick must be done with three consecutive balls in *the same innings* by, of course, the same bowler. It does not matter if the fifth and sixth balls of one over, and the first of the next take wickets—that is a hat trick all the same, for the three wickets were obtained in *the same innings*. If, however, the third wicket is taken with the first ball of *the second innings*, that would not be a hat trick.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness, &c."

No. 18.—TAUK-SOK AND OOK-JOOK.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HAWLEY.

WHEN my old friend, Adolph Borel, was stationed at a Hudson Bay Company's "house" at Chesterfield Inlet, there was a large village of the native "Huskies" near his post.

Among these Eskimo were two young brothers, who had much reputation among the "Bay" folk as hunters of seal and walrus. At the post, on account of their unpronounceable names, they were dubbed Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook, after the many-voiced "old wives" duck and the famous "dog-faced" seal. These names finally stuck. Although but boys in years when Borel knew them, the brothers had made several excursions into far arctic seas, and had already figured in the life-saving service of the Bay.

In the second year of his stay at the Inlet winter closed in much earlier than usual. In September there came an arctic blizzard, followed by freezing weather unusual at that season. Ice formed in great thickness around the shores of the Inlet and the Bay. Tide and high waves ran over this, and fell off, leaving a shore-strip green and glare, like an immense continuous glacier.

Sealing-boats in the habit of wintering at the Inlet came in one by one, until there was only the Penguin, a small tub of a whaler, left to be accounted for.

Thus matters stood when, one day, just before noon, there came in at the post an old Innuit with a tale of shipwreck and disaster. He had been sealing far down the coast, and was coming in, when he descried two men off shore upon a huge iceberg. He had immediately put whip to his dogs and run them over shore ice, according to his account, a distance of thirty miles in less than three hours.

Instantly it was surmised that the Penguin must have "bumped" an iceberg and gone to pieces. The Hudson Bay berg is sometimes mountainous in proportions, withstanding the summer heat of years. Thus great submerged sections gradually rise near to the surface and are a constant menace to the Bay traffic.

Borel heard the Innuit's story and hurried to the Huskie village. Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook were already preparing to go to the rescue of the imperilled sealers. A big walrus-sledge had been dragged out upon the shore ice and braces were being put on at the sides, for hitching extra teams. A dozen Eskimos were at work harnessing snarls of dogs. A yawl, dry, warm clothing, food and brandy were brought out from the factor's store. The yawl was lashed upon the sledge and a kayak (canoe), bound upon light runners, was hitched behind. All the best-trained and fleetest dogs of the Huskie village, fifty-one in all, were attached to the great sledge. Borel and three *attachés*, all good oarsmen, took seats inside the yawl, while the drivers stood outside the boat's rail. All the Innuits were armed with long-lashed dog-whips. At a word of command the Huskies among the dogs fell away, tumbling over one another.

The vicious whips hissed and cracked and instantly the scrambling, yelping packs drew together in a mad flight over the ice. Their speed was furious from the start. The ice was barely rough enough to give them footing, and the weight of the bone-shod walrus-sledge offered impediment enough to straighten the traces. In a twinkling the post and its immediate surroundings vanished from sight.

The work of the Eskimo drivers was a

THE VICIOUS WHIPS HISSED AND CRACKED

marvel to Borel. These wild, skin-clad men were simply the embodiment of savage energy perfectly directed. Each one stood, clasping the yawl's rail between his knees, alert, his whip swung with unerring precision to flick the ear of a lagging dog, and each hooded face aglow with a fierce, controlled excitement.

A little after the start a dog slipped, scrambled, and was about to go under the sledge, when Tauk-Sok stooped quickly, snatched the struggling brute off its feet and flung it head foremost out among the racing packs. Another, unable to keep the terrific pace, finally went under the runners. Its trace was promptly cut, and Borel, looking back, saw the dog roll over and over an incredible number of times, then bounce to its feet and scamper homeward, apparently unhurt.

Numerous stranded ice-cakes and hummocks were encountered, and, in dodging these, the expert drivers and well-trained teams showed to the best advantage. Harsh, outlandish screams and the hiss and swish of the long, braided lash were continuous accompaniments of this furious drive.

Borel glanced at his timepiece frequently. At the end of thirty minutes, as he noted by a familiar promontory, the sledge had covered twelve miles, not including curves; in one hour, twenty-five miles. They were swiftly nearing the perishing men.

Presently the old Innuit signalled a halt, and Tauk-Sok shrieked at the dogs a long-drawn "*Ooo-gaarrr eek!*" The teams instantly slackened their breakneck speed, pulling and hauling against one another, while the sledge ploughed among them until they rolled, fighting and yelping, in confused and tangled heaps. They threw themselves panting upon the ice, while Borel and his men and the Eskimo got off yawl and kayak and put to sea. Ook-Jook paddled the smaller craft.

A half-mile out from shore floated an immense berg surrounded by a family of smaller ones. Towards a great uplifted block, well to windward, the boats steered, directed by the old Innuit. At first nothing could be seen save the glaring ice walls, and Borel feared greatly that the shipwrecked men had already perished. When the boats were half way out, though, two men were seen standing upon the crest of the floe. They feebly flourished their arms,

but sank from sight again when assured that their signals had been answered. Evidently they were too nearly frozen to stand against the cutting wind.

The men in the yawl redoubled their exertions and shouted, in a futile effort to be heard, cries of encouragement. The ice-cake they were nearing seemed to be nearly rectangular in shape, with sheer walls and a crest lifted some forty feet or more above the sea's surface. Great rollers, which tossed yawl and kayak upon their long, easy swells, were frothing and boiling about its base. Keeping out of the rough waters, yawl and kayak passed around the berg, looking for a landing—if such a term may be used—and a place of ascent.

To the amazement and dismay of Borel and his men, a complete circuit of the floe revealed only sheer walls and inaccessible steeps. The men could never have climbed to its top. Their ship had been wrecked by the breaking up of a submarine glacier. The poor fellows were apparently as far from rescue as when they had first been sighted.

Borel's heart sank, and his white companions shook their heads in dismay. The men up there might jump or slide into the sea, but they would—benumbed and half-frozen as they were—go down like stones in the tumbling waters around the floe. Only the kayak and its half-aquatic paddler could approach near enough to pick up a swimmer should one, indeed, live to swim. The men must even now be perishing, else they would show themselves upon the edge of the ice-cap.

While Borel in despair thus reasoned, the Innuit brothers, as the boats tossed, shouted back and forth in harsh, ear-splitting yells. Presently the kayak touched, about its middle, at the yawl's stern, and Tauk-Sok, who had been steering, sprang lightly upon it. He kept his feet, and took position with Ook-Jook's head between his knees. Soon he seized the two-bladed paddle and propelled the light craft directly into the waters around the berg.

Borel watched the kayak in much anxiety. What could men do against the face of those ice walls and among the breakers, too? He questioned the old Innuit but, having no interpreter at hand, got no intelligent reply. The kayak was now tossing and pitching. It sunk from sight and rose again repeatedly. A half-dozen times the light craft was washed up against the face of the berg.

Still Tauk-Sok kept his feet, and presently the men saw that he had exchanged his paddle for a harpoon. Here and there he jabbed at the floe, and at length the amazed white men saw him leap off the kayak against the ice and stick, as a lump of clay might stick when thrown against the face of a wall. He had thrust his harpoon into a crevice and gained a footing. The kayak slid away into the trough of the sea.

Breathless the men watched, while the daring Innuit attempted the ascent of a steep which assuredly no polar bear could have climbed. A wave rolled up and half buried him; yet he clung. Presently he was seen to mount a step higher—and then another. He was using his harpoon to cut steps. He leaned with his breast against the slanting face of ice and prodded carefully, cutting holes just above his head. He took his footing with infinite caution. Slowly he climbed higher and higher, while the kayak held its place like a water-fowl.

The yawl moved into danger in the men's eagerness to watch every motion of that perilous ascent. Now and then the Innuit reached standing-room upon some jutting ledge; again he was compelled to cut his steps laterally in order to avoid impossible steeps. Once he disappeared within a crevasse, but soon emerged to again cut his way upward.

After a half-hour of this perilous work—a time which seemed an age to the onlookers—the Eskimo had achieved the impossible. He had reached safe footing upon the cap of the floe.

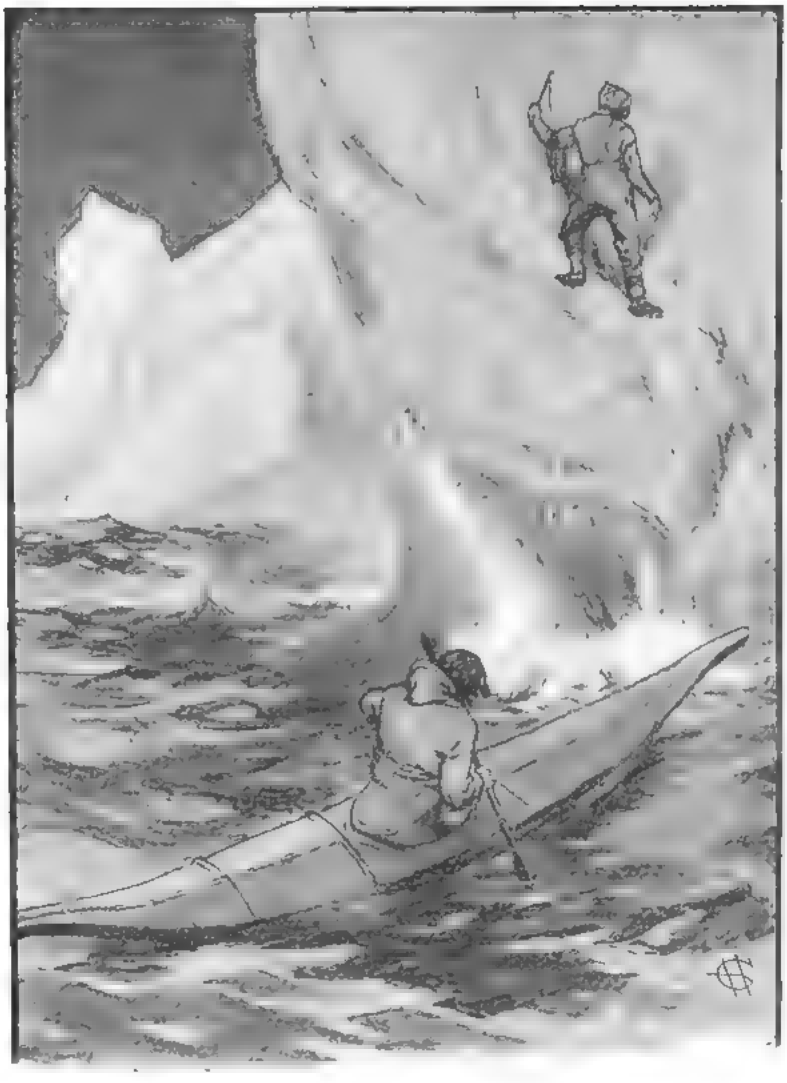
Hearty cheers went up from the yawl. It is doubtful whether the stolid Innuit would have comprehended had he heard them. He moved on unconcernedly. He had performed an incredible feat, but how was he to save those benumbed, freezing, and starving men?

While the men were speculating anxiously, Tauk-Sok disappeared beyond the ice-cap's rim and the kayak moved on. The yawl followed until the smaller craft rested under a projecting shelf where the breakers lost some of their force.

Borel and his men simply awaited developments. In the face of that sheer height, they could see nothing to be done. In their opinion there was but one hope for the sealers. If Tauk-Sok could carry a rope up his flight of steps, he could haul up clothing and food to provide for the sufferers until the sea abated.

After a time, and while they were still debating plans, a man appeared, crawling upon the topmost rim of ice, directly above the kayak's position. It was one of the sealers. The man hesitated for some seconds upon the brink of the ledge, then slid downward; and the astonished white men saw that he dangled at the end of a harpoon-line, which they had not been able to see as Tauk-Sok had carried it. Slowly and with apparent safety the man was lowered. Ook-Jook, in the kayak, bobbing like an elongated cork, sat dipping his blades and looking upward.

Ook-Jook could catch the man, undoubtedly; could cut his line and bring him out of those waters; but it must be done at the cost of a drenching likely to finish the poor fellow before anything further could be done. He would be dropped directly into the sea, should the Eskimo fail a hand's-breadth in the first attempt to reach him.



SLOWLY HE CLIMBED HIGHER AND HIGHER.

There were brave men in the yawl, and they pushed into the crazy waters, shouting at Ook-Jook to get out of the way. By the dexterous steering of the old Innuit, they ran under the man in time to catch and drop him, dry and safe, at the yawl's bottom. Then they pulled away from the berg.

When they had reached safer waters, the half-frozen man was cased in warm furs and dosed with brandy to start his circulation. He told his story in a few words. The Penguin had been heaved out of the water, smashed and rolled back into the sea while she was coasting a "breaking" berg at perilously close quarters. Himself and a single companion had jumped and gained a footing upon the heaving ice. All the others must have perished.

Questioned by Borel as to how the Innuit had lowered him, he explained that the Huskie had made a windlass of his harpoon. He had drilled a hole to half its depth in the ice, wound a coil, and handled his weight at will. Evidently Tauk-Sok had watched operations on shipboard to good effect.

In a few minutes the second man was lowered. Again the yawl rowed in and made the rescue with only a light wetting, and

again she had a hard fight to get out of the eddying swirls which met behind the berg. Then, with the rescued sealers warmly bundled—they had kept themselves from severe freezing for eighteen hours by lying together behind an ice-hummock—the yawl and kayak pulled around off the point at which Tauk-Sok had ascended.

Already the Eskimo's black figure could be seen near the top of the floe. Tauk-Sok was feeling his way downward with even greater caution than he had used in going up.

And he had need.

For a third of the way or more he descended, moving apparently as a fly moves along a pane of glass. Poised above a fearful incline, the black figure cautiously moved sidewise. He advanced a half-dozen steps laterally, and then a foot slipped. He was seen to cling by one hand for an instant, then whirl upon his back, clap his feet together and throw his hands above his head. Then he shot downward, like a well-aimed harpoon, into the sea.

There was a general groan of dismay in the yawl. They believed the brave fellow would never come out of those waters alive. They saw the kayak shoot out upon the crest of a wave, sink into a trough, toss up against a face of ice, go down again. Spray and spume succeeded, and Ook-Jook, too, seemed to have gone down.

Then the boat tumbled out of the spray with a figure astride the paddler. Such cheering! The clerk and his *attachés* shouted themselves hoarse; even the half-frozen sealers crowed and screamed in a frenzy of delight. And well they might, for those daring and resourceful Northmen had snatched them out of the maw of death.

In two or three minutes the kayak pulled safely alongside the yawl, Tauk-Sok astride his brother's neck, dripping and grinning, quite as if his recent plunge had been taken with a relish for ice-cold baths.

Such is the tale of Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook—sealers and heroes.

END OF "TALES OF THE FAR WEST."

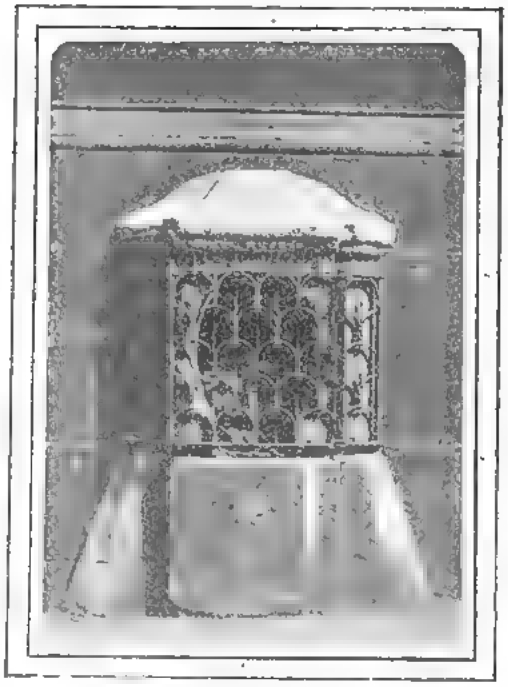
A SLIGHT MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

ENTHUSIASTIC GENTLEMAN [*from a very remote part of France*]: "Pardon me, M'sieu! but how neat, how tidy is your London! Here have I just finished eating ze banana, and I pop all ze skins into ze receptacle—dust-bin—how you call it?"

Stories in London Stone.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

WALTER DEXTER.



THE "LONDON STONE."

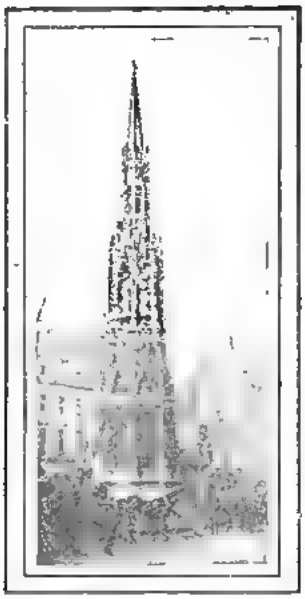
In Cannon-street, in the City of London, within a minute's walk of the well-known railway station, is a stone carefully preserved behind an iron railing. It is an old stone, a famous stone, and what a history it could tell were it only gifted with the power of speech!

More than eighteen hundred years ago this stone was placed on one of the great roads leading out of London, by the Romans, after their occupation of London, or *Londinium*, as they called it, to mark the boundary of their city. But this alone does not make the guarded stone in Cannon-street the famous stone it is. "London Stone," for that is the name given to it, is one of the two only remains of Roman London to be seen at this day. Eighteen feet of earth, it is estimated, separate Roman London from the London as we know it, and the only links of its occupation by the Romans are a portion of the wall with which the City was surrounded, and this "London Stone."

THE MONUMENT.
A Memorial of the Great Fire of London, Sept. 2nd, 1666.

It saw the occupation of London by the Romans, and their abandonment of it some four hundred years later. Then came a blank of two hundred years in the history of London. Historians, so far, have been unable to fill up this blank in the chronicles of the metropolis; but "London Stone" was there, and the silent history of those two centuries is deeply marked upon its now grimy face.

It saw the Saxon occupation of London, and the first St. Paul's Cathedral, built by Ethelbert in 610. It watched the commencement of the Tower (1078), and the construction of a bridge across the Thames (1176). It survived the Plague (1665), and the Fire (1666), and saw Temple Bar erected in Fleet-street (1670), and its subse-

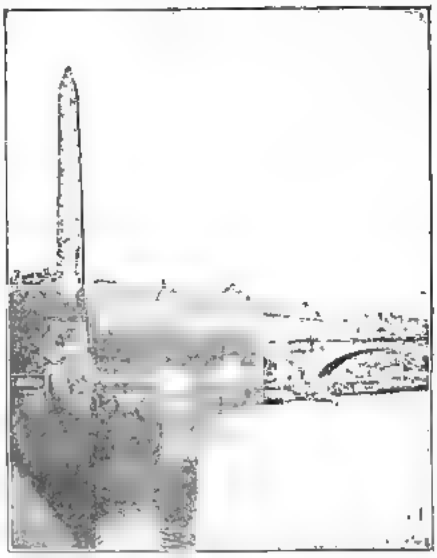


CHARING CROSS.

What great changes has this stone witnessed! The pack horse was replaced in its presence by the sedan chair, and then by the stage coach and the mail coach. The whistle of the steam locomotive soon removed the coach from the roads, and then followed the omnibus and the hansom cab. It has seen, too, the gradual advancement of the bicycle, and the more recent appearance of the motor car.

More than once it has figured in the chronicles of the history of the City. A great and important stone as it was, it soon made itself felt, even after it had been deserted by its patrons, the Romans. A boundary mark to them, it soon became a boundary mark to the succeeding generations, for in the year 1328 we read that King Edward III. granted to the City of London the sole right to establish markets within a "seven miles radius of 'London Stone.'" A hundred and twenty-two years later it played an important part in one of the great rebellions. With a force of forty thousand lusty men of Kent, Jack Cade entered London, and, riding up to "London Stone," struck it with his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city," after which statement he and his party proceeded to plunder and burn, until at the end of three days they were forcibly made to retire across the water into Southwark.

quent removal in 1879. It was illumined at night by the first gas lights (1807). It heard the shriek of the first London railway (1836), and the horn of the first penny-steamboat on the Thames (1845), the joyous shouts of acclamation at the two jubilees of Queen Victoria (1887 and 1897), and the crowning of our present King in 1902.

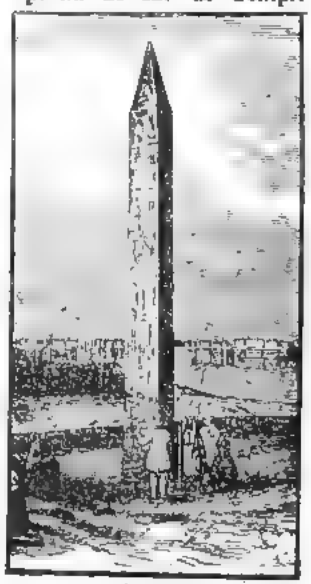


CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE EMBANKMENT

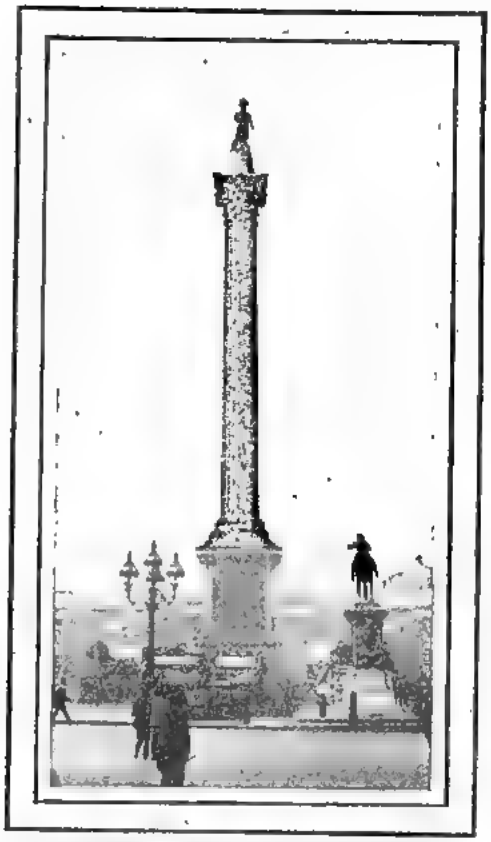
Such is the story of "London Stone." Thousands pass it daily, but how few know of its existence! For preservation's sake it has been built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, and protected with an iron railing. There are other London Stones, each with its own particular story to tell; some record noble deeds in times of war, others great achievements in times of peace. To a few of the most notable we intend to introduce the reader with the hope that enjoyment as well as instruction will be derived from these stories which stones have to tell.

The Monument.

Within sight of "London Stone," is another old monument with a great story. So old is this monument that it is called *The* Monument, and it tells the tale of the day when London burned. The Great Fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, 2nd September, 1666, in a baker's shop in Pudding-lane, 202 feet from the spot where the Monument, 202 feet high, was erected, and by night the whole of the adjacent Gracechurch, Fenchurch, and Lombard streets were in ashes. Two days later the flames had spread as far as Temple Bar, where, fortunately, were some brick buildings that would not catch fire, but by the following Friday five-sixths of the area of London had been swept away: 13,200 houses were in ruins, 89 churches and 4 city gates were destroyed.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AS IT STOOD AT ALEXANDRIA.



THE NELSON COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The damage done was estimated at ten millions of pounds sterling, and 200,000 people were rendered homeless. The Monument was erected in 1677 as the great memorial to the Great Fire, and its story is one of the most telling of all London's stones.

Charing Cross.

Charing Cross is a familiar name with all of us. It is one of the great termini of London, and is a spot familiar to all visitors from the Continent.

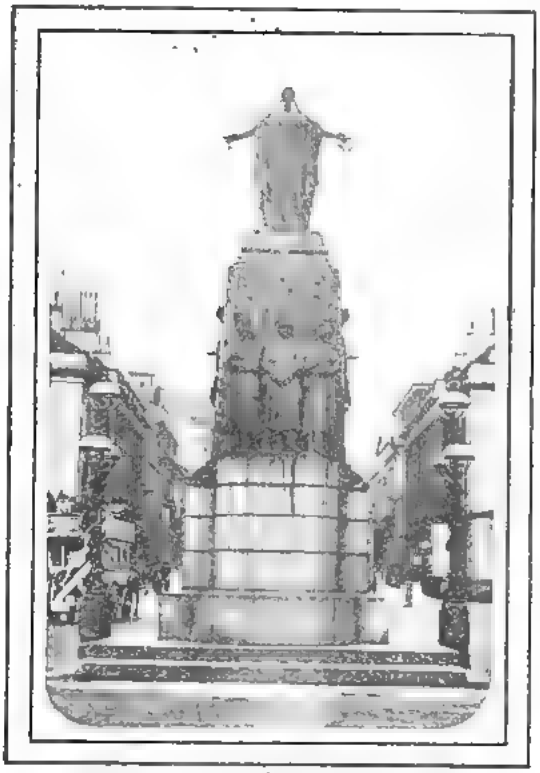
Charing is a corruption of *Chère Reine* (Dear Queen), the cross being built in memory of Queen Eleanor, wife of the first Edward. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, her body being brought thither from Nottinghamshire. Wherever the body rested during the journey, there was a cross erected. There were thirteen such crosses in all, of which but three remain; one just outside Northampton, another at Waltham, and the third at Charing Cross. The present cross is not the one erected in the 13th century. That disappeared nearly 300 years ago, when the one we now see was put up in its place.

Cleopatra's Needle.

Upon the Embankment, between Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges, is one of the oldest stones in the world. We refer to the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle. The story of it is, briefly, as follows :—

It was originally one of six pillars which adorned the entrance to the Temple of the Sun, at On, in Egypt. Subsequently two of them were removed to Alexandria to grace the entrance to the Cæsarium, a temple built in honour of the Cæsars, and, from their connection with the great Cleopatra, they became known as Cleopatra's Needles.

In due course the Temple fell; its splendid magnificence passed away, and the "Needle" which we now see upon the Embankment was buried for centuries in the sands of Alexandria. In 1801 Sir Ralph Abercromby wrested Egypt from the hands of the French, and a subscription was raised for the purpose of conveying the monument to England, but the project was abandoned by order of the military authorities. In 1820 Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian ruler, offered it to us as a mark of friendship, but the present was not accepted until fifty-seven years later, when Ismael Pasha, the Khedive, renewed



THE CRIMEAN MONUMENT IN WATERLOO PLACE.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.
Erected in Memory of Prince Albert at a cost of £120,000.

the offer. Through the liberality of Professor Erasmus Wilson, who contributed £10,000 towards the removal and erection of the Needle, and to the unfailing efforts of Mr. John Dixon, C.E., we owe the possession of this historic monument.

The story of how this huge granite block weighing 180 tons was brought to England is most interesting.

The ship which was to bring it to London was specially made by the Thames Iron Company, and sent to Alexandria in sections. It was, when finished, cylindrical in shape, with a rudder at one end. The various parts were built around the Needle, and when this was fairly encased in it, a channel to the sea was cut in the sand, and the vessel with its contents floated on the water. Once floated, a mast, deck house, and other contrivances were added, and the steamship "Olga" was engaged to tow it to England. At the end of three weeks a storm sprung up, and, in spite of the utmost endeavours of both crews, it was decided, in order to save their lives, to cut the "Cleopatra" adrift. The consternation in England was great at the supposed loss of the Needle; but Mr. Dixon was confident that the "Cleopatra" was seaworthy, which belief was soon to be justified, for, after she had tossed about for three days in the Bay of Biscay, at almost the same spot where the "Olga" had cut her adrift, she was picked up by the steamer "Fitzmaurice" and towed into the Thames, where she lay for some months pending the completion of the arrangements for the erection of the Needle.

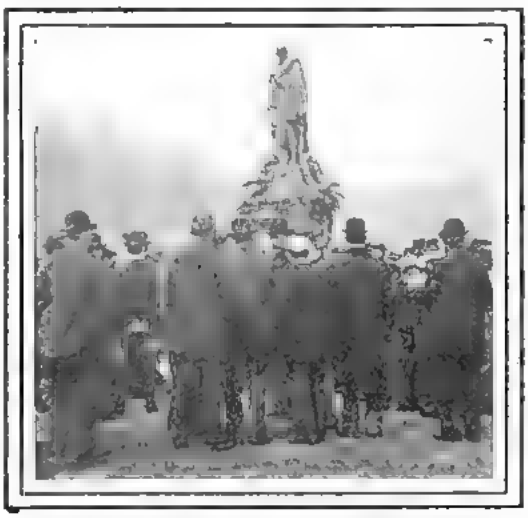
As it now stands, it is sixty-eight and a half feet in height. It gradually tapers as it ascends until it assumes the shape of a pyramid. The base on which the Needle is planted is guarded at each corner by a sphinx, and bears inscriptions explaining the origin of the Needle, and how it came into the position it now occupies.

As we said at the outset, Cleopatra's Needle is one of the oldest stones in the world. It is one of the oldest books in the world, too! for the hieroglyphic writings on the four sides of the column present to us the earliest known method of recording events of the times.

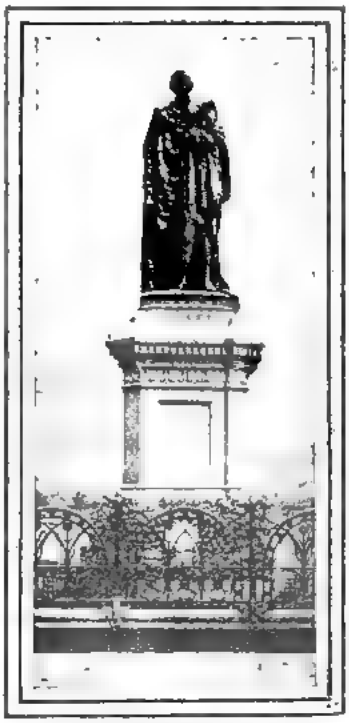
And as we look at the Needle, it occurs to us to imagine that in all probability some of the characters in the Bible were familiar with it, and that, no doubt, Moses received his education in the temple outside which this very column stood thousands of years ago.

Brunel, Engineer.

A walk along the Thames Embankment from Blackfriars to Charing Cross takes us past a great number of statues of men who have helped to make England the great and powerful country that it is. Just before reaching Temple Gardens we find at a corner of the road a very fine statue erected to Isambard Kingdom Brunel, one of England's greatest engineers, the constructor of the Thames Embankment, and the father of the Steamship. The statue stands out prominently,



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STATUE ON PRIMROSE DAY.



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STATUE.

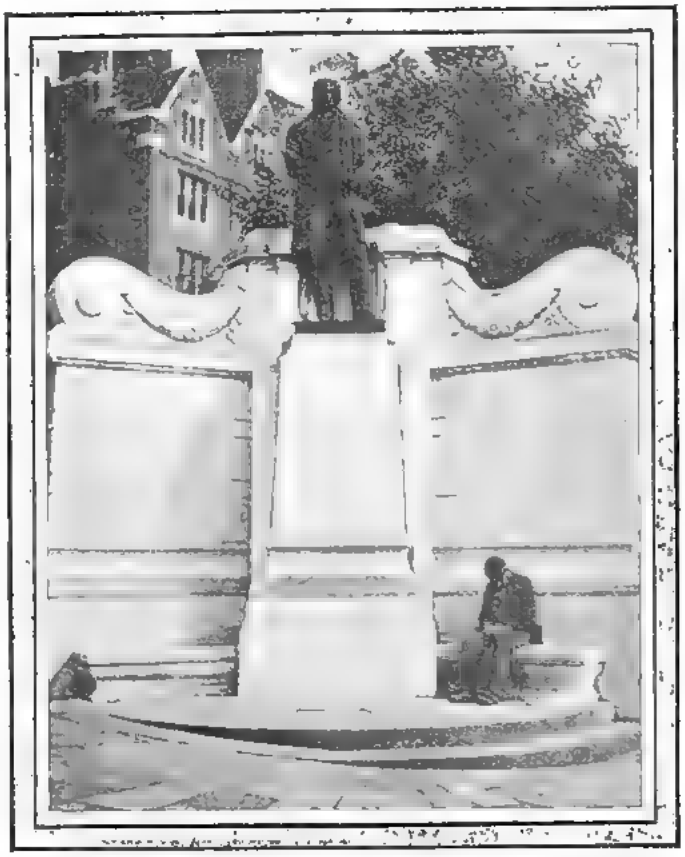
twenty we see him assisting his father in the construction of the Thames Tunnel. Seven years later he became engineer to the Great Western Railway, and introduced the broad gauge system of railway lines, until a comparatively recent date a feature of this line.

Associated as he was with one of the earliest and most important railways in the kingdom, it was not long before he began to make a name for himself in the other department of travel, the sea. The first ocean-going steamer had made its appearance in 1812, but "The Coast," for such was its name, was only a coasting steamer. It remained for Brunel to construct the first real ocean-going steamer in the world. This steamship was constructed in 1838, and was called "The Great Eastern"; other vessels had steamed to America before her, notably the "Savannah" in 1819, but the "Great Eastern" was the first successful steamship, and proved the practicability of ocean steamships. She was launched on 8th April, 1838, and so commenced the regular service of steamers between the old and the new worlds.

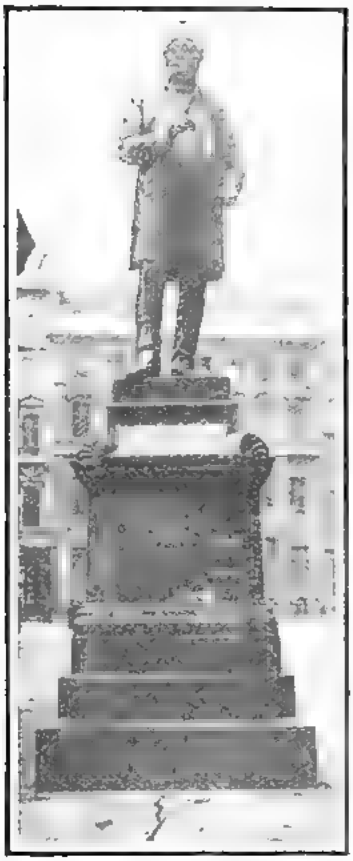
Near by are statues of John Stuart Mill, the great philosopher, and W. E. Forster, educationist. Beyond Waterloo Bridge, and opposite Cleopatra's Needle, is another public garden, in which we find statues to Robert Burns, Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, and Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman. Beyond Charing Cross Station is another garden facing the river, in which stand statues to Sir J. Outram, Sir Bartle Frere, and William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible.

Nelson Column.

In Trafalgar-square may be seen memorials to a number of great men, among them Sir H. Havelock, Sir C. J. Napier, and General Gordon, but the "lion" is the Column erected to the great Admiral who lost his life at the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. Annually, on this day, the statue is bedecked with laurel in great profusion, and around the



THE EMBANKMENT STATUE, ERECTED TO ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL, THE DESIGNER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP.



THE SIR ROWLAND HILL STATUE, OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

base numerous wreaths are placed, the gifts of societies, and from the descendants of those who took part in that great victory. Of late years it has been the custom to include in the decorations the French and Spanish national colours, as a tribute to the bravery displayed by a valiant foe.

BEACONSFIELD STATUE.

The Nelson Column is by no means the only statue that is decorated during the course of the year. Primrose Day is even better and more widely known than Trafalgar Day, for on April 19th a great crowd is always assembled about the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, the base of which is completely hidden with masses of the great statesman's favourite flowers. The flowers are sent from all parts of the kingdom, from rich and poor alike, and are a tribute to the man whose genius and self-reliance defied all obstacles, and were his guiding stars to the post of First Minister of State.

Parliament-square, in which Lord Beaconsfield's statue is situated, is further adorned with statues of other great statesmen, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, and Derby.

To the west of the Abbey, and opposite the main entrance, is the Westminster Column, erected to the memory of the scholars of Westminster School who fell in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. The Crimean Monument to the officers and soldiers in the Guards, killed in the war, is in Waterloo-place, at the eastern extremity of Pall Mall.

ALBERT MEMORIAL.

The most elaborate of all London's monuments is the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, adjoining Hyde Park. It was erected to Prince Albert, the consort of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1861, at a cost of £120,000. The statue is of bronze gilt, and is surmounted by a Gothic cupola elaborately ornamented and terminating in a spire and cross. It is reached by a number of stone steps. The base is adorned with marble sculpture, representing poets, painters, architects, and sculptors of all ages. It is a magnificent piece of work, and in every respect worthy of the originator of the great Exhibition of 1851.

Other interesting memorials are the Sir Rowland Hill statue outside the Royal Exchange, the Boadicea Group at the corner of Westminster Bridge, and Queen Anne's statue in front of St. Paul's, to say nothing of the many "stones" inside that Cathedral, and in the Abbey of Westminster, with which we have no space to deal.

Among Martyrs' memorials, the one illustrated below is, perhaps, unique.

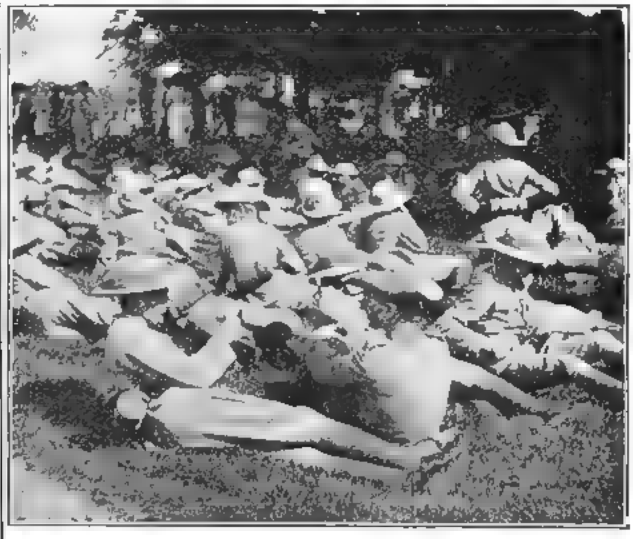
THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, ERECTED OUTSIDE ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR THEIR RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

The Review of the Cadet Corps in Hyde Park.

By Field-Marshal H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

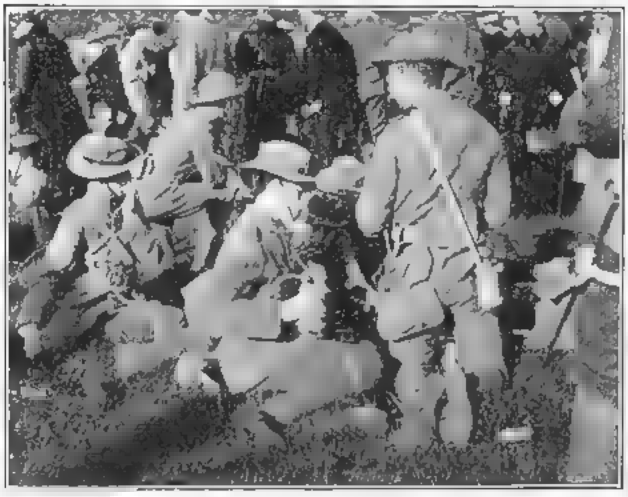
Inspector-General of the Forces.

"HIS PEOPLE"
A RUGBY CADET AFTER THE REVIEW.

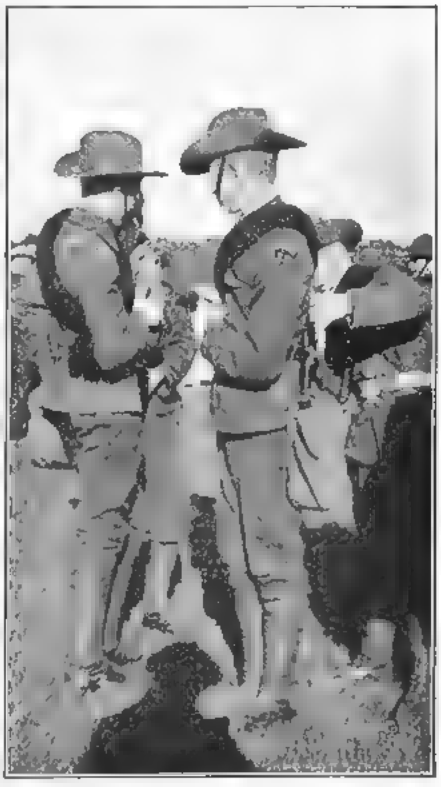


CADETS OF HAILEYBURY COLLEGE

CADETS OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE

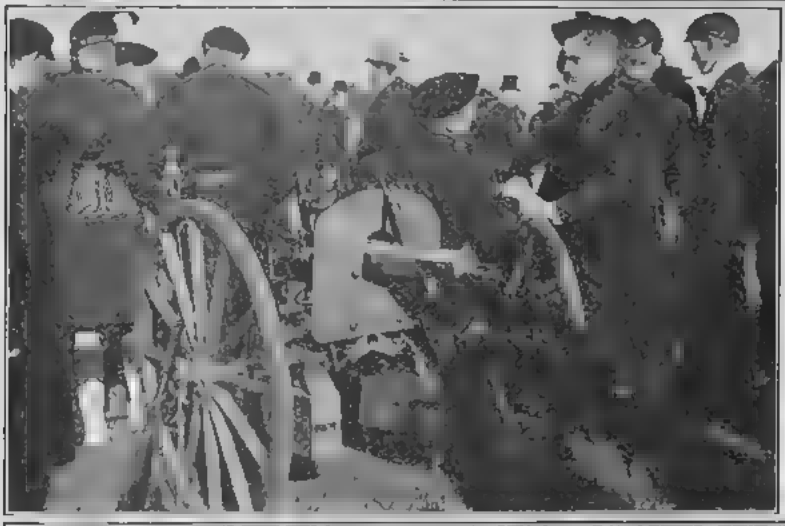


THE CADET ENGINEERS OF READING SCHOOL AFTER THE REVIEW.



CADETS OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

CYCLISTS OF THE 1ST C.B. KING'S ROYAL RIFLES CORPS

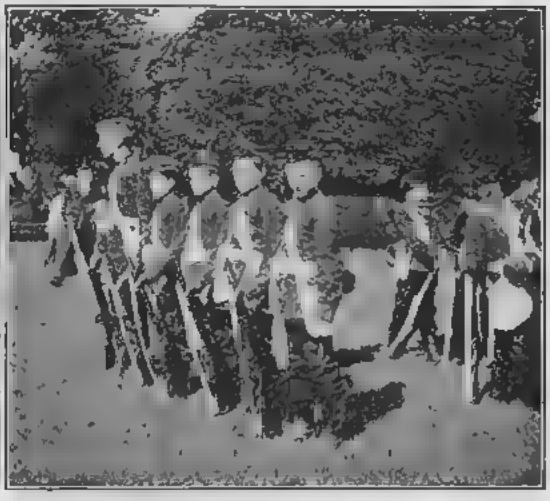


MACHINE GUN OF THE 1ST C.B. KING'S ROYAL RIFLES CORPS

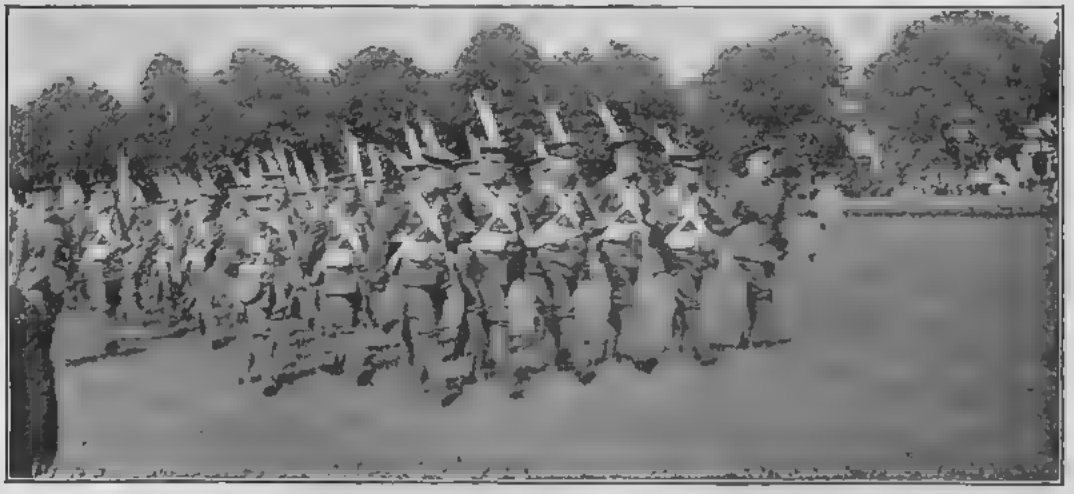
1ST CADET BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES CORPS.

THE LIFE GUARDS WHO KEPT THE GROUND.

A GROUP OF THE 27TH MIDDLESEX (HARROW SCHOOL) R.V.



CADETS OF STREATHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



HIGHGATE SCHOOL CADETS.

THE BABOON THAT WENT TO SCHOOL.

By Cecil H. Ingle and A. E. Johnson.

It is difficult to say which of the two was the more ill-tempered, Mynheer van Braantje, the retired Boer storekeeper, who lived in the solitary house on the outskirts of Pretoria, or Piet, the hideous baboon, who was the sole companion of the morose old man's seclusion. There was no doubt, however, as to which was the more entertaining of the pair: for whereas his master kept mostly to the house and rarely strayed beyond his *stoep*, Piet might any day be seen perched on the top of the tall pole which stood in the garden and overlooked the roadway.

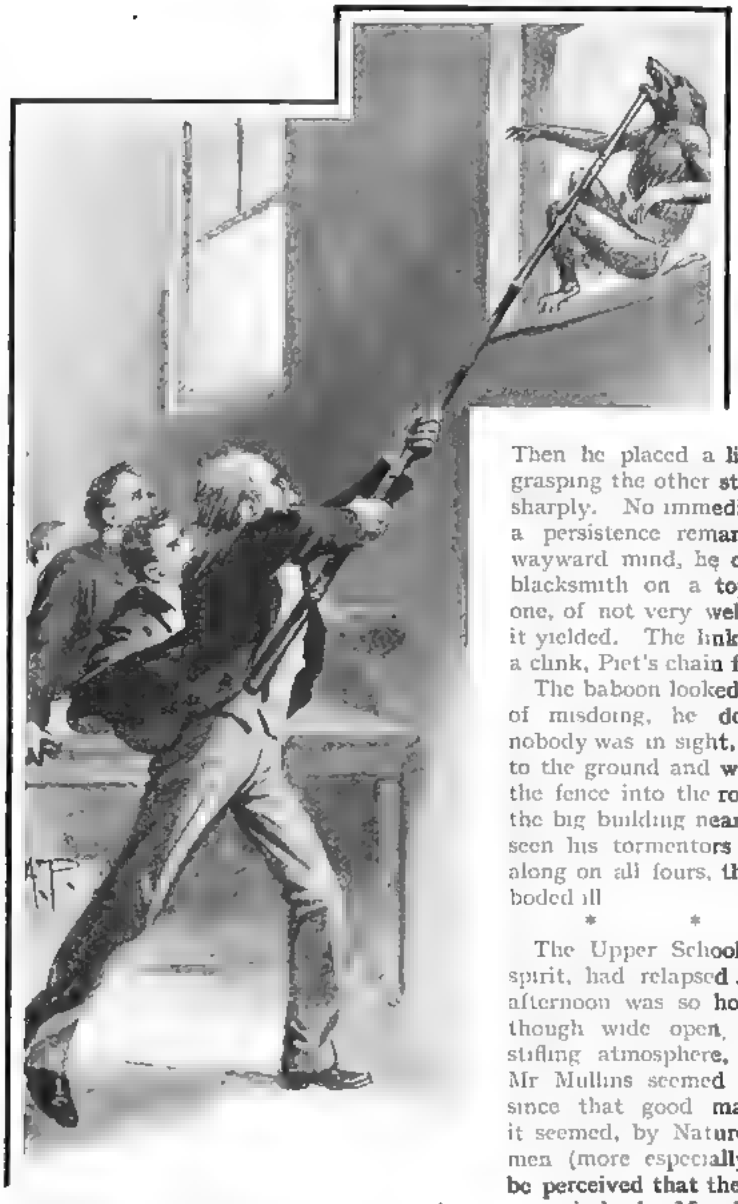
To a ring which slid up and down the pole the baboon was fastened by a chain attached to the leather belt round his loins. On the top of the pole was a small platform, which made a comfortable basking-place when the sun was warm, and here sat all day long the grim-visaged Piet, looking down, like a gargoyle on a church tower, upon the passing show beneath — an object of much interest and malicious attention to the boys of St. Martin's College, as they went by on their way to and from the school close at hand.

It had not taken long to discover that a very little sufficed to move Piet to an exhibition of ill-temper highly gratifying to the onlooker. Considerable ingenuity, in consequence, had been brought to bear upon the invention of new methods of torment, and there was a recognised code of such, in each of which the luckless baboon was the central figure. The simplest, perhaps, was the Insult by Grimace. No self-respecting member of St. Martin's, with a proper regard for correct behaviour, ever omitted to pause as he reached Mynheer van Braantje's *stoep*, and salute the hairy Piet, as he sunned himself on the top of his pole, with the most hideous contortion of the features that his face was capable of. Whereat Piet, grasping the edge of his platform with both hands, and quivering with rage until the pole shook, would tighten the wrinkled skin of his face, bare his fangs, and set his teeth a-chatter, as he glared savagely at his tormentor.

There was likewise the Ordeal by String, a peculiarly malicious form of annoyance This consisted of attaching a piece of fruit to the end of a long string, and throwing it within a short distance of the pole. Piet, eyeing the fruit at first suspiciously and then covetously, would presently descend and pounce upon it; but before his fingers could close upon the luscious prize, a sharp jerk of the string would send it flying out of the tethered animal's reach. Of a similar nature was the Torture of Tantalus, in the practice of which a dainty morsel of some sort was so placed on the ground that Piet, despite the most incredible twistings, turnings, and strainings at his chain, could just *not* grasp it.

On the afternoon of the day with which this story is more particularly concerned, the spirit of Piet was sore vexed within him. The day was blazing hot and a succulent peach had been deposited, in accordance with the rules of the Torture of Tantalus, just outside the radius of his chain. Moreover, Colbourne of the Upper School, his veteran foe and past master in the art of baiting, had but lately derived much mental enjoyment and satisfaction from standing a few paces beyond the unattainable fruit, and mocking the ape's efforts to come to it with the most hideous grimaces his plastic features could devise. Ruffled and insulted (for the baboon is singularly resentful of any implied aspersion upon his looks), Piet had retreated to the top of his pole, where gall had been added to his already full cup of bitterness by a few stones flung at him by thoughtless members of the Lower School, who came by after Colbourne's hated presence had been removed.

The school bell closed its summons with a loud final clang, and Piet, instructed by long experience, became aware that for the next few hours he might look for peace. He was likewise aware that when those few hours had elapsed his misery would begin again. Nature, while bestowing upon him a considerable share of cunning and craft, had not, unfortunately, endowed him with intelligence to ignore the pin-pricks of his small-minded persecutors, nor with a philosophy able to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. So he brooded sullenly upon his



THE END OF THE BAMBOO CAUGHT HIM FAIRLY ON THE JAW.

wrongs, as he sat upon the top of his pole, and idly scratched himself.

Presently, as he glanced around, a sudden idea seemed to strike him. His eyes rested upon a couple of the stones which had been flung at him, and which now lay on the ground beneath. Climbing hastily down the pole, he picked up the two stones which had attracted his attention, put them in his mouth, and swiftly regained his perch. He placed the stones between his feet, and turned them over curiously, wrinkling and unwrinkling a puzzled brow the while. Then he caught hold of the chain which dangled from his body and bit it. He had done that often enough before, but he intended, perhaps, to give it one last trial. It was hard and impregnable as ever. The leather thong round his loins he could not reach with his teeth.

Piet set one stone upon the floor of his platform, with a sharp ridge turned upwards. Then he placed a link of the chain upon it, and grasping the other stone in his hand struck the link sharply. No immediate result was apparent, but with a persistence remarkable in a brute of the ape's wayward mind, he continued striking, like a Simian blacksmith on a toy anvil. The chain was a light one, of not very well-tempered metal, and presently it yielded. The link snapped, and, with a rattle and a clink, Piet's chain fell to the ground.

The baboon looked triumphantly round. Conscious of misdoing, he doubtless feared detection. But nobody was in sight, and in a trice he had clambered to the ground and was across the garden and over the fence into the roadway. Then he set off towards the big building near at hand, which he had so often seen his tormentors enter and leave. As he loped along on all fours, there was a look in his eyes that boded ill

* * * * *

The Upper School, out of sheer weariness of the spirit, had relapsed into lethargic orderliness. The afternoon was so hot, and the doors and windows, though wide open, let in so little air to cool the stifling atmosphere, that even the task of ragging Mr Mullins seemed to have lost its savour. And since that good man had been specially designed, it seemed, by Nature to be the butt of his fellow men (more especially his junior fellow men), it will be perceived that the Upper School was in a bad way indeed. Mr. Mullins himself, though wont, as a rule, to make up for his notorious short-sightedness by a restless and feverish activity, found his energies sapped by the sweltering heat. While the form dallied with algebraic examples, and affected a wholly fictitious interest in the gymnastics of x and y, he lolled in perspiring somnolence over his desk. It would have been difficult to say which party bored the other most—the boys the master, or the master the boys.

The least diversion would have been welcome.

and when a shadow suddenly fell athwart the sunlight that streamed through the open door, the Upper School raised its eyes expectantly. Standing on the threshold, as if in hesitation, was the hairy form of Piet, the broken fragment of his chain dangling from his waist. No one stirred, though a titter ran round the desks, so, finding his entrance unchallenged, Piet stalked on all fours, self-possessed, into the middle of the room. Then he sat down and scowled forbiddingly at the grinning faces about him.

The titter of laughter swelled audibly, and Mr. Mullins awoke from nodding with a start.

"What's all this noise about?" he demanded sharply.

No one replied, and Mr. Mullins, fumbling for the glasses which had fallen from his nose, peered inquiringly round the room. His short-sighted gaze fell upon Piet, who, at this sudden interruption of the silence, had risen threateningly upon his hind legs.

"What's that boy doing out of his seat?" asked Mr. Mullins. "You, boy, *you*, I mean," he added with asperity, as no answer came. And he pointed his finger at Piet.

The situation, thought the Upper School, had distinct elements of humour. Colbourne rose to improve the occasion.

"Please, sir," he observed soberly, "I think it's a new boy looking for a place."

"New boy, new boy," said Mr. Mullins interrogatively, pushing his chair back; "what new boy do you mean?"

He stepped from the daïs, and, adjusting his glasses, walked towards Piet. The latter retreated a couple of paces and crouched as if to spring, while the Upper School grew hilarious.

Evidently the *pince-nez* of Mr. Mullins gave a different aspect to the "new boy," for the master paused suddenly and gazed indignantly about him.

"What nonsense is this?" he snapped. Then he took a step towards Piet, and remarked angrily, "Shoo, shoo."

"He wants to give him the boot," explained Colbourne in a stage whisper.

Piet drew back the wrinkled skin on his brow, till his forehead was smooth and menacing. Then he thrust his head forward, and gibbered volubly. Mr. Mullins, though learned in Latin and possessed of some considerable smattering of Greek, had no knowledge of Simian, and was at a loss for a reply. A stealthy movement on the part of his interlocutor, however, and the baring of a yellow fang, convinced him that action of some sort was necessary. He turned appealingly to the boys.

"Has some one, by any chance, got a biscuit?" he asked beseechingly.

A dozen biscuits at least were held out. Mr. Mullins took the nearest and held it out enticingly.

"Good boy, then, good boy," he observed soothingly.

Piet resented the epithet with a scowl, but the biscuit was too much for his cupidity. As Mr. Mullins walked towards the door, he followed, one eye on the coveted morsel, the other watching warily for a treacherous move on the enemy's part. Arrived at the door the master threw the biscuit into the roadway outside. Piet pounced upon it, like a hawk upon a mouse, and at that instant the door of the class-room was slammed behind him.

Mr. Mullins walked triumphantly to his desk. "We will now," he began, "resume our——"

There was a soft thud against one of the open windows, and Piet appeared upon the sill. Annoyed by the ruse which had brought about his ejection through the door, he was evidently determined to gain re-admission by other means.

Mr. Mullins was irritated. Like most bad disciplinarians he was afraid of ridicule, and he fancied that the laughter of the boys at the speedy reappearance of Piet was uttered at his expense. Seizing the long bamboo pole which was used for shifting certain maps that hung high up on the walls, he advanced to the attack.

Piet from his vantage point on the window-sill showed equal resentment. Like most apes and monkeys he had a profound dislike for faces that were adorned by spectacles or eye-glasses; and the sight of Mr. Mullins, with the light shining on his polished *pince-nez*, prancing down upon him with a long pole tucked, lance-wise, under his arm, filled him with rage. He barked and showed his teeth in a manner not a little menacing.

The master, however, was not a whit dismayed. He charged gallantly and thrust truly. The end of the bamboo caught the enemy fairly on the jaw, and Piet executed a flying back somersault through the air. The Upper School applauded with much cheering and stamping of feet, and the gratified Mr. Mullins, dropping his lance, proceeded to shut the window against further invasion.

He had forgotten the second casement, however. Even as he pulled down the sash of the first, there was a disturbance on the further window-sill, and an ominous thud on the floor. The master turned hurriedly to find that his enemy, now thoroughly savage, had climbed through the other window, jumped from the sill to the floor, and was advancing upon him.

FALLOWFIELD SWEPT HIM ACROSS THE FLOOR.

There was no mistaking the ugly look that shone now in Piet's eyes. He meant mischief, it was plain. At close quarters the long bamboo pole was useless, and Mr Mullins, looking hastily round for a weapon, caught up the class-room besom, which stood against the wall within reach.

Now most animals have an absurd dread of the harmless, necessary broom, and Mr. Mullins, as he made ready to meet the angry baboon, hoped fervently that the rule might hold good. As Piet approached, he pushed the broom in front of him, and made as though to sweep his antagonist off the floor. But at the second motion, the baboon, springing suddenly, caught hold of the broom-handle, and with a vicious twist wrested it from the master's hands. The latter, disarmed and seized with fright at the close proximity of the yellow fangs, beat a hasty retreat, and retired behind the shelter of his desk.

The boys were not slow to follow this example, and speedily barricaded themselves behind desks and benches. The affair had gone beyond the joke they had at first considered it. Piet's temper was evidently vengeful, and a baboon in a savage mood is no pleasant customer to tackle unarmed.

The situation was growing critical. No one dared move, and Piet, pacing the middle of the room (himself chary of approaching his enemies

too closely while behind their ramparts), held all at bay.

Active hostilities, however, were not long in breaking out. It was Latham who fired the first shot, in the shape of a small but thick French dictionary. Its weight told, and Piet was nearly knocked over. Latham was sitting quite near, and slipped hurriedly from his place to recover his dictionary.

But Piet was too nimble for him. With a savage growl the baboon, his eyes red with rage, sprang upon his foe with such speed and agility that escape from the onslaught was impossible. Seizing the unfortunate Latham by the leg, the infuriated brute snapped fiercely at him. But Latham, drawing back involuntarily at the critical moment, withdrew his leg an inch, and the gleaming fangs met only in the cloth of his trousers. On the instant a furious fusillade of ink-pots, books, and rulers was directed upon the baboon from all parts of the room. Laying hands on all missiles within reach, the boys pelted him with all their might —and in many cases with true and effective aim.

Momentarily taken aback by the suddenness of this bombardment, Piet released his hold. As he did so, Colbourne, rushing forward, brought down with a resounding smack upon the dazed animal's head the heavy atlas he had snatched up. Piet stumbled under the blow, but the weapon was not hard enough to stun him, and he was on his feet again in a twinkling. Half a dozen eager hands had already dragged Latham behind the barricade of desks, but Colbourne stood unprotected in the middle of the room. Piet crouched low, but, even as he sprang, a massive lexicon, luckily aimed, met him in mid-air and knocked him sprawling against the wall.

The bigger boys rushed out to join in the fray. Fallowfield seized the fallen broom and dealt the baboon a lusty crack with the handle, and as the animal rushed at his opponents two others picked up a form and swung it at him end-wise. The boys stood their ground warily, and though Piet made more than one swift leap at them, each time broom or form came into play, while books, slates, and rulers continued to rain upon him.

It was Mr. Mullins, however, who devised the most effective weapon. As Piet, faced by the overwhelming odds, paused for a moment to collect his scattered wits, the master, snatching up the big duster from the black-board, stole stealthily behind him and cast the cloth over his head. Muffled in this way, the baboon was at a hopeless disadvantage. His frantic struggles to escape from the impeding rag had the effect merely of winding it more securely round his neck. Blows were dealt him on every hand, and Fallowfield, plying his broom with a will, literary swept him, rolling over and over, across the floor.

Blinded, beaten, and entangled, the baboon passed from rage to panic. When finally he wrested his head free from the cumbering cloth, his spirit was broken. The open window through which he had made his last entrance was just above him. With a frantic spring he gained the ledge, swung himself to the ground, and made off as fast as he could lope towards Mynheer van Braantje's garden and his own familiar pole. From the inviolate heights of the latter, he felt, he could defy the whole horde of the Upper School.

But the Upper School had no desire of pursuit. Mr. Mullins, reaching up to the window, slammed the sash down, and returned to his desk. The boys, rejoicing in a providential release from the vagaries of *x* and *y*, proceeded to dismantle the siege works, and the class-room by the end of the afternoon had regained its normal aspect.

Doubtless, to be strictly in accordance with precedent, one should add that Piet, nursing his wrath and biding his time, eventually reaped the reward of patience by hitting his arch-tormentor on the head with a cocoa-nut. Truth, however, compels me to say that the end of the affair was of a more amicable nature. It is undeniable that for long after his encounter with the Upper School the sight of a boy wearing the College ribbon on his hat was sufficient to set Piet literally dancing with rage on the top of his pole. But with lack of fuel to feed it his enmity gradually died away.

Partly as a result of their own experiences on that eventful afternoon, partly as the result of indignant remonstrances and threats from surly Mynheer van Braantje, it became recognised as "bad form" in the Upper School to torment the hapless Piet, and the example so given was followed by the Lower School.

It was Colbourne who set the fashion of peace-offerings by presenting Piet with a peach —putting it where the baboon could reach it, this time—and Piet is now on the best of terms with St. Martin's College.

Nevertheless, he is seldom able to refrain from a violent and pantomimic exhibition of rage at the sight of the mild-mannered but glass-eyed Mr. Mullins. It is declared, indeed, that were the latter to pass Mynheer van Braantje's house *with a broom*, Piet's career would be cut short by a stroke of apoplexy!

From the picture by H. S. Tuke, A.R.A. By permission of the Autotype Company

' THE RUN HOME '

Google

Photo, H. W. Whitcombe Maidstone.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

EXPOSURE AND DEVELOPMENT.

IN this article I shall endeavour to give you some useful hints on the subjects which form my heading. Correct exposure and correct development raise so many technical points that it will, of course, be impossible to treat either topic exhaustively; and I must therefore confine myself to a broad consideration of these two questions, while drawing your attention to some of the general principles underlying the art of obtaining a good negative.

Now, among amateurs there is a tendency to forget that

EXPOSURE AND DEVELOPMENT

must always be considered in relation to one another. I know people who take great trouble to get the right exposure, and then nullify their trouble to a large extent by carelessness in development. Others, again, are cautious developers, but rather negligent of the exposure problem.

I would impress upon you that what may be called the correct exposure for any one subject must depend largely on the *nature of that subject*.

To start fairly, let us imagine that we are photographing a hoarding on which are one hundred strips of paper, ranging from dead black at the one end, through many shades of grey, to dead white at the other end.

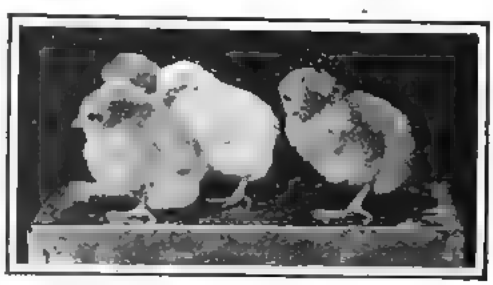
If we snap-shotted the hoarding the gradations of the lighter end of the scale would be well shown, but many of the darker strips would be represented as clear glass. The longer the exposure, the further down the scale we should get; but we should find that as we increased our range towards the black end, the lighter shades would merge more and more into one another till several become a dead white. Each strip of negative film contains a certain amount of silver that will combine with the developing agent and turn black. As soon as all that silver has combined, the maximum of density is reached. Hence it is obvious that if you exposed your plate long enough, the hoarding would be represented by a practically uniform blackness right across the negative.

Now apply this to a possible artistic subject, a sitter wearing a beautiful lace collar of delicate and diverse shades, and also a dark dress of which the folds should be reproduced. Here are two sets of shading, at opposite ends of the "light scale." It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to expose the negative and afterwards treat it so as to do full justice to *both* sets. So you must decide either to go for the lace and sacrifice the dress details, or to give the dress the preference and to expose till the lace shadings have merged into a uniform white—when developed, of course.

It is this difficulty that has produced the good old rule,

EXPOSE FOR THE SHADOWS,

and let the "high lights," or whiter parts of the picture, look after themselves; because large areas of deep shadow, showing no detail whatever, are more offensive to the artistic sense than a "flatness," or uniformity, in the high lights. Snap-shots as a rule fail to give shadow



TWO DAYS OLD.

A HIGHLAND POST OFFICE.

The driver of the coach drops letters into boxes, tins, &c., placed in the stone walls flanking the road. The people living on the farms come down from the hills to hand in their letters to the post-coachman, and to empty the boxes.

detail: hence the "something wanting" which so often characterises them.

A second rule therefore follows almost necessarily,

WHEN IN DOUBT, ERR ON THE SIDE OF OVER EXPOSURE.

You cannot call up light effects which have never taken place: but you *can* curb an overdose of light.

Development also must be regulated by the subject. Here are a few rules for you to make a working basis of your dark room operations:

(1) Over exposure tends to reduce contrasts.

(2) Under exposure tends to increase contrasts.

(3) Strong solutions tend to increase contrasts.

(4) Weak solutions tend to decrease contrasts.

(5) Addition of alkali (or No. 2 solution) quickens action, but reduces contrasts.

(6) Addition of developing agent (or No. 1 solution) slows action, but increases contrasts.

These rules are short, but the repetition of the same words in different combinations tends to create confusion; so let us develop four imaginary plates.

Plate Number 1 is of a glade in a wood, with sky showing through the branches, and deep shadows under the trees. Evidently we wish to catch the details of those shadows. If we used a normal developer, what would happen? The high lights would soon show, and "rush out," several gradations rapidly merging together so that they would all print dead white. But we don't want this to occur. Shall we therefore remove our plate before the high-lights gradations have gone? No! because our poor shadows would all be lost, if we did. We therefore add water to our solution till its bulk is doubled, before introducing the plate. The development, is thereby rendered much slower, but the high lights do not get so big a start of the shadows, and the proportionate density of both is reproduced fairly faithfully.

"102 YEARS OLD."

This aged gentleman had at the time of taking the photo. a son 82 years old, a grandson of 60, a great-grandson of 40, and a great-great-grandson, who himself had a child.

Towards the end of the operation a little more alkali may be added to hurry things up, though you should never be tempted through impatience to precipitate matters unduly.

Plate Number 2 was directed at a landscape lacking strong contrasts. Here we run a risk of getting a very "flat" negative. Referring back to rule 3, we remember to keep our solutions strong for this, with a preponderance of No. 1 solution. The bromide of No. 1 will hold back the shadows while allowing the high lights to come out.

Plate Number 3 has, we know, been considerably over-exposed. A normal mixture would bring all the gradations tumbling on one another's heels, and before we could arrest the chemical action it would have got beyond control. Now, rule 1 says that O.E. (over exposure, U.E. = under exposure) tends to reduce contrasts, so that our solution must counterbalance such a tendency. To four parts of No. 1 solution we add one part of No. 2; also half a dozen drops of a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium, kept handy in a dropping-bottle; and two parts of water. We must go slowly. The plate develops rather "flat" (*i.e.*, lacking contrast), but, as there is plenty of detail all over, we arrest development early and

Trust to Intensification

to accentuate the contrasts.

Plate Number 4 is a U.E. snap-shot of cricketers. We don't want a number of snow men on a black field. Rule 2 has told us that U.E. increases contrasts; and rules 4 and 5 give us the needful advice for developing. To one part of No. 1 solution we add two of No. 2, and two parts of water. The more U.E. a negative is, the more slowly must it be developed: intensification being called in to give the final touches. The golden rule to remember, when you mean to use intensification, is, that the high lights should, during development, be kept as thin as is possible while detail in the shadows is growing. If the high lights are carried too far, they will be sadly "bunged up" by the intensifier. By the by, a U.E. negative should during printing be covered on the clear side with tissue paper, to reduce the contrasts.

Reviewing the question of development generally, we see that, as a rule, slow development is advisable. It keeps gradations more nearly to their proper proportion, and also enables the operator to have his plate under good control.

Another thing is also clear, viz., that

Accurate Particulars of Exposure and Subject

should be entered in the exposure book. If

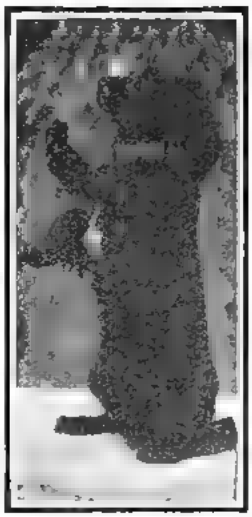
"A WINDOW IN THRUMS."

The window which figures in Mr. J. M. Barrie's famous book is indicated by a cross.

a batch of plates have been exposed under similar conditions, and for equal times, you should, if you are doubtful as to correctness, select from the batch the plate which you would most willingly sacrifice, and test it with a rather weak solution, carefully noting the time which elapses between flooding with developer and the first appearance of high lights. If you keep a standard test developer, you will soon get to gauge the state of affairs very accurately.

The Usual Method of Judging Development

is to turn the plate over and see whether the image shows right through. This serves very well with rapid plates. But some of the "ordinary" brands, being more thickly coated, are fully developed before the chemical has quite penetrated the film.



"BALANCE."

FACTORIAL, OR TIME, DEVELOPMENT,

introduced some twelve years ago by Mr. Alfred Watkins, merits attention. The system is briefly this. You use a certain developer of a certain strength, and take the time necessary to give the first signs of an image. The "factor" is, say, 10, so you leave the plate in 9 times as long again. The "factor" changes with various developers. Thus:

Hydrokinone is 5.
Ortol is 10.
Amidol is 18.
Metol is 30.
Rodinal is 40.

If the developer is merely diluted, the rule still holds good, but when bromide is added the "factor" changes in proportion to the extra percentage of bromide. You will find a lot of interesting information about "Factorial Development" in No. 6 of the *Practical Photographer* series, published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, E.C. This is a capital little book, which I have found most useful.

Factorial development leads me to mention

STAND DEVELOPMENT.

The plates are arranged in frames, a dozen at a time, and submerged vertically in a tank or developer. Messrs. Houghtons supply a neat little apparatus, the "Standa," for the purpose. It can be used in daylight. A very suitable "stand" developer is

RODINAL.

which does not stain the fingers, and does not require the plates to be kept in motion. For normal exposures add 1 part rodinal to 20 parts water; for O.E. 1 part rodinal to 10–20 parts water and some drops of 10 per cent. bromide; for U.E. 1 part rodinal to 40 water. It is, of course, advisable to sort your plates out, so as to get O.E.'s and U.E.'s together for stand development. The plates should be watched till the first signs of development appear. Then take the time, put on the cover, and leave them to stew for the proper period, *i.e.*, 39 times as long again.

In conclusion, I would remind you that, though rules are invaluable, they *must* be reinforced with care and method. Development is so complex a business that you should do your utmost to learn all the possibilities of a good formula, such as is usually to be found on the plate box. Continuous care and close observation will presently give you an *instinct* of what should be done in both exposure and development.

"PLEASE!"

THE "H.H." DEVELOPER.

Mr. J. Rawlins, of 3 Cross Lane, St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C., has sent me this developer for trial. The two bottles, sufficient to make half a gallon of solution, cost only 1s. The developer is made from a formula given by Mr. Horsley Hinton, the Editor of *The Amateur Photographer*, and certainly yields very fine results.

NOTE.—Competitors in Photographic Competitions MUST put name and address on the back of each photograph. Failure to comply with this rule will in future disqualify photographs.

ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

"I'M STILL HUNGRY."

TALES OF WRYKYN

No. 6
AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.

THE whole thing may be said to have begun when Mr. Oliver Ring of New York, changing cars, as he called it, at Wrykyn on his way to London, had to wait an hour for his train. He put in that hour by strolling about the town and seeing the sights, which were not numerous. Wrykyn, except on Market Day, was wont to be wrapped in a primæval calm which very nearly brought tears to the strenuous eyes of the man from Manhattan. He had always been told that England was a slow country, and his visit, now in its third week, had confirmed this opinion; but even in England he had not looked to find such a lotus-eating place as Wrykyn. He looked at the shop windows. They resembled the shop windows of every other country town in England. There was no dash, no initiative about them. They did not leap to the eye and arrest the pedestrian's progress. They ordered these things, thought Mr. Ring, better in the States. And then something seemed to whisper to him that here was the place to set up a branch of Ring's Come-One Come-All Up-to-date Stores. During his stroll he had gathered certain pieces of information. To wit, that Wrykyn was where the county families for ten miles round did their shopping, that the population of the town was larger than would appear at first sight to a casual observer, and, finally, that there was a school of six hundred boys only a mile away. Nothing could be better. Within a month he would take to himself the entire trade of the neighbourhood.

"It's a cinch," murmured Mr. Ring with a glad smile, as he boarded his train, "a lead-pipe cinch."

Everybody who has moved about the world at all knows Ring's Come-one Come-all Up-to-date Stores. The main office is in New York. Broadway, to be exact, on the left as you go down, just before you get to Park Row, where the newspapers come from. There is another office in Chicago. Others in St. Louis, St. Paul, and across the seas in London, Paris, Berlin, and, in short, everywhere. The peculiar advantage about Ring's Stores is that you can get anything you happen to want there, from a motor to a macaroon, and rather cheaper than you could get it anywhere else. England had up to the present been ill-supplied with these handy paradises, the one in Piccadilly being the only extant specimen. But now Mr. Ring in person had crossed the Atlantic on a tour of inspection, and things were shortly to be so brisk that you would be able to hear them whizz.

So an army of workmen invaded Wrykyn. A trio of decrepit houses in the High Street were pulled down with a run, and from the ruins there began to rise like a Phœnix the striking building which was to be the Wrykyn Branch of Ring's Come-one Come-all Up-to-date Stores.

The sensation among the tradesmen caused by the invasion was, as may be imagined, immense and painful. The thing

was a public disaster. It resembled the advent of a fox in a fowl-run. For years the tradesmen of Wrykyn had jogged along in their comfortable way, each making his little profits, with no thought of competition or modern hustle. And now the enemy was at their doors. Many were the gloomy looks cast at the gaudy building as it grew like a mushroom. It was finished with incredible speed, and then advertisements began to flood the local papers. A special sheaf of bills was despatched to the school.

Dunstable got hold of one, and read it with interest. Then he went in search of his friend Linton to find out what he thought of it.

Linton was at work in the laboratory. He was an enthusiastic, but unskilful, chemist. The only thing he could do with any real certainty was to make oxygen. But he had ambitions beyond that feat, and was continually experimenting in a reckless way which made the chemistry master look wan and uneasy. He was bending over a complicated mixture of tubes, acids, and Bunsen burners when Dunstable found him. It was after school, so that the laboratory was empty, but for them.

"Don't mind me," said Dunstable, taking a seat on the table.

"Look out, man, don't jog. Sit tight, and I'll broaden your mind for you. I take this bit of litmus paper, and dip it into this bilge, and if I've done it right, it'll turn blue."

"Then I bet it doesn't," said Dunstable.

The paper turned red.

"Hades," said Linton calmly. "Well, I'm not going to sweat at it any more. Let's go down to Cook's."

Cook's is the one school institution which nobody forgets who has been to Wrykyn. It is a little confectioner's shop in the High Street. Its exterior is somewhat forbidding, and the uninitiated would probably shudder and pass on, wondering how on earth such a place could find a public daring enough to support it by eating its wares. But the school went there in flocks. Tea at Cook's was the alternative to a study tea. There was a large room at the back of the shop, and here oceans of hot tea and tons of toast were consumed. The staff of Cook's consisted of Mr. Cook, late sergeant in a line regiment, six foot three, disposition amiable, left leg cut off above the knee by a spirited Fuzzy in the last Soudan war; Mrs. Cook, wife of the above, disposition similar, and possessing the useful gift of being able to listen to five people at one and the same time; and an invisible menial, or menials, who made toast in some nether region at a perfectly dizzy rate of speed. Such was Cook's.

"Talking of Cook's," said Dunstable, producing his pamphlet, "have you seen this? It'll be a bit of a knock-out for them, I should think."

Linton took the paper, and began to read. Dunstable roamed curiously about the laboratory, examining things.

"What are these little crystal sort of bits of stuff?" he asked, coming to a standstill before a large jar and opening it. "They look good to eat. Shall I try one?"

"Don't you be an idiot," said the expert, looking up. "What have you got hold of? Great Scott, no, don't eat that stuff."

"Why not? Is it poison?"

"No. But it would make you as sick as a cat. It's Sal Ammoniac."

"Sal how much?"

"Ammoniac. You'd be awfully bad."

"All right, then, I won't. Well, what do you think of that thing? It'll be rough on Cook's, won't it? You see they advertise a special 'public-school' tea, as they call it. It sounds jolly good. I don't know what buckwheat cakes are, but they ought to be decent. I suppose now everybody'll chuck Cook's and go there. It's a beastly shame, considering that Cook's has been a sort of school shop so long. And they really depend on the school. At least, one never sees anybody else going there. Well, I shall stick to Cook's. I don't want any of your beastly Yankee invaders. Support home industries. Be a patriot. The band then played God Save the King, and the meeting dispersed. But, seriously, man, I am rather sick about this. The Cooks are such awfully good sorts, and this is bound to make them lose a tremendous lot. The school's simply crawling with chaps who'd do anything to get a good tea cheaper than they're getting now. They'll simply scrum in to this new place."

"Well, I don't see what we can do," said Linton, "except keep on going to Cook's ourselves. Let's be going now, by the way. We'll get as many chaps as we can to promise to stick to them. But we can't prevent the rest going where they like. Come on."

The atmosphere at Cook's that evening was heavily charged with gloom. Ex-

Sergeant Cook, usually a treasury of jest and anecdote, was silent and thoughtful. Mrs. Cook bustled about with her customary vigour, but she too was disinclined for conversation. The place was ominously empty. A quartette of school house juniors in one corner and a solitary prefect from Donaldson's completed the sum of the customers. Nobody seemed to want to talk a great deal. There was something in the air which

"said as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted,'"

and so it was. Haunted by the spectre of that hideous, new, glaring red-brick building down the street, which had opened its doors to the public on the previous afternoon.

"Look there," said Dunstable, as they came out. He pointed along the street. The doors of the new establishment were congested. A crowd, made up of members of various houses, was pushing to get past another crowd which was trying to get out. The "public-school tea at one shilling" appeared to have proved attractive.

"Look at 'em," said Dunstable. "Sordid beasts! All they care about is filling themselves. There goes that man Merrett. Rand-Brown with him. Here come four more. Come on. It makes me sick."

"I wish it would make *them* sick," said Linton.

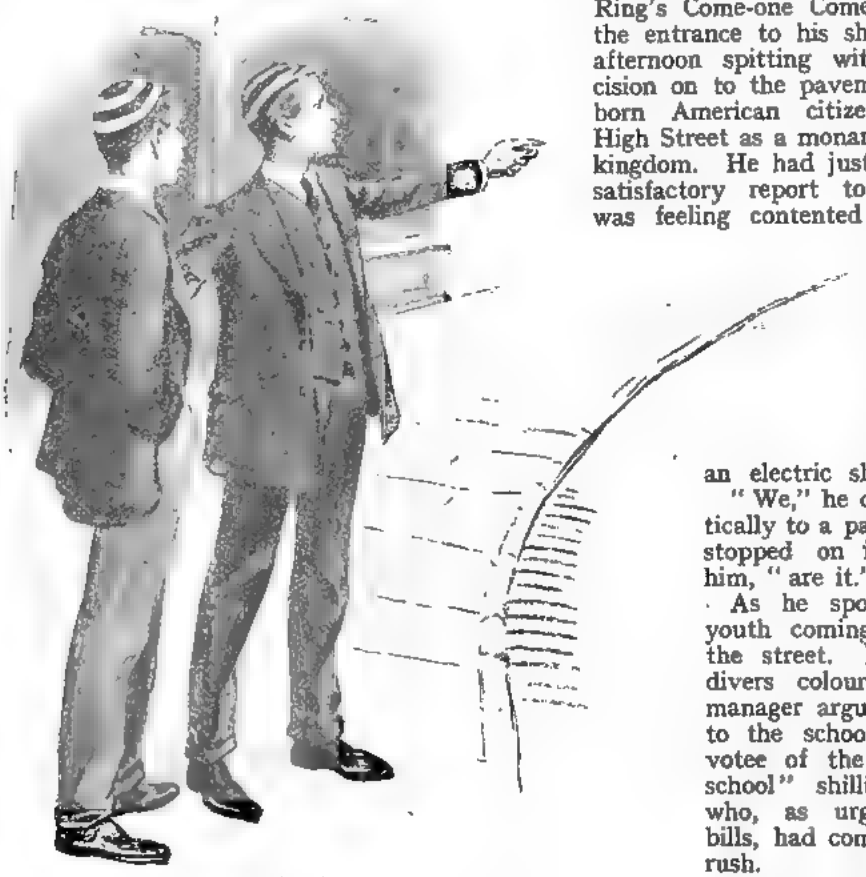
"Perhaps it will. . . . By George!"

He started.

"What's up?" said Linton.

"Oh, nothing. I was only thinking of something."

They walked on without further conversation. Dunstable's brain was working fast. He had an idea, and was busy developing it.



"LOOK AT 'EM," SAID DUNSTABLE.

The manager of the Wrykyn Branch of Ring's Come-one Come-all Stores stood at the entrance to his shop on the following afternoon spitting with energy and precision on to the pavement—he was a free-born American citizen—and eyeing the High Street as a monarch might gaze at his kingdom. He had just completed a highly satisfactory report to headquarters, and was feeling contented with the universe, and the way in which it was managed. Even in the short time since the opening of the store he had managed to wake up the sluggish Britishers as if they had had an electric shock.

"We," he observed epigrammatically to a passing cat, which had stopped on its way to look at him, "are it."

As he spoke he perceived a youth coming towards him down the street. He wore a cap of divers colours, from which the manager argued that he belonged to the school. Evidently a devotee of the advertised "public-school" shillingsworth, and one who, as urged by the small bills, had come early to avoid the rush.

"Step right in, mister," he

said, moving aside from the doorway. "And what can I do for *you*?"

"Are you the manager of this place?" asked Dunstable—for the youth was that strategist, and no other.

"On the bull's eye first time," replied the manager with easy courtesy. "Will you take a cigar or a cocoa-nut?"

"Can I have a bit of a talk with you, if you aren't busy?"

"Sure. Step right in."

Dunstable stepped right in.

"Now, sir," said the manager, "what's *your* little trouble?"

"It's about this public-school tea business," said Dunstable. "It's rather a shame, you see. Before you came bargeing in, everybody used to go to Cook's."

"And now," interrupted the manager, "they come to us. Correct, sir. We *are* the main stem. And why not?"

"Cook's such a good sort."

"I should like to know him," said the manager politely.

"You see," said Dunstable, "it doesn't so much matter about the other things you sell; but Cook's simply relies on giving fellows tea in the afternoon——"

"One moment, sir," said the man from the States. "Let me remind you of a little rule which will be useful to you when you butt into the big, cold world. That is, never let sentiment interfere with business. See? Either Ring's Stores or your friend has got to be on top, and, if I know anything, it's going to be We. We! And I'm afraid that's all I can do for you, unless you've that hungry feeling, and want to sample our public-school tea at twenty-five cents."

"No, thanks," said Dunstable. "Here come some chaps, though, who look as if they might."

He stepped aside as half a dozen School House juniors raced up.

"For one day only," said the manager to Dunstable, "you may partake free, if you care to. You have man's most priceless possession, Cool Cheek. And Cool Cheek, when recognised, should not go unrewarded. Step in."

"No thanks," said Dunstable. "You'll find me at Cook's if you want me."

"Kindness," said he to himself, as Mrs. Cook served him in the depressed way which had now become habitual with her, "kindness having failed, we must try severity."

II.

Those who knew and liked Dunstable were both pained and disgusted at his behaviour during the ensuing three days. He suddenly exhibited a weird fondness for some of Wrykyn's least deserving inmates. He walked over to school with Merrett, of Seymour's, and Ruthven, of Donaldson's, both notorious outsiders. When Linton wanted him to come and play fives after school, he declined on the ground that he was teaing with Chadwick, of Appleby's. Now in the matter of absolute outsiderishness Chadwick, of Appleby's, was to Merrett, of Seymour's, as captain is to subaltern. Linton was horrified, and said so.

"What do you want to do it for?" he asked. "What's the point of it? You can't like those chaps."

"Awfully good sorts when you get to know them," said Dunstable.

"You've been some time finding it out."

"I know. Chadwick's an acquired taste. By the way, I'm giving a tea on Thursday. Will you come?"

"Who's going to be there?" inquired Linton warily.

"Well, Chadwick for one: and Merrett and Ruthven and three other chaps."

"Then," said Linton with some warmth, "I think you'll have to do without me. I believe you're mad."

And he went off in disgust to the fives-courts.

When on the following Thursday Dunstable walked into Ring's Stores with his five guests, and demanded six public-school

"I BELIEVE THE STUFF . . . WAS POISONED"

teas, the manager was perhaps justified in allowing a triumphant smile to wander across his face. It was a signal victory for him.

"No free list to-day, sir," he said. "Entirely suspended."

"Never mind," said Dunstable, "I'm good for six shillings."

"Free list?" said Merrett, as the manager retired, "I didn't know there was one."

"There isn't. Only he and I palled up so much the other day that he offered me a tea for nothing."

"Didn't you take it?"

"No. I went to Cook's."

"Rotten hole, Cook's. I'm never going there again," said Chadwick. "You take my tip, Dun., old chap, and come here."

"Dun. old chap," smiled amiably.

"I don't know," he said, looking up from the tea-pot, into which he had been pouring water; "you can be certain of the food at Cook's."

"What do you mean? So you can here."

"Oh," said Dunstable, "I didn't know. I've never had tea here before. But I've often heard that American food upsets one sometimes."

By this time, the tea having stood long enough, he poured out, and the meal began.

Merrett and his friends were hearty feeders, and conversation languished for some time. Then Chadwick leaned back in his chair, and breathed heavily.

"You couldn't get stuff like that at Cook's," he said.

"I suppose it is a bit different," said

Dunstable. "Have any of you . . . noticed something queer . . . ?"

Merrett stared at Ruthven. Ruthven stared at Merrett.

"I . . ." said Merrett.

"D'you know . . ." said Ruthven.

Chadwick's face was a delicate green.

"I believe," said Dunstable, "the stuff . . . was . . . poisoned. I . . ."

"Drink this," said the school doctor, briskly, bending over Dunstable's bed with a medicine-glass in his hand, "and be ashamed of yourself. The fact is you've over-eaten yourself. Nothing more and nothing less. Why can't you boys be content to feed moderately?"

"I don't think I ate much, sir," protested Dunstable. "It must have been what I ate. I went to that new American place."

"So *you* went there, too? Why, I've just come from attending a bilious boy in Mr. Seymour's house. He said he had been at the American place, too."

"Was that Merrett, sir? He was one of the party. We were all bad. We can't all have eaten too much."

The doctor looked thoughtful.

"H'm. Curious. Very curious. Do you remember what you had?"

"I had some things the man called buckwheat cakes, with some stuff he said was maple syrup."

"Bah. American trash." The doctor was a staunch Briton, conservative in his views both on politics and on food. "Why can't you boys eat good English food? I must tell the headmaster of this. I haven't time to look after the school if all the boys are going to poison themselves. You lie still and try to go to sleep, and you'll be right enough in no time."

But Dunstable did not go to sleep. He stayed awake to interview Linton, who came to pay him a visit.

"Well," said Linton, looking down at the sufferer with an expression that was a delicate blend of pity and contempt, "you've made a nice sort of ass of yourself, haven't you! I don't know if it's any consolation to you, but Merrett's just as bad as you are. And I hear the others are, too. So now you see what comes of going to Ring's instead of Cook's."

"And now," said Dunstable, "if you've quite finished, you can listen to me for a bit. . . ."

"So now you know," he concluded.

Linton's face beamed with astonishment and admiration.

"Well, I'm hanged," he said. "You're a marvel. But how did you know it wouldn't poison you?"

"I relied on you. You said it wasn't poison when I asked you in the lab. My faith in you is touching."

"But why did you take any yourself?"

"Sort of idea of diverting suspicion. But the thing isn't finished yet. Listen."

Linton left the dormitory five minutes later with a look of a young disciple engaged on some holy mission.

III.

"You think the food is unwholesome, then?" said the headmaster after dinner that night.

"Unwholesome!" said the school doctor. "It must be deadly. It must be positively lethal. Here we have six ordinary, strong, healthy boys struck down at one fell swoop as if there were a pestilence raging. Why——"

"One moment," said the headmaster. "Come in."

A small figure appeared in the doorway.

"Please, sir," said the figure in the strained voice of one speaking a "piece" which he has committed to memory, "Mr. Seymour says please would you mind letting the doctor come to his house at once because Linton is ill."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "What's the matter with him?"

"Please, sir, I believe it's buckwheat cakes."

"What! And here's another of them!"

A second small figure had appeared in the doorway.

"Sir, please, sir," said the newcomer, "Mr. Bradfield says may the doctor——"

"And what boy is it *this* time?"

"Please, sir, it's Brown. He went to Ring's Stores——"

The headmaster rose.

"Perhaps you had better go at once, Oakes," he said. "This is becoming serious. That place is a positive menace to the community. I shall put it out of bounds tomorrow morning."

And when Dunstable and Linton, pale but cheerful, made their way—slowly, as befitted convalescents—to Cook's two days afterwards, they had to sit on the counter. All the other seats were occupied.

THE END.

"TAKING IT EASY."

IT is rather pathetic to see how many young men who have been sitting for five days at office desks take their pleasure on the road at the week's end. With handlebars very low, heads ditto, caps turned hind before, faces red from exertion, or perhaps white from over-exertion, they speed along the highway in gangs, bound for Southend, Brighton, Worthing, Dover, Margate or some other seaside resort. The general characteristics of the country traversed are unnoticed, excepting that they know a good road from a bad one, and their legs distinguish a hill from a level.

Beautiful views may expand to right and left. But Jones thinks less of them than of hanging on to the back wheel of Brown, the pace-maker of the crowd. Quaint and picturesque objects which might well claim their attention for at least a few minutes are dropped behind one after another. Their importance sinks to zero when the dust flies thick and Brown, Smith and Co. are out on the warpath hunting "fast times." Anon our friends reach Brighton, or whatever town may be their destination, have their shrimp tea, go to bed pretty well played out, and doubtless sleep soundly. The next day they wander about, get a good whiff of sea air, and then back they go to town in much the same manner as they came, with a few occasional halts for refreshments. Monday finds them, more likely than not, feeling considerably the worse for wear, unless they are blessed with unusually robust constitutions. This is only natural. If the heart has to do as much extra work in thirty-six hours as it does in the other 132 of the week put together, it quite reasonably hangs out distress signals.

The benefit of an outing is not to be reckoned by the amount of work done. Most people, especially young people, have a more limited capacity for fast travel than they suspect. Overdo the business even a little, and the good of the whole vanishes; leaving you with a minus quantity of stamina for your week's work.

The "speed merchant" not only runs risks of physical strain: he also misses what in the opinion of old stagers is the

Chief Delight of Riding,

viz., absorbing into one's memory as many as possible of the scenes through which the rider passes. If mere mileage is the object of "pleasure" riding, the townsman might almost as well mount his cycle on a "home trainer" in the back yard, get some one to blow on him with a pair of bellows, and pedal till he has had enough. When a cyclist tells me that he got from A to B in so many hours, I pity him: because it almost follows *ipso facto* that he rode with his eyes metaphorically shut.

I may now get back to my original text, from which I have digressed somewhat in order to provide a contrast. "Taking it easily" does not necessarily mean "slacking." It rather infers a judicious proportioning of exertion to circumstances, and good long halts when the muscles begin to protest. The average speed will, of course, not show up very grandly. In hilly country, or against a head wind, I do not calculate on averaging more than six to seven miles per hour during a long day's ride. So I (pardon the First Person)

Start Early.

The following will represent fairly well my programme for a single day's riding.

HOW THE ROAD-MENDER "TAKES IT EASY."

Breakfast, 6 A.M.
Start, 7 A.M.
Breakfast No. 2, 9.30 A.M. to 10.30 A.M.
Ride, 10.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.
Lunch, 1.30 P.M. to 2.30 P.M.
Ride, 2.30 P.M. to 5 P.M.
Tea, 5 P.M. to 6 P.M.
Ride, 6 P.M. to 7 P.M.
Dinner, 7.30.
Bed, 10 P.M.

Out of my twelve hours on the road I have rested three. The average rate of travel for the twelve should, therefore, be at least six miles an hour, giving a total of 72: which is a good day's work. My meal-times are long enough to allow chances for photography, the exploration of local "lions," and chats with all sorts and conditions of men—whose conversation often proves very entertaining. If the halting-places are unattractive, I curtail my "breaks," so as to have time in hand for other rests at more interesting spots. When *touring* I start somewhat later in the morning—say 8 o'clock.

On June 26, I rode from my home to Littlehampton, near Worthing—a distance of about 70 miles, to join the Art Editor, who, after a long course of scissors, paste-pot, the Hound of the Basketvilles, and much heckling from the O.F., was taking a short holiday at the seaside. Having fallen into the seductive habit of motor-cycling, I had given my "pusher" a very easy time of it for some months past; in fact, 15 miles in one day was the longest journey I had made in its company this year. From 15 miles to 72 is a pretty big jump, especially when you consider that the road from Guildford to Littlehampton *via* Petworth and Arundel is particularly hilly; that there was a bad head wind all the way; and that I carried a camera and about ten pounds of other luggage. So I stuck very closely to the times given above, excepting that I shortened lunch and omitted tea; and so stumbled upon the Art Editor a few miles north of Littlehampton, at about five o'clock. On the way I managed to get three photos of a sand-martin's nest; helped a motor-cyclist in distress; talked politics and motor-cars with a road-mender; discussed several subjects (*not* including alien immigration) with an organ-grinder; inspected the internal arrangements of a mission van; photographed some deer; wondered what the Old Fag was doing in London, and thought him an unlucky beggar to be there; called on some friends; refused the offer of an itinerant wire-bender to sell me a flower-stand for one shilling; watched a village school cricket match, in which a big girl kept wicket and talked

THE SIGN-POST OF "THE SWAN," FITTLEWORTH.

THE ART-EDITOR "TAKING IT EASY"—FOR ONCE.

a hundred to the boys' dozen; walked up hills which together must have totalled the height of Mont Blanc; and voted a head wind as bad as a plague of Egypt.*

I must confess that the last made me feel rather "baked," as it was a stiff sou-sou-wester. Had I tried to make a fast run I should not have been in condition for the trip which the Art Editor took with me to Chichester the following day. The Art Editor, by-the-bye, though a demon for work in the office, quite agrees with me on the subject of *festina lente* when you're cycling. On the return journey the sou-sou-wester was astern. Oh! bliss!

Maps.

A *good* map is so valuable a companion that I may refer you once again to what I unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best series yet published for tourists, *i.e.*, the Cyclist Touring Club's revised edition of Bartholomew's reduced Survey maps. They are excellently printed; and the scale (two miles to the inch, excepting Ireland, which is four miles to the inch), enables the printers to show the character of every road in Great Britain and Ireland, the presence of objects or places of interest worth visiting *en route*, &c. The land elevation is shown by "contour" colouring; and numerous heights are also given in figures along principal roads. These last are most useful, as they convey a very good idea of the ups and downs to be met with on a route. Take the road from Oxford to Banbury as an instance. Oxford is marked 187 (feet above sea level). Five miles north is the figure 215, denoting a slight rise. A mile further on, 204; and in the next three miles the figures rise to 320. Then occur, at about two-mile intervals, 370, 417, and 434—the last at Deddington. A mile north of Deddington we find 266—a fine run-down here, evidently. Then up to 379; and down to about 300—and Banbury. The conclusion is—a general up grade with one sharp decline. By the aid of these figures and the contours (areas of different heights, differently coloured) one can judge very accurately what sort of work one will have to do. These maps cost 1*s.* per section of 40 by 60 miles if mounted on paper; 2*s.* on cloth; and 2*s.* 6*d.* on cloth, dissected. The last two mountings will, of course, stand much more handling than the plain paper; and I, therefore, advise you to go for linen. The most durable map I ever bought is one of London and its environs printed on thin linen *direct*, and published by Messrs. G. Smith and Son, of 63 Charing Cross, S.W. I have opened and folded it many hundreds of times, but it shows no signs of giving way at the creases.

DEER IN ARUNDEL PARK.

* You needn't have pitied *me*, Mr. Williams, sir! I was "shooting the Chutes," "aërotating the aërotates," and keeping a good deal cooler than you, at the Exhibition!—O. F.

Cyclometers

are useful and also interesting accessories, especially if they combine a "trip" index for individual journeys, with a "total" counter. I was pleased to find the other day that Messrs. Jos. Lucas, of Birmingham, are turning out very small cyclometers of Veeder shape, with the star wheel protected from lateral blows by a hood. Hitherto the Americans have practically monopolised the manufacture of these devices. Lucas's meter costs 3*s.* 6*d.* Another neat type is the "Security," sold by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E.C. It differs in one respect from all other cyclometers on the market. Instead of fitting on the spindle of the wheel, and being struck by a striker on the spokes, it is attached to the hub and revolves with it, the striker being stationary and attached to the forks. It therefore cannot possibly come to any harm through collision with another machine or with the ground. Remember, *don't oil* cyclometers. Oil renders the figures illegible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. Carter.—The threads of the pedals certainly *should* be so arranged as to cause each pedal pin to tend to tighten up in its socket in the crank when the pedal is driven. Some makers however, seem to consider this unnecessary; though they generally provide a tightening screw which pinches the pin in the socket. If the thread of both parts are correctly cut so as to make a fairly tight fit there should not be sufficient friction at the pedal bearings to cause any unscrewing.

E. Rawlins.—I don't think there is much danger in cycling through a thunderstorm. For, although a cycle is metal, it is almost as well insulated as anything can be, by the rubber of the tyres. In South Africa many soldiers were struck while marching over the high veldt But then, they were *not* insulated, and there were no trees or other high objects about to divert the lightning, which naturally found a rifle to be a convenient conductor.

Engineer Cadet, E.D.A.—The Ariel Roadster with two-speed gear at the price you mention is very good value. You could hardly do better. Yes, petrol will clean out bearings as well as paraffin, but be careful, oh! be careful with lamps and matches. You mustn't forget to give the parts a good oiling after cleaning, as both petrol and paraffin cause rust, once they contain water, if left in contact with steel. So glad you like the Captain. Why don't you send in some competition photos of engineering works? they would be quite a novelty. Of course they must be *good*, as some of our competitors are very dangerous fellows with the camera. I wish you success in your work, which you seem to take great interest in. Thanks for your offer of information. I will make a note of it.

DON'T BE SLACK.

HE only need expect to attain success and win the honour of his fellow men who is thorough. The reason why men fail is, in five cases out of six, not through want of influence or brains, or opportunity, or good guidance, but because they are slack; and the reason why certain men with few advantages succeed, is that they are diligent, concentrated, persevering, and conscientious—because, in fact, they are thorough. One sees every day the story of the hare and the tortoise repeated, when the bright man is outdistanced by an unpromising competitor, because he is self-confident and erratic. An irregular swiftness has no chance in the end of the day against the pace which may be slow, but is unresting. As the conditions of labour in every department of human life become more exacting, there will be no use for the shiftless and incapable men His preserves, where he can mismanage and not be punished, are growing fewer every year. Neither a merchant, nor a college tutor, nor the Church, nor the public service will tolerate him soon; the day is close at hand when even the English army will have none of him, and the last resort of brave incapables will be closed. Society is beginning to demand that whatever a man professes to do he must be able to do, or else Society will wash her hands of an unprofitable servant. If the slack man does not mend his ways, he will have to go to the workhouse.—From *The Homely Virtues*, by John Watson, D.D.

"O. H. M. S."

BEING NAVAL YARNS OF TO-DAY.

By GEO. ELLBAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

No. 6.—THE SNIPER.

I.

"LAND oh! Land on the starboard bow!"

A quiver of excitement ran through the men in the open boat, but discipline is strict in the Navy, and not one of them turned his head. In the stern sheets, however, two officers sprang up quickly beside Mr. William Hogben, Gunner, R.N., late of H.M. destroyer *Ready*, and peered out eagerly over the glassy sea in the direction indicated by the Gunner's extended arm.

Sure enough, away on the horizon, the younger of the two men, Sub-Lieutenant Charlie Westwood, also late of the *Ready*, saw what looked like a low-lying, purple-grey cloud. Indeed, he would have said it was a cloud, but the more experienced eyes of his Commanding Officer saw better.

"It's land all right," said Captain Tarleton, sitting down, "and must be the island I mentioned—Chu-su it's called. We shall be there easily before dark."

While Captain Tarleton watched the shadowy outline of the island slowly grow darker, as the cutter drove steadily through the oily, smooth, sun-burnished water, his thoughts travelled back over the events that had led up to his present unenviable position. Only two days before had he been in command of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Ready*, as trim a little ship as ever flew the white ensign of His Majesty's Navy. Then came the great battle in which his ship, he reflected with pride, had done her full share in the defeat of the German squadron—but at what a cost! It was not of his ship but of his men that Captain Tarleton was thinking now. Out of the fifty-six eager,

firm-lipped, steady-eyed British bluejackets that had accompanied him into action, only seventeen all told were in the boat with him now—and some of them bore marks of the fight, and one was sorely wounded.

But the destroyer, battered as she was, and with three out of her four boilers gone, would have reached port safely, had it not been for the tornado that had scattered British and German, victors and vanquished, broadcast over the sea. By seamanship, collision mats, and sheer hard work her scanty crew had coaxed her through the storm, only, by the irony of fate, when it was all over, to leave their ship a few minutes before she left their sight for ever.

"Is it inhabited?" asked Westwood, as he watched the features of the island develop on their approach. A low sandy shore ran up to a belt of dense vegetation, which grew more rich and luxuriant as it sloped up gradually inland to a height of perhaps seven or eight hundred feet. Above the bush growth shot up numberless palms, which gave at least promise of abundance of fruit food.

"Not supposed to be," said Tarleton. "It's only a small island, you know. But we shall soon see—and the sooner the better." As he spoke he gave a hasty glance at the now overclouded sky. "The wind's getting up and the surf will be nasty soon. Rain's not far off."

The surf was a bit nasty, but by good luck and boatmanship they pulled through right side up, and beached the boat in a little inlet, where she was quite hidden from view seawards. Crombie, the wounded man, was carefully carried ashore, and then all hands set to work to get the stores to camp before the few heavy drops of rain now falling should grow into the torrential downpour that accompanies nearly every wind in these latitudes.

Contrary to expectation, however, the rain slacked off, and they were able to pitch camp in comfort. A windsail was rigged up for their lame duck, and on a bed of leaves, with a "portmanteau," as the sailor man calls his kit bag, for pillow, he was made as easy as possible.

A destroyer carries no surgeon, and a smashed bone in one leg, to say nothing of a splinter wound in the other, was a big job for even a handy man, with a good knowledge of "first aid," to tackle. Watling, the chief engine-room artificer and "doctor" of the ship, had done his best; but, although Crombie protested that he was quite all right, his white, drawn face showed that he was having by no means a soft time.

It worried the Captain, and that Westwood knew. Just after sentries were posted for the night, in case of anything untoward happening, Tarleton came across from a visit to the sick man, black of face and swearing between his teeth.

"It's sickening," he said, "and Crombie's such a good chap, too. If it hadn't been for that vile storm we could have got him on board the *Frobisher* all right."

The Sub. made some reply, but Tarleton only growled and, throwing himself on the ground, made ready for the night. Westwood followed his example.

For a few minutes the Sub-Lieutenant lay with open eyes, thinking over the day's events. In his line of sight stood up the motionless figure of Stoker Wood, one of the sentries, his burly, muscular form silhouetted darkly against a clear sky, brilliant with stars. Everything was very quiet. Only the gentle rustling of the leaves in the soft night breeze, and the deep roar of the surf on the beach below, disturbed the dark silence. With these sounds mingling soothingly in his ears, lulling him to rest, Westwood fell asleep.

He awoke with a start, to find some one shaking his shoulder vigorously, and a voice in his ears: "Cap'en wants to speak to you, sir."

As Westwood sat up, sleepily rubbing his eyes, he realised that it was early morning, and that his limbs were cramped and cold. He jumped to his feet, stretching and stamping vigorously to restore his circulation. And as he looked round it was borne in on him that something was in the wind, for the whole camp was astir.

The men were all gathered on the seaward side of the camp and appeared to be intently watching something. Westwood's gaze ran along the line of broad shoulders to where the Captain and the Gunner stood, just by Crombie's bed. The latter's windsail was removed and he was sitting up.

As Westwood moved quickly across the intervening space, wondering what was the matter, he noticed that the wounded man's face was flushed with excitement. Neither the Captain nor Hogben stirred at his approach; stepping behind them, Westwood looked over their shoulders out between the trees.

Right before him, a half mile out at sea, was steaming slowly a dumpy little one-funnelled gunboat.

At the Sub's involuntary exclamation of astonishment the Captain turned round with frowning face.

"What do you make of her, Westwood?"

"Why," cried the Sub., "it's that beastly little German gunboat which bolted just after the action began."

The Captain nodded and handed Westwood his glass.

"Yes," said the latter, after a moment's scrutiny. "That's her, the *Wangeroog*."

They stood for a time watching the gunboat. Then Captain Tarleton broke out angrily.

"It's the wickedest luck," he fumed, "to lose one's ship, and then be scooped in by that miserable little coward. What?"

"P'raps he was acting under orders, sir."

"Oh, yes; no doubt." Tarleton kicked the ground savagely.

"What is she coming in for, sir?"

"I don't know—yes I do, though. There's fresh water over there." The Captain jerked his head sideways.

"Couldn't we do something, sir?" asked Westwood vaguely.

"Do something? Capture sixty men with a dozen, I suppose you mean, you fool?" Tarleton finished with a scornful snort.

Westwood was nettled. His remark might have been ill-timed, but the Captain need not have trampled on him like that. He gazed at the gunboat steadily, thinking hard the while.

Coming in for water? That meant a small landing party. They could collar them all right; but that wouldn't be much good. If, instead, they could get the best part of the crew out of the ship! If seizing the few men sent for fresh water would only bring——

Like a flash an idea shot through Westwood's brain. A moment's further thought, and he had turned to the Captain.

"Might I make a suggestion, sir?"

"Well?"

"Couldn't we capture the party landing for water, with such a show of force that the gunboat would send a large number of men

"IT'S THAT BEASTLY LITTLE GERMAN GUNBOAT WHICH BOLTED."

to rescue them? Then, while the gunboat is short of men, why not cut in with our men and board her?"

"What?" exclaimed the Captain, whipping round, "say that again, will you?"

Westwood repeated his proposal.

"But I don't quite see," said the Captain slowly, looking at the Gunner, who had also faced round to the Sub., "how, supposing we got through the first part of your plan all right, and enticed two or three boats' crews to the rescue of the men we had captured, we could get out to the gunboat without encountering those very boats on the way."

Westwood looked thoughtfully out towards the *Wangeroog*, crawling inshore. Then his face brightened suddenly.

"Yes, sir, I think we could. You see, the water party will make for the spring you mentioned. Well, after collaring them there would be plenty of time, before the relief party came, for us to take our prisoners some way from the beach, tie them up securely, and then get round here."

"I see," said the Captain; "and when the relief expedition had got well ashore make a dash for it, eh? It's a wild scheme, but 'pon my word, Hogben, I like it. There's just a chance, and if we fail we shall be no worse off——"

His glance fell upon Crombie and his voice dropped. "I had forgotten Crombie," he went on in low tones, "and they're sure to send their surgeon with the relief party."

Now, the three officers had been standing right against the wounded man, and although he had not heard the Captain's last few words, he guessed their intent. He leant forward eagerly as Tarleton ceased speaking.

"Beggin' pardon, sir," he said quickly, "don't take no count of me, sir. I can stand this all right, sir, but I couldn't that nohow."

Captain Tarleton hesitated for a moment, then stooped down and gripped the wounded man's hand.

"You're real grit, my lad," he said, "and I'll take you at your word. You can take mine for it that, if we gain the gunboat, our first thought will be for your well-being."

Meanwhile the men had scented from the long palaver between the officers that something was afoot. It did not take long to explain to them the outlines of Westwood's scheme, and it was evident from their faces that they were only too pleased to have the chance of a whack at the gunboat.

At the prospect of action Captain Tarleton, too, was now all animation. With a cheery ring in his voice he gave the necessary directions to the willing men. The boat was cleared of all the remaining gear, and got ready for instant launching. Then Crombie was carried down to a spot close by, so that it would be but a moment's work to place him on board.

"It's lucky," remarked the Captain, as the men moved carefully away with their burden, "that we hit upon that inlet. If the *Wangeroog* could see the boat the game would be up—and," his face changed comically as an awkward contingency suddenly presented itself, "so it will if the beggars suspect us to be British seamen. They'll scent a trick at once. I hadn't thought of that."

"But I have, sir," said Westwood cheerfully. "If we strip to our shirts I reckon we shall head them off the British bluejacket tack—especially if we make as much row as possible over the job."

"Take us for a band of ferocious desperadoes, eh?" laughed the Captain. "Well, there's nothing like cheek, and if cheek'll do it we'll pull the job through. Now then, my lads."

One disconsolate individual was told off to remain with Crombie; then, amid much subdued merriment, the rest, officers and men, stripped off the upper part of their uniforms, as Westwood had suggested. The supply of rifles and pistols brought in the boat was served out so far as it would go, and a coil of rope was also brought up. Then, barefooted, but heedless of thorns or other more serious dangers, the fantastic-looking little crowd set off gleefully—moving as quickly as they could through the dense tropical growth, yet cautiously, in order that no hint of their presence might reach the *Wangeroog*. The gunboat had now stopped, still about half a mile distant from the island, but in a line with a point on the beach some little way from where the *Ready's* men had pitched their camp.

It was noteworthy that not one of the little band had so much as thought of breakfast.

"Easy!" said the Captain suddenly, as they reached a comparatively clear space, and the scramble through prickly bushes and twining roots and creepers ceased. Tarleton dodged away to seaward for a space, but quickly returned, his face scratched and bleeding.

"This'll do," he said. "We're right

abreast the gunboat, and the spring must be somewhere hereabouts. Steady now. Follow me."

They crept down in single file for some yards. Then the Captain, who was some paces in front, came to a halt.

"See," he said, as Westwood ranged up, "that cask on t e end of a pole. It marks the spring. We know exactly where to go now."

TARLETON AND HIS MEN RUSHED OUT PELL-MELL UPON THEIR PREY.

It had been arranged that the onslaught should be made when the *Wangeroog's* party were about three parts of the way up from the water, so that it would be in full view of the ship. At Westwood's request he and two active young A.B.'s were entrusted with the duty of seizing the man who would probably be left with the boat.

Not for some minutes after the Sub. and his two men had ensconced themselves under a great banyan tree did any movement take place on board the gunboat. At length, however, a small boat was lowered, and began to move slowly towards them over the mirror-like surface of the sea. The sun's rays were now gaining power, and in the damp, moist heat of the trees, shut in from what little air there was, Westwood and his companions perspired at every pore.

"Six men and an officer," noted Westwood, as the boat entered the broken water. His pulse beat a shade faster as the moment for action approached.

The dinghy was beached, and a cask rolled over on to the sand. For a moment the officer, a plump, fair-haired youngster, trim and smart in his white duck uniform, stood giving some directions to his men. Then he turned and, leaving one man behind with the dinghy, the little party came slowly up the beach.

As Westwood watched the young lieutenant, walking all unsuspicious into the trap that awaited him, and carelessly whistling a tune, he felt a sudden pang of compunction. Poor beggar. It was rough luck.

Suddenly a whistle sounded shrilly, and with a yell that might have been heard a mile away Tarleton and his men rushed out pell-mell upon their prey.

II.

It was over in a few moments. As Westwood sprinted by on his own particular job he saw

Google

the German lieutenant, like the man he was, pull out a revolver and fire point blank at the oncoming mob. But the next instant he and his crew were overwhelmed, and when Westwood looked round, after securing his man, they were being bundled neck and crop into the dark shade of the trees.

He was about to follow, when an idea struck him, and he turned to the two bluejackets.

"Here, you and Larkin, jump into the boat and pull her round to our inlet. You know where. Then wait for me."

With one hand gripping his captive's collar and the other "jiu jitsuing" his left arm, Westwood was running him up the beach when the Captain hurried down.

"What's that for, Westwood?"

"Tell you presently, sir. Got an idea."

"What! Another one?" chuckled the Captain, as he lent a hand.

They had hardly reached cover when the sharp roar of a gun came from seawards, and a shell crashed among the trees over their heads.

"I expected that," remarked the Captain. "Best get back to our boat. They are not likely to look for us there."

The back trail was easy to find and, although encumbered with their gagged and bound captives, they reached the rendezvous as soon as the *Wangeroog's* boat. The gunboat kept up a pretty hot shell fire the whole time, but it was all directed near the spring and, as the Captain pointed out, every shell flew high. "Want to scare us," he said, "and not hurt their own men."

On the way Westwood explained his reason for sending round the *Wangeroog's* boat. "I thought," he said, "we might take the Dutchies' uniforms and pull out to the *Wangeroog* as if we had escaped, and—but what a fool I am!—we are seventeen and they are only seven."

But the Captain's thoughts were busy, and he ignored the Sub.'s shamed look. Suddenly he turned to his lieutenant with a smile

"It's a good quiff, my boy, but it wants a little elaboration. Seven of us can row the dinghy out, as you suggest—young Smith, the signalman, the one they call 'Fatty,' will do for the officer. The others must lie down, covered up, in our cutter. We'll tow it out, and they'll think we've taken it with us in order to prevent our being chased. D'ye see?"

Westwood did, and his frank laugh mingled with the Captain's quiet chuckle of satisfaction. Said the latter, "My boy, we are going to pull this through."

A few minutes later four grinning German sailors, behind the backs of two other sailors, also in German uniform, were hurling gibes and grimacing at a stout, fresh-faced young German lieutenant, who stood, hand on sword, with a tremendous assumption of swagger, sternly eyeing them. Behind them reposed seven half-stripped men, bound as only a seaman knows how to bind, and able to express only by looks the rage and mortification with which they were filled. The two men in German uniform not taking part in the little bit of by-play were watching a procession of three boats, pulling furiously from the gunboat islandwards.

"Three boats," said Captain Tarleton, eye to glass, "and full of men. I'll take my oath the big man in the first boat is the Captain, although he's in white undress. There must be forty of them at least. That leaves about thirty—less than two to one. Good business, Westwood, good business."

"How shall we know when to start?" asked Westwood.

"They won't advance until the gunboat ceases firing," replied the Captain. "We'll give them five minutes and—then for the ship."

The boats disappeared from view behind the trees, and shortly after, as Tarleton had surmised, the shelling ceased. He pulled out his watch

As the minutes crept slowly by, and Captain Tarleton made no move, Westwood grew fidgety. The Captain caught the young officer's impatient eye, and smiled.

"Plenty of time, my boy, plenty of time. Let 'em get well into the island. We don't want to run any risk of being chased."

At last he closed his watch with a snap. "Now," he said.

Everything was ready. The men lying down in the cutter, eagerly gripping their arms, were warned to keep perfectly still and silent. The dinghy was manned, with "Fatty" Smith, looking quite the officer, at the tiller. Then they started.

"Whatever you do," said Tarleton to Smith, as they entered the open sea, "be sure to keep your mou h shut."

As the beach opened out before Westwood, pulling his oar for all he was worth, a rifle lying handy at his feet, he saw the half dozen men standing guard by the *Wangeroog's* boats form into a little group, gesticulating and pointing towards the dinghy and its convoy. A moment later two men separated from them

and, running up the beach, were lost to sight among the trees.

"Gone to tell the others," muttered the Captain, who was pulling bow, the post of danger. "Lay into it, lads."

In spite of their heavy load, the seven men in the dinghy, pulling their whole weight and a bit besides, kept the two boats moving briskly through the water. Luckily there was no wind against them. As the distance from the island grew greater, and Westwood thought they must be getting near the gunboat, he wondered what her crew were doing. Were they suspicious? Would they discover the stratagem in time and move the ship, for she was not anchored? It was tantalising not to be able to see what was happening. He could learn nothing from "Fatty" Smith's face, for, with cap pulled well down over his eyes, ostensibly to protect them from the sun, Smith sat imperturbable, faithfully obeying his Captain's order to "keep his mouth shut."

So faithfully, indeed, that when a shadow loomed up with surprising suddenness behind, and the boats swirled round under the jammed-over tiller, there was no time to ship oars. With a crash they drove against the *Wangeroog's* side, the clumsy oars snapping and splintering and tearing the rowlocks out of the half-capsized boat. And as Westwood grasped his rifle and rose unsteadily to his feet, he heard above the noise of the collision a loud, sudden shout of "*Verrätheren! Das ist wohl im hinterhalt!*"

While Westwood sprang for the ladder, hard on his Captain's heels, he saw below him the cutter's canvas covering heave up and belch out a swarm of white-clad men. The next picture his eyes rested upon was a stretch of deck, shimmering white in the sun's glare, and deserted save for two or three startled, hesitating seamen; and, beyond, a canvas-shielded bridge, at its end a man, shouting and making furious signals to some one forward.

"Quick," cried Captain Tarleton, "the anchors!" As he spoke he broke into a run.

Westwood instantly comprehended. If the anchors were dropped there might be time for the men on shore to get back. He was starting after the Captain, when he saw the man on the bridge suddenly wheel round and crook his arm. At the same moment the Sub., divining his object, swung up his rifle and fired, running. And a glow of triumph ran through him as the man fell backwards, his revolver exploding harmlessly in the air.

Westwood cast a glance back over his shoulder. The *Ready's* men were spreading over the deck, and three or four were following fast after him.

The crack of a revolver made him face round. He saw a man spin round sideways from the Captain's path; he saw the latter jump forward, lean over, and fire three times in rapid succession. Then the Captain turned, a grim smile of satisfaction on his face. The next instant Westwood would have reached his side, when Tarleton flung out his arm and fired right by him, at the same time crying: "Look out, Westwood! Look out behind!"

Westwood wheeled round, and before he had time to think was fighting for his life with three barefooted, panting German man-o'-war's men.

Two of the men were armed with heavy iron scrapers. The third, like Westwood, wielded a clubbed rifle. If it had not been for the Captain's prompt assistance things would have gone hard with the Sub-Lieutenant. As it was, he was beaten down on one knee for a short, fierce moment. Then a rifle whirled swiftly over his head, and his most dangerous opponent dropped like a log. By sheer strength the Captain had wrested the German's rifle from his hands and felled him with his own weapon.

Under cover of this relief Westwood regained his footing, and the other two men were quickly disposed of.

With the thrill of battle stirring his blood, Westwood looked across the gunboat's deck, now deserted no longer. All over the sun-bleached planks were scattered little groups of men, some shouting in the excitement of action, but for the most part fighting in desperate silence.

But even during Westwood's momentary pause a change came over the scene. Out of the *melée* a solid knot of men was forcing its way, and to Westwood's alarm he saw that the men in this united group were Germans, and that their tactics were scattering the disunited men of the attacking party.

Heedless of consequences, he was about to plunge into the fight, when he heard the Captain call his name, and immediately after a whistle sounded shrilly above the din of fighting men.

"To me!" cried the Captain in stentorian tones. "*Ready's* men to me!" And as Westwood fell back beside him he heard him mutter:

"We must unite, or they will cut us up in detail. I did not think there were so many."

The Captain's shout was heard, and in a few moments Westwood found himself one of a group of British, fiercely fighting hand to hand with the organised defending force.

But by their tactics the Germans had turned the fight in their favour. Although stubbornly contesting every foot, slowly but surely the British were driven back.

As Westwood, with set teeth, and every nerve strained to concert pitch, did his utmost towards stemming the steady German pressure, he could hear above the noise of the fight one of their opponents shouting, encouraging, directing his men. "Their leader," he thought. "If we could only settle him!" But the Sub. was hemmed in, and it was all he could do to prevent himself being overwhelmed, much less take the offensive.

Steadily the *Wangeroog's* men gained ground, and the attacking party were forced nearer and nearer to the gunboat's rail. Things were looking very critical indeed for the British, when suddenly the crack of a rifle sounded, and Westwood saw one of the Germans drop in his tracks. A few seconds later another shot rang out and another German pitched over. Then came another shot, and yet another, and each time one of the *Wangeroog's* men fell out of the fight. And each time it was a man in the fore-front of the defenders, nearest the gunboat's side.

From whence were the shots coming? Their effect was magical. Disconcerted by this mysterious sniping, the depleted German force wavered, despite the efforts of their leader to rally them. As much encouraged by the unexpected diversion, the *Ready's* men, led by their Captain, with a cheer threw themselves upon the Germans. For a moment the latter stood their ground; then they broke, and in a few moments more they were felled to the deck, or driven overboard, and the fight was over.

To the last the German leader, an officer in engineer's uniform, fought valiantly. Then, when he saw that the day was lost, he turned, just before the Captain and Westwood could reach him, and, sword in hand, leaped headlong down upon the fo'c'sle.

"After him!" roared the Captain, as he set off in pursuit. But he was too late. Westwood saw the German officer lean over the bows, and his sword flash in the air. The next instant there was a roar of cable rushing out through the hawsepipe, and a heavy splash; and simultaneously the German, flinging his sword far from him, dived overboard.

"He's let go the anchor," panted Westwood.

The Captain looked towards the island. Three boats' crews were pulling vigorously away from the shore—the German landing party was returning! He turned to what were

Google

left of his own men—half of them capable of action perhaps, that was all.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "we have won the ship, and we'll keep her. All hands to the hand capstan gear."

With frantic energy the capstan was manned, and the *Ready's* men lay on to the capstan bars. Slowly the heavy cable came up, coil upon coil; but the *Wangeroog's* boats were coming nearer and nearer to the gunboat.

"Why don't they fire?" thought Westwood, as he bent every muscle and sinew into the task; and even as the thought was in his mind a shot rang out, and a bullet spattered, ringing, against the gunboat's side. But the next moment, amid a gasping cheer from the men, the ring of the anchor came clear of the water.

"Stop it down," panted Captain Tarleton. "Watling and engine-room hands to the engines. Sharp!"

The chief engine-room artificer and his men doubled aft; and then Westwood became suddenly aware of a boat, drifting some score of yards ahead of the gunboat, and for the first time since they had boarded he thought of the wounded man, Crombie.

Seizing a coil of rope and making it fast, he turned to Captain Tarleton. "You'll put her astern, sir?" he called. With one glance round the Captain took in the situation, and nodded assent. The next instant, amid a shower of bullets that fortunately did not find their billet, Westwood had plunged overboard.

His head was but a small object in the water, and in a few minutes he had gained the cutter unscathed. Flinging the rope-end inboard, with a vigorous effort he hauled himself over the bows and made it fast. A few seconds after, it ran out taut, the boat began to drive swirling through the water, and Westwood knew they were safe.

He flung himself, dripping and exhausted, on to a thwart and, turning to speak to Crombie, noticed at once that he held a rifle in his hand.

"Why," he cried, "so you were the mysterious sniper!"

"Yes, sir," said Crombie. "Did I do wrong, sir?"

"Wrong!" exclaimed Westwood. "Why, you, the most helpless man among us, have won the ship."

And so he had.

THE END.

The Relief of Lucknow.

Of the many deeds in history which make one proud of the English name, few can be found more glorious than the defence and subsequent relief of Lucknow.

It is unnecessary to reiterate here the immediate and more remote causes of the Indian Mutiny; suffice it to say that, in a country where customs are so old, change so abhorrent and progress so slow, it was not surprising that the new Government had to face enormous difficulties and serious disaffection. A supposed insult to caste fanned the flame, and in 1857 the Sepoys in Oudh rose.

Sir Henry Lawrence, who then took the military command, at once had Lucknow fortified, and not without reason, for on May 30 the expected insurrection in the city broke out. For the next three months the town was held, though news arrived that every other post in the province had fallen into the hands of the mutineers.

The troops surrounding Lucknow concentrated their strength upon the British Residency, the siege of the inclosure commencing on July 1. The next day, Sir Henry Lawrence, whose health had greatly suffered under the strain, was killed by a shell.

It is difficult to describe the position of the

next few weeks, and it is probable that no one who has not endured such a siege can in the least estimate what it meant.

A handful of English men, ay, and English women and children, shut up in that ghastly city! Fierce, revengeful besiegers without, and, what was worse, faithless spies within. Not only must the men fight at tremendous odds all day; all night they must act as sentinels as well.

The ever-present accompaniments of siege—famine, sickness, and death—laid the men low, till on September 2 the welcome news of a relieving force under Outram and Havelock reached the sufferers.

But still the days went on with no further signs of relief, and the hope that had been born in the hearts of the soldiers died out.

For eighty-seven days had the city been besieged when the hope of relief became a reality. On September 26 Outram and Havelock made their way through the ranks of mutineers. From the hospital came men, women, and children to bless the Highlanders and their noble commanders.

Lucknow was saved!

MAUD MARY LYNE.

The Tragedy of Elizabeth of Austria.

AMONG the array of notable events recorded in the annals of the autumn, the painful and pitiful tragedy of September 10, 1898, stands pre-eminent.

A woman, called to an exalted position, the wife of the proudest monarch in Christendom, suffering a succession of sorrow falling to the lot of few, the devoted friend of the miserable, the poor, and the oppressed, was done to death by the dagger of a desperado, who could not allege the faintest shadow of a grievance against her or hers, except that he deemed her happier than himself.

Elizabeth of Austria had a love for her only son and an ambition centred in his career, indescribable and illimitable. When she saw the boy she had cherished lying still in a mysterious death, her heart received a greater wound than the weapon of any anarchist could inflict. She withdrew from the functions of a Court presenting no further attractions for her, since the cup of motherly bliss had been dashed to a thousand atoms in that secluded Austrian castle

From place to place she wandered, vainly searching for distraction, seeking rest where no rest was to be found.

Surely this lonely woman, scourged by sorrow, called for the sympathy of all mankind, but remorseless Fate still hovered near her path.

On her way to the landing stage on Geneva's beautiful lake, a man appeared in an opposite direction, accosted her and thrust a dagger into her already broken heart.

Unconscious of the real cause of the weak feeling she experienced, she summoned energy to walk a considerable distance towards the hotel. A stretcher was brought, but the former Princess of Bavaria was lifeless before the portals were reached.

So, by the irony of fate, a charming woman, a devoted mother, an affectionate wife, an accomplished empress, a hater of the pomp of sovereignty, most happy when ministering to the wants of the needy, passed to her rest.

A. C. THOMAS.

Death of Cromwell, September 1658.

THERE is some strange quality in the death of a great man which fills us with awe when that greatness has become but a name, and those deeds which thrilled nations have entered into the making of history.

Throughout the annals of English history what two characters afford a greater contrast than Charles the King and Cromwell the Protector? The one upon the scaffold—placed there by means of trickery and baseness—by his nobility in that dark hour expiating his faults and blunders. After all this time he stands out a romantic and kingly figure, nor do we marvel at the royalists' devotion in yielding life and fortune in his cause.

The other on his dying bed may have seen this picture mingled with the more pleasing and ambitious one of his own success. He may have sought consolation in the truism that great men are seldom good, but it is doubtful. With his daughter's last words ringing in his ears, "there is blood to be answered for," what wonder that even his iron spirit shrank before the awful terrors of retribution, and turned in pleading to the eternal Godhead?

The Protector's death left England bewildered and amazed. He had struck ruthlessly at the tyranny of kings and had exceeded them in their own vices; yet he had, despite his actions, struck a great blow for liberty. He had forced on the English his own government, while making it thenceforth impossible for any one man to crush the nation into despicable slavery.

Cromwell had to contend against the romance

and prejudices of the age and to battle for self against chivalry, which, well for the world, was a great and, as posterity views it, a thankless task.

This is, in the main, a kindly, gentle age, and the thought of civil war fills us with repulsion; but in that fiercer time, when the gay life of the Cavalier jostled with unbending Puritanism, conflict was inevitable. Cromwell wrought too fiercely, with the result that his death brought about the undoing of his handiwork and the dawn of brighter days.

WINIFRED LYNCH.

The Battle of Alma, 1852.

"AYE! aye!" the old man used to say to us, "'tis partridge shooting time again, September! Ah me, it's nigh upon fifty years ago that I learnt what shooting was." And then, as the golden autumn sun sunk behind the tall elms, the stiff, white-haired old gamekeeper's eyes would flash, as we children gathered around his ivy-covered cottage to hear once again the story of the 7th Fusiliers' perilous attack on the Alma heights, and of the glorious charge of their Scotch comrades.

"A rumour ran round," the old man would commence, "on the eve of the 19th that Lord Raglan and the French Marshal, De St. Arnaud, had had a difference of opinion as to the plan of attack, but be that so or not, Zouave and Highlander, Welsh Fusilier and Regiments-of-the-Line, went, as it were, shoulder to shoulder against them grey-coated savages.

"The 'Frenchies' got to work long afore us, nigh an hour, I should say. They were away to the left in the village of Almatanak, under Prince Napoleon, and commenced storming the precipitous heights immediately in their front—Canrobert and General Bosquet directing the attack. The whole forces came under a murderous fire from the guns of the strongly positioned Russian batteries, but as gaps were made in the ranks they were immediately filled up, and though the dark green hill-side was dotted with dead and dying, and the verdant slopes were fast turning into a blood-soaked shambles, the undaunted Zouaves pressed forward. Soon the hoarse shouts of 'Vive L'Empereur' told us that a point was won, and a moment later the order came for us to move towards the Alma river. Silently, solidly the long British line moved towards the dark stream, soon, alas! to be still more darkened by the life-blood of England's sons. Splash! the cold stream rose swirling around us. Then of a sudden it seemed as though the 'Gates o' Hell' had opened! The 18-in. Russian battery poured its death-dealing missiles into our midst, and only a blood-red streak in the grey waters marked a hero's exit from this life. That terrible attack on the precipitous Russian hill-sides, how Sir George Brown on his white horse led us on, and how later, when battered and nigh vanquished, Sir Colin's 'Highland Laddies' brought us victory, is now history, but that awful moment when the Russian guns opened upon us will live with me for ever."

R. BRUCE BEVERIDGE.

The Birth of Lord Roberts.

ON September 30, 1832, the greatest soldier of modern times, Earl Roberts, unpretentiously entered this world. Now that his career is drawing to a conclusion, he has reached the highest pinnacle it is possible for a military hero to attain. Study the marvellous record of deeds achieved by this wonderful little soldier, and one must perforce acknowledge that none of the high honours that have been showered upon him are too great a reward for the magnificent and almost superhuman work accomplished by him.

The perusal of his doughty deeds inclines one to imagine that the narrative of his fight for fame is one of those fascinating fairy tales of our youth, so heroic have been his achievements. Space forbids a detailed description of his splendid struggle in the national interest being given, for an adequate account would occupy several numbers of the CAPTAIN.

The achievement that earned for him undying fame, and which is acknowledged to be the most brilliant military feat of the nineteenth century, was his magnificently rapid march to Kandahar, which forms one of the brightest pages in the annals of the British army.

How he was called to the nation's rescue at a time when he had just received the news of his only son's death, and the superb manner in which he successfully led our brave troops, bringing the campaign to a victorious conclusion, when placed in supreme command of the British forces during the late Boer War, are events of recent occurrence which have been indelibly inscribed upon the present generation's mind.

Lord Roberts has indeed faithfully served his country during the long period he has been at her beck and call, and has worked like a Trojan in her interests.

The finest soldier of the present day, and a true gentleman, he has always sacrificed his own interests in furtherance of the nation's cause. He is beloved by his soldiers, who have on all occasions been ready to obey cheerfully his commands, no matter how dangerous and arduous the work demanded.

May he long enjoy in retirement the full reward of his sterling services!

W. J. Williams.

The First English Railway.

"Railways have rendered more service and received less gratitude than any other institution in the land," said John Bright on one occasion. But how few people really realise and appreciate the vast amount of time and trouble saved by this form of conveyance! Indeed, without railways a great part of the business daily transacted would come to a standstill. It is difficult to conceive that the first of the railways which now lie like a network of iron over the whole of Britain was laid barely eighty years ago.

The growing demands of commerce, the poor means of intercommunication throughout the country led, in the year 1816, to general discontent.

This dissatisfaction was especially strong in the coal districts. One of the richest coalfields lay between Stockton and Darlington. A proposal was made which surprised and startled all England. It was to construct a railway between Stockton and Darlington. Edward Pease was its great advocate. A Committee was formed, and George Stephenson was appointed engineer and surveyor. The leading men of the district ridiculed the idea, and even the merchants, who had so much to gain, were very lukewarm in its support. The scheme was twice brought before the House of Commons, but was defeated on both occasions. However, in 1821 it was again brought before the House and this time passed. On Tuesday, September 25, 1825, a memorable day in the annals of our railways, this first line was opened Mr. Pease himself said, "The scene on that day set description at defiance; the mingled looks of happiness, the vacancy and alarm depicted on the faces of the spectators, impressed all who beheld it." George Stephenson himself drove the first train. The railway was a brilliant success in spite of the opposition it encountered. This initial success at Darlington was not without its effect elsewhere. Agitation for more railways soon began. On September 15, 1830, a second line was opened between Liverpool and Manchester, which was also a great success. Of course, the speed of these first trains cannot be compared with that attained by our present-day locomotives. It generally averaged about ten miles an hour. However, it must be remembered that it is from these first attempts that the modern express train has sprung. Britain will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Edward Pease and George Stephenson, through whose noble efforts so much has been accomplished.

James Henry Postle.

The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

In Egypt, about thirty miles west of Ismailia, was fought, on September 13, 1882, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Some little time elapsed between the battles of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. Taking advantage of this delay, Arabi Pasha strengthened his earthworks. During this interval, too, our troops were increased, and the total number now stood at fourteen thousand. On the evening of the 12th they made a start; but the real advance did not begin until one hour past midnight. The night was dark, and they steered their way by compass. The sandy ground deadened the measured tread of the soldiers' feet, the stillness of night being broken only by the carriage of the cannon, the rattling of the harness chains, and occasionally a restless horse in the rear. Our troops, on that five-mile journey, halted at several places, and orders to do so were issued, not by bugle calls, but by word of mouth. The fighting-line was formed at the last halt. The distance between Arabi Pasha and our men, at this point, was scarcely a thousand yards, and yet the enemy's outposts heard them not. At three hundred yards, however, one of their sentries, having at last noticed our advance, fired. Bang! his rifle rang out loudly in the silent night. Then our soldiers received the order "Fix bayonets," and the Egyptians opened fire, lurid flashes of light from their rifles showing up the bronzed faces of the natives. A bugle sounded to storm. The soldiers obeyed. The Highlanders, as they charged, gave forth a cheer. Scaling the ramparts, and reaching the ground below, they found themselves face to face with the enemy. Then ensued an awful scene of conflict and bloodshed, the continuous shooting of the Egyptians causing the assailants some delay in forcing a headway. The Highland Light

Infantry, after some manœuvring, decided to attack alongside the flanks of the other men. They had a stern fight, and, before they finished, had to be reinforced by part of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and part of the King's Rifles. Such was the situation on the left hand. On the right, a mile away, Graham's brigade, the Guards, the Marines, two English and two Irish regiments were engaging, under heavy fire, another portion of the enemy.

All along the line the defenders steadily resisted our charges, this checking our advance at times. Nevertheless, when Britain's left-hand division gained the top of the slope on which they had been fighting, the enemy broke their line and fled, throwing down their rifles as they ran. Those of the enemy opposing Graham's men did not make such a long stand, and a few minutes later they, too, relinquished their position and joined in the retreat.

So that, after a fight of twenty minutes, Arabi Pasha's carefully prepared position was captured, and his army of nearly 25,000 vanquished. Thus was Tel-el-Kebir won.

ANDREW B. WHITEHILL.

The Case of Adolph Beck.

FORGETTING for a moment great historical happenings in the foreign field, and turning our attention solely to domestic affairs, we are reminded of a September event of supreme public importance, beside which all other home occurrences of this month pale into comparative insignificance.

The appointment of a committee to inquire into the wrongful convictions of Mr. Adolph Beck is the event to which I refer, because it is one in which momentous issues are wrapped up. The circumstances under which this unfortunate gentleman was twice compelled to suffer for the misdeeds of another are common knowledge, thanks to the splendid manner in which the British Press, as the reflector of public opinion, espoused the martyr's cause.

What happened? A gentleman of irreproachable character had, in the name of English justice, been branded a criminal and punished before the world as such, with all the shame and degradation consequent upon such a sentence.

The news of the institution of the inquiry was received with intense interest by every patriotic citizen responsible to the English laws, for the matter was essentially a personal one, not so much on the score of any individual risk one might run of being held responsible for another's crimes, but because the efficiency of our system of judicial procedure, which is vital to the welfare of us all, was thereby impugned and its infallibility admitted

There was much speculation regarding the possible results of the inquiry, but it was difficult to see how it would fail to ultimately lead to the establishment of a regular Tribunal for the appeal of persons convicted at the Old Bailey.

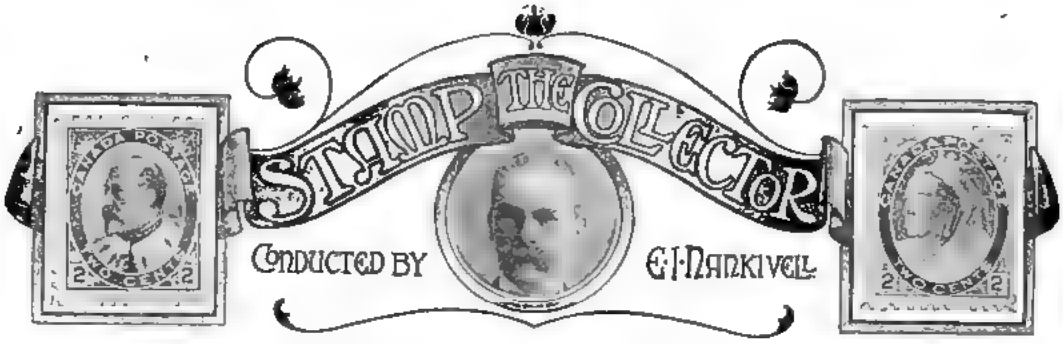
Hitherto we had been content to accept the finding of this court as final, but shall we any longer? It stands to the lasting credit of British justice that scandals like "*L'Affaire Beck*" are about as little known in this country as are earthquakes or famines. But is it not the attitude of the British mind, rather than punish the innocent, to make the trials of a tenfold exhaustive and painstaking character?

As Englishmen, we noted with the liveliest satisfaction the expression of this feeling in the action of the authorities, who exhibited a praiseworthy determination to maintain, at all hazards, that grand memorial of English justice which we proudly regard as one of the greatest of our national assets.

STEPHEN EGBERT HUTCHINS.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, SEPTEMBER 1905.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted
1	Fri.	Gen. Lord Methuen *b.*, 1845	7.47.
2.	Sat.	Sedan capitulated, 1870.	7.44.
3.	Sun.	Eleventh after Trinity.	7.42.
4.	Mon.	French Republic declared, 1870.	7.40.
5.	Tues.	Malta captured, 1800.	7.38.
6.	Wed.	Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter *b.*, 1856.	7.35.
7.	Thurs.	Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman *b.*, 1836.	7.33.
8.	Fri.	Fall of Sevastopol, 1855.	7.31.
9.	Sat.	Battle of Flodden Field, 1513.	7.28.
10.	Sun.	Twelfth after Trinity.	7 26.
11.	Mon.	Battle of Malplaquet, 1709.	7.24.
12.	Tues.	Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith *b.*, 1852.	7.22.
13.	Wed.	Capture of Quebec, 1759.	7 20.
14.	Thurs.	Duke of Wellington *d.*, 1852.	7 18.
15.	Fri.	Rt Hon. Charles P. Stuart-Wortley *b.*, 1851.	7 15.
16.	Sat.	Sir Theodore Martin *b.*, 1816.	7.13.
17.	Sun.	Thirteenth after Trinity.	7.11.
18.	Mon.	Lord Raglan *b.*, 1857.	7 8.
19.	Tues.	Battle of Poictiers, 1356.	7 6.
20.	Wed.	Battle of Alma, 1854.	7.4.
21	Thurs.	Sultan of Turkey *b.*, 1844.	7 1.
22.	Fri.	October CAPTAIN published.	6 59.
23.	Sat.	Battle of Assaye, 1803.	6.57
24.	Sun.	Fourteenth after Trinity.	6 55
25.	Mon.	Earl of Hopetoun *b.*, 1860.	6 53.
26.	Tues.	T. S. Cooper, R.A., *b.*, 1803.	6 50.
27.	Wed.	George Cruikshank *b.*, 1792.	6.48.
28.	Thurs.	General French *b.*, 1852.	6 46.
29.	Fri.	William John Hardy *b.*, 1856.	6.43.
30.	Sat.	Earl Roberts, V.C., *b.*, 1832	6 41



THE STAMPS OF NORWAY.

NORWAY and Sweden have parted company at last. Theirs is an old quarrel, stretching away back to the very beginning of the last century.

After being united to Denmark for nearly four centuries, Frederick VI., the Danish king, in 1814, without so much as asking its consent, handed Norway over to Sweden.

The Norwegians do not seem to have had any great objection to separation from Denmark, but they naturally and strongly resented being transferred unceremoniously to another power. The Danish king might please himself whether he wore the Norwegian crown, but it was not to be passed on to the sovereign of another country as though it represented only a nation of serfs. Under the leadership of a Danish prince they fought for their independence. They made a gallant struggle, but they lost.

Compelled to make terms with Sweden they agreed to accept the Swedish king as their sovereign, retaining their independence as "a free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable realm, united with Sweden under one king." They were to have their own national assembly which even the king should have no right to dissolve.

It was a peculiar agreement, and one which from the first seems to have been doomed to give rise to continual friction. The Swedes hoped to incorporate Norway as fresh territory. The Norwegians demanded reception as a partner and under an arrangement which did not leave Sweden the satisfaction of being the predominant partner. The peoples never appear to have fraternised. From the first each was dissatisfied, and each sought a different interpretation of the bargain that had been concluded. The Swedes looked for some rights of sovereignty. The Norwegians treated the sovereignty as a more or less nominal understanding. They would brook no interference with even the semblance of their independence.

Both parties to the compact have gone on finding causes for disagreement from generation to generation, and no mediator has appeared powerful enough to smooth over the differences and unite them as one people. They have treated each other as aliens, and, as they seemed determined to remain aliens, it is perhaps just as well that a sufficient excuse has at last been found to dissolve such an unsatisfactory partnership.

Norway is known to English holiday makers as the "Land of the Midnight Sun." Its majestic fjords are the delight of our tired workers, its glaciers are a perpetual wonder, and its people are voted the kindest and most hospitable of any land.

Its Philatelic History.

Norway, from every philatelic point of view, is a charming country. For the young collector or the beginner it is simple, straightforward, and cheap. For the specialist it affords a little known but nevertheless wide field of almost numberless varieties.

Its first issue consisted of one solitary stamp of quaint design sent out in the early postal days of 1855.

Then followed in 1856–7 a series of four values, all with portrait of King Oscar I.

In 1863 there was a reversion to the arms type in a series of five values. In 1867 there was a slight alteration of this design in a fresh series of five values.

In 1872 what is known as the posthorn design was adopted, and with modifications it has ever since held the field.

In 1877 a change of currency from skillings to öre occasioned a new series.

In 1878 three high values with a portrait of King Oscar II. were issued.

A change of colours of the regular series took

place in 1884, and in 1888 the first and only provisional, till the issue of those now current, was made to provide a 2-öre stamp.

In 1894 the lettering of the word "Norge" was altered in the design from block letters to Roman letters with serifs, and those stamps are current to-day.

The young collector who has to be satisfied with the cheapest form of collecting will find in the used stamps of Norway a happy hunting-ground for his spare pence. Most of the stamps of all the series may be had for a penny each, and very few indeed range up to a shilling. Even nice copies of the earliest and quaintest stamp of all, the first issue of 1855, may be had for sixpence each.

1855.—Design, a lion rampant holding an axe taken from the arms of Norway, on a shield surmounted by a crown. The paper was watermarked with an outline of the same lion and axe. At best the watermark is very indistinct. The stamp was designed by a mechanic at Christiania named Zarbell, and was lithographed by him in sheets of 200 stamps, and they were issued imperforate.

Wmk. Lion with Axe. Imperf.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
4sk., blue	70 0	..	0 6

1856-7—Design, a profile portrait of the reigning sovereign, King Oscar I. It was the work of the Swedish Government printing office at Stockholm, hence probably the portrait of the king. In all there were four values: the 4sk. and 8sk. were issued in 1856, and the 2sk. and 3sk. were added in the following year for the prepayment of town postal rates. They were printed on unwatermarked paper and perf. 13.

No wmk. Perf. 13.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
2sk., yellow	15 0	..	1 9
3sk., lilac	5 0	..	0 6
4sk., blue	7 6	..	0 1
8sk., lake	30 0	..	0 5

1863-6.—Five values. Design, a return to the lion rampant with battle axe. These stamps were lithographed in Christiania. They were printed on unwatermarked paper and perforated 13½ × 14½. In this issue it will be noted that the figures of value appear only before the word "skill."

No wmk. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
2sk., yellow	12 6	..	2 6
3sk., lilac	15 0	..	6 0
4sk., blue	12 0	..	0 1
8sk., rose	15 0	..	0 6
24sk., brown	1 0	..	1 0

1867-8.—Five values, including a 1sk. and omitting the 24sk. Similar design to last series with slight differences of detail, the most marked being the figure of value before and after the word "skill," instead of before only. These stamps were typographed in Christiania, but by another printer. No watermark. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

No wmk. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1sk., grey-black	1 6	..	0 4
2sk., orange	0 3	..	0 3
3sk., lilac	15 0	..	1 6
4sk., blue	3 0	..	0 1
8sk., rose	15 0	..	0 6

1872.—Six values, including two new values of 6sk. and 7sk. The 7sk. was issued to provide for a change in the postal rates, but it was superseded by the 6sk. later on when Norway entered the Postal Union. Design, a posthorn surmounted by a crown, with the value in bold figures inside the ring of the posthorn. The paper was watermarked with a posthorn in outline, but very indistinctly.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1sk., green	0 2	..	0 2
2sk., blue	0 6	..	0 3
3sk., rose	1 6	..	0 1
4sk., mauve	0 4	..	0 4
6sk., brown	10 0	..	1 0
7sk., brown	0 6	..	0 5

1877-8.—A series of ten stamps, including mostly new high values. Design as before, but the currency assimilated to that of Sweden and expressed in öre instead of skillings.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 öre, drab	0 3	..	0 1
3 öre, orange	1 0	..	0 2
5 öre, blue	2 6	..	0 3
10 öre, rose	1 0	..	0 1
12 öre, green	1 6	..	0 2
20 öre, brown	4 6	..	0 1
25 öre, mauve	15 0	..	0 5
35 öre, green	0 9	..	0 3
50 öre, marone	1 0	..	0 1
60 öre, blue	1 0	..	0 3

1878.—Three high values with portrait of King Oscar II. Designed and engraved by Kruger of Berlin, but printed at Christiania. Paper watermarked with a posthorn and perf. 14½ × 13½ as before.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1kr., pale green and deep green	1 6	..	0 3
1kr., 50 öre, blue and deep blue	2 3	..	1 0
2kr., rose and brown	3 0	..	0 8

1883–4.—The colours of the 12 öre and 20 öre changed, the 12 öre from green to brown and the 20 öre from mauve to blue. Design, watermark and perforation as before.

Colours changed.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
12 öre, brown	2 9	..	0 9
20 öre, blue	8 0	..	1 6

1888.—Provisional, to provide a 2 öre value in the new currency omitted from the previous series. A number of the current 12 öre brown were overprinted in black "2 öre."

Provisional.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
2 öre on 12 öre brown	0 1	..	0 1

1890.—Two values, the 1 öre changed from drab to black brown, and a 2 öre of the current type to replace the provisional of that value. Design, watermark and perforation as before.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. 14½ × 13½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 öre, black-brown	0 2	..	0 1
2 öre, yellow-brown	0 1	..	0 1

1894–1903.—Design as before, but modified, the word "Norge" being engraved in Roman capitals, *i.e.*, capital letters with serifs, instead of block letters as before without serifs.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. 13½ × 12½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 öre, drab	0 1	..	0 1
2 öre, brown	0 1	..	0 1
3 öre, orange	0 1	..	0 1
5 öre, green	0 1	..	0 1
10 öre, rose	0 2	..	0 1
20 öre, blue	0 4	..	0 1
25 öre, mauve	0 5	..	0 2
35 öre, green	0 6	..	0 1
50 öre, maroon	0 9	..	0 1
60 öre, blue	0 9	..	0 6

1905.—Norway having separated from Sweden, the current high krona values have been replaced by provisionals, remainders of the 2sk. of 1867 being overprinted with the values required.

Provisionals.

"Kr. 1.00" on 2sk. yellow.
"Kr. 1 50" " " "
"Kr 2.00" " " "

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. B. (Windermere).—The variety of Russian stamps to which you call attention and which you describe as with and without arrows is listed in all the catalogues. In 1890 arrows were added across the posthorn. They are termed thunderbolts in our philatelic phraseology, and since 1890 have appeared on all Russian stamps with the exception of the 70 kopecks.

M. R. T. (Carlisle).—The registered stamps of Canada have no special value. Here are the latest catalogue prices:

	Unused. s. d.		Used s. d.
2c., vermilion	0 4	..	0 1
5c., yellow-green	0 8	..	0 1
8c., blue	7 6	..	3 0

O. G. (Manchester).—The so-called death mask stamps of Servia are not rarities by any means. On the contrary, despite the excitement which was worked up over the discovery of the death mask, the stamps may still be had for a few pence. Here are the current catalogue prices:

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d
5p., green	0 1	..	0 1
10p., rose	0 2	..	0 1
15p., purple	0 6	..	—
25p., blue	0 6	..	—
50p., brown	0 9	..	—

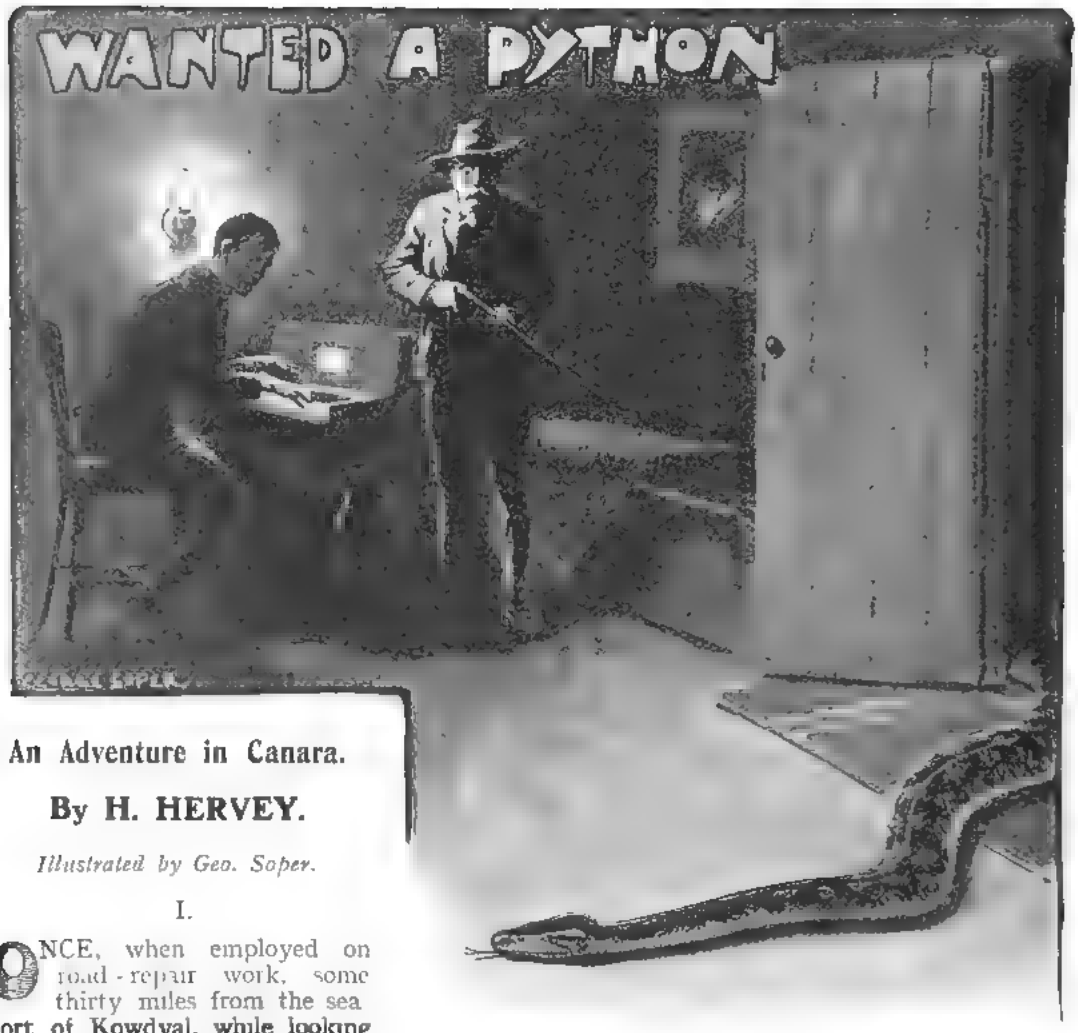
It is strongly suspected that the discovery and the subsequent excitement were all part of a prearranged plan for stimulating the sale of the stamps to fallible stamp collectors, but the little game has apparently failed, for the stamps are plentiful and likely to remain so.

Several Readers.—You can most satisfactorily value your own stamps by any one of the regular catalogues. I make it a rule to quote only catalogue prices. Any independent valuation would be an attempt to say how much another would be likely to give, and as what any dealer will give must depend upon whether his stock is short of the stamps offered, it must be obvious that any individual attempts at valuation must be misleading. Hence you can value your stamps as well as I can, for with a catalogue you will arrive at the same results. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., is the only firm that I know which professes to value stamps, and I know they are not at all anxious to do such work.

A. C. (Stoke Newington).—The current catalogue prices for Canadian King's head postage stamps are as follows:

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1c., green	0 1		0 1
2c., carmine	0 2	..	0 1
5c., deep blue	0 4	..	0 1
7c., olive-yellow	0 5	..	0 2
10c., brown-lilac	0 7	..	0 3
20c., olive-green	1 1	..	0 6

You can get the set from any dealer, and by the set for less. You will find plenty of dealers' addresses in our advertisement pages.



An Adventure in Canara.

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by Geo. Soper.

I.

ONCE, when employed on road-repair work, some thirty miles from the sea port of Kowdyal, while looking for a central camping-ground I stumbled upon a deserted, dome-roofed, two-room bungalow, conveniently situated on the hill-side, overlooking the road, and about half-way up. It was quite large enough for me, and I saw that a few rough doors and shutters, a coat of whitewash, and a clearance of the encroaching undergrowth would make the place habitable. I forthwith had my tent pitched, set all hands cutting vegetation, sent in to Kowdyal for the necessary artizans and material, and within the week I took possession.

Though busy, the lonely life soon palled on me, especially when I came in from the work and on off days. I was surrounded by desolate jungle, and never saw a soul beyond my native followers and the passing cartmen. I might have got some shooting, for the diggings teemed with signs of varmints, but at that time I was not an enthusiastic gunner.

However, I was not destined to suffer solitude for long. During the afternoon of the second Sunday two carts came rumbling down the pass: in front of them walked a European, with a rifle slung on his back, a pocket-book, with map attached, in his hands, and a big dog slouching by his side. The man advanced slowly, consulting his book and glancing about him till he drew abreast of the bungalow—with me in the verandah, whereupon he abruptly halted and stared. He was a short, stout young fellow of about twenty-three, and his appearance suggested the globe-trotter.

"Good day to you, sir!" he commenced,

after recovering from his surprise; "my name is Gumshow, and I am on a shooting-trip."

"Glad to see you," I replied. "Step up the bank and have some lunch. I was just sitting down."

"Delighted. May Kaiser come?" pointing to the dog.

"Certainly;" and when he joined me I added, "my name is Fendick, engineer, repairing the pass road. Where are you bound for?"

He smiled. "I expect you'll be astonished when I tell you that *this* is my destination for the present. But I'll explain. Directly I came in for some money left me by a relative, I started out on a trip. I shot buffalo and alligator in America, did the Rockies, and then came on *viâ* 'Frisco to India. Here I have had my fill of tiger, cheetah, bisou, and elephant. One thing remains which they could not show me in America, and which I have still to meet with in this country. I have travelled to this spot purposely to obtain it."

"And that is?"

"I wish to bag a python."

"Why," said I, "I haven't set eyes on a python since I have been in the country, and no one has ever dreamed of dropping on one in these parts."

"Nevertheless," said he, "I hope to bag a python here. I have been told that a lady who lived in your bungalow years ago had a piano, and that one day, when she was playing on it, a monstrous snake appeared at the back door and so frightened everybody that she and her family fled back to Kowdyal, and with the utmost difficulty persuaded some natives to come and fetch away their belongings. Since then the bungalow has been deserted. Is not this the Naigenarry pass? Then this must be the bungalow. Now, Mr. Fendick, I have told you my object in coming here, but as you are in possession I ask permission to stay with you a few days—as paying guest."

"You shall be my guest for as long as you like without the paying," I returned; "I shall be only too glad of your company. How, may I ask, do you propose to bag your python?"

"I shall decoy it."

"Decoy it?"

"Yes—by music, which will not only lure the snake up close, but will make it stupid, and so give me a chance of a safe shot."

"Where shall you lure it to?"

"To this bungalow. Remember the lady's piano."

"How about *your* music?" I demanded of the young fellow.

"I have brought a small harmonium along."

"Well," said I, "it promises to be a ticklish business, but I'll give you all the aid in my power."

So it was settled. I vacated my bedroom for Gumshow and moved into the only other chamber, the larger one which I used for dining, sitting, and office work. There was no direct communicating door between the two apartments; to get from one to the other you had to go round by the verandahs.

The carts were unloaded, my guest moved in, and when he had shaken down we set about our dispositions.

To give the expected python every facility, I had a tent pitched on a small level space opposite the house on the other side of the road. We looked for the reptile to approach from the back, so all our servants were evicted from the outhouses at the rear and bundled into the tent, which was also to serve as kitchen for the time being. We placed the harmonium at one end of the large room in order that while Gumshow played and I sat by him we could command a view of both doors. We were to have our rifles handy, and as soon as the snake entered the room and subsided under the looked-for effect of the charm, we were to simultaneously fire at its head, reasoning that, with the lamp burning, we both could not well miss at a few yards' distance. On my remarking that the light might scare the snake, my companion said that the lady of his story could not have been playing in the dark, and that if the python of her day did not funk the light, the python of the present was not likely to mind it.

II.

The first night proved resultless. Gumshow played, and we kept on the watch till nearly twelve o'clock; but nothing happened. On the second night we repeated the performance, maintaining it till even later, but, as no snake appeared, we eventually shut the doors and went to bed. But I had scarcely laid down ere I became sensible of a nauseating, musty smell which was seemingly floating in from the back of the house. While I was wondering as to the cause, Kaiser began

whining, and, presently, Gumshow came round by the front verandah into my room.

"I say," he commenced below his breath, "do you notice a queer smell?"

"Yes, like bad mushrooms or something. What is it?"

He advanced to my bedside. "Python," he whispered.

I bounded up into a sitting posture. "What! Do you think a python is about?"

"I do. What is more, Kaiser is restless; instinct tells him that something uncanny is prowling round."

I felt unmistakably creepy. Hitherto I had been rather sceptical as to pythons being anywhere in the vicinity: now, however, things pointed to the near presence of one of the monsters! Gumshow used an apt term when he said "uncanny." I tingled with goose-flesh.

"I shall let Kaiser out," he continued. "If his behaviour strengthens my suspicions I shall call him back, throw open the doors, and start the music again."

With these words he crept back to his room, while I seized my rifle and took my post by the harmonium. Gumshow speedily returned—with Kaiser, in a great state of disquietude. My friend opened the back door, and the dog scrambled through. We listened; we heard him snuffing about the verandah, growling, but with a hysterical touch of alarm in his tone. We stepped to one of the barred windows and peered out into the gloom. A waning moon combined with the rays of the hanging-lamp burning inside helped us in dimly distinguishing objects, and we made out Kaiser's large white body as he quartered about on the verge of the close-standing jungle. Suddenly, the dog stopped dead, seemed to look fixedly at one spot in the thicket, and broke into a tornado of barks, short, yappy, and feverish. Then, before the eye could wink, the foliage rustled sharply, a long shape shot down from a tree, and, ere Kaiser could move, something dark enveloped him. He gave one stifled yelp, and then both dog and whatever it was that seized him vanished from sight!

"Great Scott!" whispered Gumshow, as we exchanged glances of awe, "the python!"

"Walked off with your dog, too!" I added limply, mopping my face. "What will you do now?"

"Try and shoot the beast, of course?"

"I would stick to the original programme as the safest. Besides, what about seeing? and what if it chose to lasso one or other of us?"

"True. Perhaps it had heard the harmonium, and was on its way here when I stopped playing."

"Possibly. The chances are that it will be bolder to-morrow night and come bang in, when we can act on our plan with less risk to ourselves. We should be nabbed to a certainty in the dark."

"Don't I hope it *will* come, if only to let me avenge poor Kaiser! Do you notice that that smell no longer hangs in the air?"

"Yes; the varmint in skedaddling with your dog has taken the smell along with it."

"Well, it shan't skedaddle to-morrow—if we can help it."

The next evening we mutually owned to feeling somewhat uncomfortable as to the task before us. We had witnessed the facility with which the snake caught that large dog in its coils, and we surmised that we might as easily fall victims to its dread embrace. We began to doubt whether the music would really act as a charm—however well it might prove a lure. Most likely, the python, attracted by the strains, would pay us another visit, but, instead of the spell having a mesmeric effect, and thus giving us our opportunity, the reptile might just sail in and grab us, as it had grabbed that unfortunate dog! However, we had put our hands to the plough, and had no intention of looking back.

"We shall have to be jolly careful," observed Gumshow at the dinner table. "We must kill the brute at the first shot. If we merely wound it we shall be in a nice fix."

"So I should think. We had better fire together."

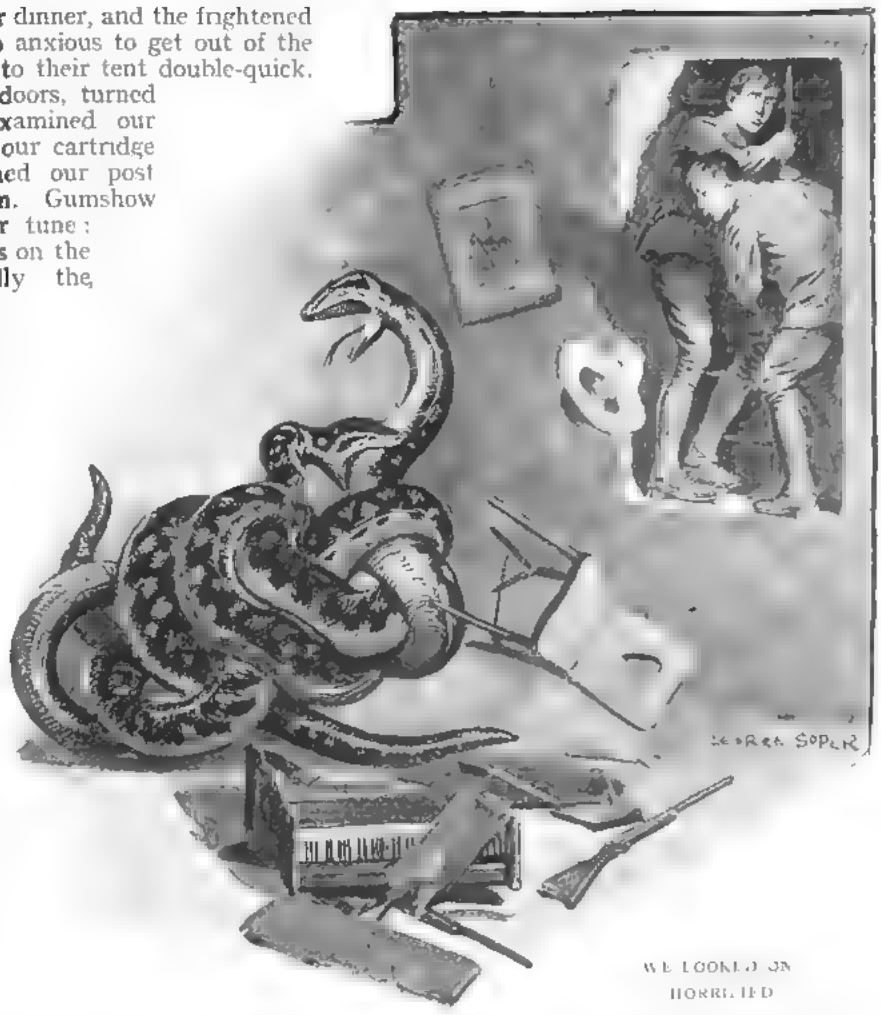
"How can we—when I shall be playing? I did not think of that."

"Look here," said I, "on the snake quietening down you drop playing and we'll bang off together."

"Yes, that will do splendidly."

It was an old place. The walls were thick, the four windows were more like embrasures, and the original stout iron bars, let into the masonry, still remained. The front and back doors exactly faced, and the room contained all the usual camp furniture; the stone-flagged floor was bare, and a big kerosene lamp hung suspended from the arched ceiling.

We hurried over dinner, and the frightened servants, only too anxious to get out of the way, scuttled off to their tent double-quick. We opened both doors, turned up the lamp, examined our pieces, threw on our cartridge belts, and assumed our post at the harmonium. Gumshow played tune after tune: we kept our senses on the stretch, especially the olfactory ones, for on them did we rely to give us first warning of the enemy's approach. Sure enough, our noses served us: towards midnight we inhaled that peculiar odour, but it came from the *front* of the house, whereas we expected our visitor from the back—as on the previous occasion!



WE LOOKED ON HORRIFIED

"Don't stop playing," I whispered, as Gumshow looked inquiringly at me; "the brute is evidently mooching round, and may enter by the front door instead of the back, that's all."

The droning continued: we kept our eyes on the front door threshold, casting an occasional glance at the one opposite. The smell grew stronger, and then, gliding slowly in, came the ghoulish head and reticulated body of an enormous serpent! It hugged the ground; its aspect struck one as inert, languid; the mouth was closed, and the eyes dropped. On it crawled; a good ten feet of the fearful shape lay extended; the reptile's movements momentarily became more lethargic.

We were preparing to do our part—as already agreed on—when all at once the python's whole attitude changed. Up jerked the head, the hitherto straightened trunk contracted into undulations, and the eyes—now wide open—stared intently to the front. Instinctively Gumshow ceased playing; we followed the direction of the serpent's gaze, and to our amazement beheld *another snake, equally as large, with half its length through the back door!*

We had scarcely observed the second intruder ere both reptiles, setting up loud hisses, simply flew at each other; their bodies intertwined, and they commenced wriggling and whipping about in living representation of Doré's blood-curdling creations. We were spellbound: the spasmodic muscular contortions, the lightning-like movements — which were impossible to follow, the hissing, mingled with the rasping of their serrated skins against the stone floor, the sense of our own perilous predicament — all tended to convert the

I PULLED THE TRIGGER.

situation into a grisly nightmare. It was terrible!

Possibly they were individuals from different broods, and were now meeting for the first time. They had clutched each other in the comparatively open space between the two doors, but very soon they commenced to come in contact with the furniture. One of the snakes gripped a leg of the dining-table with its tail, and in a flash both leaves were flying in a heap of wreckage against the wall: the chairs followed, and, the fight edging off to the further end of the room, the infuriated serpents collided with my dumb waiter; that article toppling over, crash went all my glassware. Now, to our dismay, the combat came towards us: in another minute we would be involved in that writhing tangle, for all retreat was cut off! The windows were heavily barred; we feared to make for the doors, lest the pythons should ungrip and launch their coils on us, while as for firing with any chance of killing both, such an idea never entered our thoughts. On they came, wrestling and walloping nearer and nearer: one seemed to be gaining the mastery and pushing the other before it!

"Come on!" I whispered, seizing Gumshow by the arm. "Up into the window! It's our only chance!"

Barely had we ensconced ourselves in the embrasure when we realised that in our haste we had omitted to snatch up our rifles! No time to go and fetch them, for in another second the combatants cannoned against the harmonium. The instrument was hurled aside, the rifles that had been resting against it fell to the ground, and the snakes slithered about above the loaded pieces.

We looked on horrified, our sole hope being that one of them would turn tail and the other fly after it. No such thing happened, for now the reptiles had apparently become exhausted; they were too evenly matched for either to throw up the sponge. As if by mutual consent they disengaged, and slowly crawled towards the doors, one to the right, the other to the left. We eagerly looked to see them quit; we prepared to jump down, rush to the doors and close them. But no; instead of passing out they lay straight on the floor, as if to recruit for another set-to. We realised that both monsters were pumped; we must not give them time to recover; if they fought again, they might discover us. *We must act at once!*

Carefully, gingerly, holding our very breath, we let ourselves down from the embrasure, and, treading like cats, recovered our rifles. We briefly examined the pieces; they were all right, at full cock, and I marvelled that they had not gone off in the recent rough-and-tumble. I silently indicated the left-hand snake to Gumshow, then pointed to the one on the right as my property.

"Fire when I say 'go!'" I whispered into his ear. Then, with our hearts in our mouths—as we afterwards confessed—we raised our pieces; I gave the word, and the

rifles cracked together. We heard a terrible commotion beyond the veil of smoke, and when it melted sufficiently we saw Gumshow's snake bundled into a writhing bunch, while the other one was wriggling furiously towards us!

"Back!" I shouted, springing sideways and reaching the embrasure at a bound. I fully believed that Gumshow would follow, but, when I looked round, there he was standing his ground, and in the act of frantically slamming in a fresh cartridge!

"Fool!" I bellowed, mechanically reloading as I danced about the niche in a veritable frenzy; "back! back for your life!"

Too late! Before I could jump down and drag him away, before he could lift rifle to shoulder, the angry python, with flaming eyes and scintillating tongue, drew itself together and then, launching itself forward, caught the unfortunate man round the waist, shook the gun from his grasp, and brought him to the ground!

For one moment a mist stood before my eyes, and my heart seemed as if about to burst through my ribs: the next, I was myself again. I could not trust my aim sufficiently to warrant a shot from where I stood; I might hit Gumshow, and, if I merely wounded the boa, it would tend only to inflame it to a greater pitch of fury. I must kill it outright, and I remembered that to do so I must shoot it through the head!

With my piece at the present, I darted forward to the struggling mass. The snake's squab head played from side to side of its victim: it had yet to complete its coils ere giving the final spasm of constriction. The wicked fiery eyes regarded me as if their owner contemplated a cast on me as well! For a moment the movement ceased. My chance had come, and almost jamming my muzzle against the reptile's hideous cranium I pulled my trigger and blew it to atoms. Then, seizing Gumshow by the shoulders, I literally prised him out of his bonds like a cork from a bottle!

He was not hurt; the snake had not commenced to squeeze him properly. He retreated with me to the friendly embrasure while the python flogged itself into quiescence. The other one had by now become almost motionless.

"There you are, Gumshow!" I cried, as in the revulsion of our feelings we grasped hands and he thanked me for saving his life; "you wanted *a* python; you have bagged two!"

After-examination showed that Gumshow was the better marksman, and had perforated his python's head, whereas I had merely given mine a superficial wound some way down. We measured our game; twenty, and twenty-one feet respectively, with a mean girth of about twenty inches at the thickest part of their vile carcases!

But no more python for me—*thank* you!

RUSSIA'S STRONG MAN.

TIME and time again have combinations of nobles and capitalists been formed in Russia to crush the power of M. Witte, who has been nominated as peace envoy, and as often have these attempts failed. M. Witte belongs by birth to the lower middle classes, his father, who was of German origin, holding some minor office under government. M. Witte himself started life without either wealth or influential friends to help him on his way. But he dared to think for himself. At the outbreak of the war with Turkey he had just been promoted to the station-mastership of an insignificant railway stopping-place on the confines of Bulgaria. The War Minister had issued certain orders. M. Witte said that disaster would follow if he obeyed them. He disobeyed them, and when his relations made sure that he was going to be sent to Siberia, he was called to the capital and made a director of the Imperial railway for saving the troops from destruction.—*The Evening News*, July 17, 1905.

Names of Plants.—"V" (Winchester) asks for the names of two plants he forwards. The pale yellow one which he describes as parasitic upon the roots of beech, is the yellow Bird's-nest (*Hypopithys monotropa*). It is not a parasite, but a *saprophyte*, that is, a plant that feeds upon the decaying remains of other plants—in this case the dead leaves of beech and pine. The drooping of both flowers and flower-spikes is quite usual until after fertilisation, when they become erect. The brown plant is the Broomrape (*Orobanche major*) which is a parasite, attaching itself to the roots of furze, broom, &c., and drawing all its nourishment therefrom.—H. Ayre (Thirsk) sends me a photograph of an umbelliferous plant that is "growing between the cobble-stones" to the height of 10 ft. It is an imported species of Hogweed (*Heracleum Villosum*) from the Caucasus.—E. W. Soulsby (Newcastle-on-Tyne) sends for identification a dry flower, which, he says, is "very rare on our northern fells. . . . It is called by the people the Blue Jentine—that's the way they pronounce it." It is the Spring Gentian (*Gentiana Verna*), one of our most beautiful plants.

Tree Frog.—C. D. B. Ellis (Leicester) asks how to feed and keep Tree-frogs, especially in winter. The best plan in summer is to turn them loose into a greenhouse, where they will find their own food without troubling you, whilst you may get some amusement out of trying to find them, for they cling so closely to the plants and so exactly match them in colour that they become all but invisible. In winter, if the greenhouse is not heated, they should be kept in a fern-case indoors, and during such time as they are active, fed with meal-worms (to be obtained of any bird-dealers) or such other live insects as may be obtainable.

Aquarium Fountain.—J. D. Tomblin (Hampstead) has seen "in a certain paper" that there are such things as self-acting fountains, but the writer did not mention how they are constructed, so he applies to me for the information. Now, this is not Natural History, but Mechanics. If I could give you the particulars it would have to be in a long article with working diagrams; but I suggest as the simplest plan a connection with the water company's supply pipes.

Many Matters.—"Béna" (E. Southsea) asks me a number of questions which will not fall under a descriptive heading: (1) is the Bee Orchis very local? In Great Britain it is restricted to the country south of Durham and Lancs., where it is fairly distributed on chalk and limestone soils; (2) your Plume-moth is probably *Pterophorus pterodactylus*; (3) the larva of one of the Lady-birds. Their food consists entirely of Green-fly; (4) the question whether you should study Natural History generally or confine your attention to one of its branches is worth consideration. "Specialists" are the order of the day, but their work would often be more valuable if it were based on wider knowledge. The all-round naturalists, like Linnæus and Darwin, are hard to find now, when everybody is a specialist. It is a good thing to know everything about something, but one should also know something of everything. My advice then is to get a good general knowledge of Natural History at first, and then you can specialise in one of its branches. You will find this will yield you far more enjoyment and prevent the narrowing of your sympathies; (5) it is true that the Slow-worm has skeletal vestiges of limbs. The reptile may be killed by chloroform; but it seems a pity to destroy one for the sake of its skeleton. Why not keep one alive until its life ended naturally? then its actions would help you in arriving at that general knowledge we have recommended. The skeleton is prepared by maceration of the corpse in water (changed occasionally) at some distance from the house, for it is an unsavoury business, and your neighbours may resent it as a nuisance. When the flesh has parted from the bones, the skeleton should be bleached in the sun.

Food of Snake.—E. L. R. K. (Lexden)

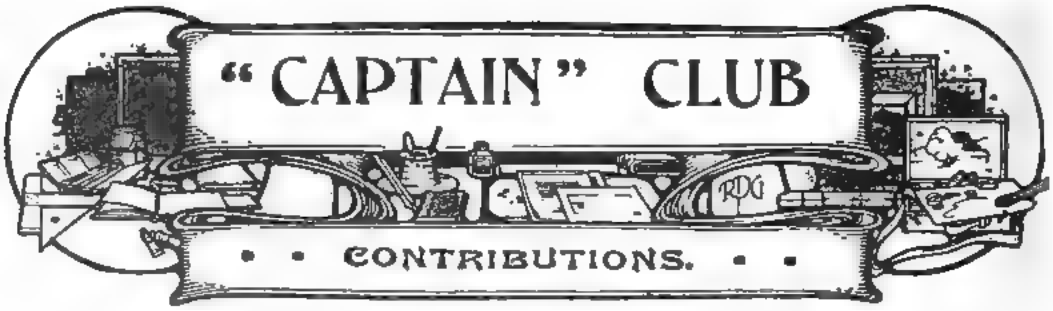
has a snake whose appetite he has tempted with frogs, flies, worms, &c., but it takes no notice of them, and presumably he wants advice. Were these things alive? because a snake will not condescend to notice dead or unmoving food. If he will not strike at a lively young frog the presumption is that he is not hungry. You might try living and swimming fishes by putting the snake into the same vessel of water. In answer to your query "when does a snake cast its slough?" there is no definite period, but just when it wants renewing.

Jackdaw.—H. M. Shepton (Penarth) has become the possessor of a number of Jackdaws, and wishes to know: (1) upon what to feed them; (2) at what time they lay and what to give them to build their nests of; (3) whether it is needful to give them much water; (4) how to distinguish the sexes and whether to keep the pairs separate; also (5) can they be taught tricks, and if so what kind? And will I reply by post? I *have* written replies by post at times, though I have never undertaken to do so; but just now it is impossible, though I have a number of such requests on my table. I will do my best to anwer H. M. S.'s queries *seriatim*: (1) jackdaws are general feeders like rooks; they will hunt for wireworms, cockchafer-grubs, and other insects, steal eggs from the nests of other birds, pick up crabs and "shell-fish" from the seashore, eat fish, flesh, fowl, or fruit, or even act as scavengers. You may, therefore, give them anything left from the table, and such other odds and ends as may be convenient, varying the bill of fare as much as possible; (2) like most other birds they breed in the spring, and will make their untidy nest of whatever is handy—sticks, moss, and grass being the natural ingredients; (3) water *ad lib*; (4) the sexes are exactly alike in size and colour, so that you must wait for them to pair off when the proper time comes. There is no necessity for separation, as naturally they live in colonies and build their nests close together just as rooks do; (5) there is no necessity to teach them tricks: the Jackdaw being naturally about the most mischievous bird known. If you mean performing, that is out of my line. It is not Natural History, and I have never been in the show business; but I should imagine you will find they know tricks enough without teaching them more. They will probably teach you a few.

Relaxing Butterflies.—L. Caldicott (Four Oaks) has some butterflies which are badly set and wishes to know how to relax them. Unless the specimens are rarities such as you could not easily replace, it is not worth doing, as they never look well after the operation, and are always liable to spring back to their former setting. You can relax by pinning your specimens to a sheet of cork, taking care that the insect nowhere comes into actual contact with the cork. Take a wash-hand basin and pour about an inch of water into it. Carefully float the cork on it, then place a couple of sticks across the top of the basin, and cover over all with a wet towel from which the water has been lightly wrung. Leave for twenty-four hours, then reset the insects, and place the setting boards in a good current of air to dry them quickly, or they will go mouldy.

HERACLEUM VILBOSUM.
Photo. by H. Ayre.

Insects on Canary.—A. D. Goodway (Catford). Try Essence of Quassia, supplied by F. Tibbs, 30 Parkhurst Road, Holloway, 9*d*.



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Presentations to Popular Cricketers.

IN the history of the national game there are numerous incidents of men, and sometimes teams, being rewarded for their prowess by presents of gold watches, clocks, and even gold-mine shares. The late Jack Ulyett won 250 shares in the Gympie mine by scores of 53, and 106 not out.

The recipients of gold watches include Mr. W. L. Murdoch, who received one as a memento of his 321 for New South Wales against Victoria; Mr. A. C. Maclaren, who was presented with one by his county club in honour of his record score of 424; and all the members of the 1899 Australian team received a gold watch, with the Australian arms engraved thereon, presented to them by Mr. Laver, a brother of the present Australian team manager.

A popular cricketer on his marriage invariably receives a present from his club. David Denton received a marble timepiece from the Yorkshire county team on the occasion of his marriage, as also did Mr. W. Newham from the Sussex County professionals; while Mr. A. C. Maclaren received as a wedding present a spirit tantalus from the Lancashire County team.

One of the late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell's most treasured possessions was a silver bowl, suitably inscribed, and exclusively subscribed for by captains of the Eton eleven from 1866 to 1897, on his retirement from the post of coach to the college.

Amongst Lord Hawke's treasures is a gold cigarette case, bearing in front his crest and the county arms, and on the back a white-rose

ANCHOR CHURCH, SITUATED CLOSE TO THE RIVER TRENT, IN THE PARISH OF INGLEBY, ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM DERBY.

It is one of the most curious churches in England, being hewn out of the solid rock by the side of the river, and is supposed to have been excavated by the Canons of Repton, in the early part of the Saxon period, to meet the needs of the then scattered parish of Ingleby. Photo. by George M. Eaton.

with the inscription: "To Lord Hawke, by the professionals of the team, 1896." Vine, the Sussex professional, also values a cigarette case which was presented to him by Mr. C. B. Fry in recognition of his success with the bat in 1899.

The brothers W. L. and R. E. Foster were in 1899 the recipients of handsomely gilt silver shields in commemoration of their feat of each scoring a couple of centuries in the same match against Hampshire.

In 1900 Mr. A. J. Webbe was presented with a silver tray, subscribed for by every man who had played for Middlesex under his captaincy, on which were engraved the autographs of the donors. Captain Wynyard, who in 1894 scored three successive centuries, received silver candlesticks for his feat. Every member of the 1900 Yorkshire team, which won the championship without losing a match, was presented with a silver bowl. In 1896 M. C. E. Green, the new M.C.C. president, received a bowl subscribed for exclusively by Essex residents in recognition of his services to that county. G. F. CROUCH.

The New City of London Head.

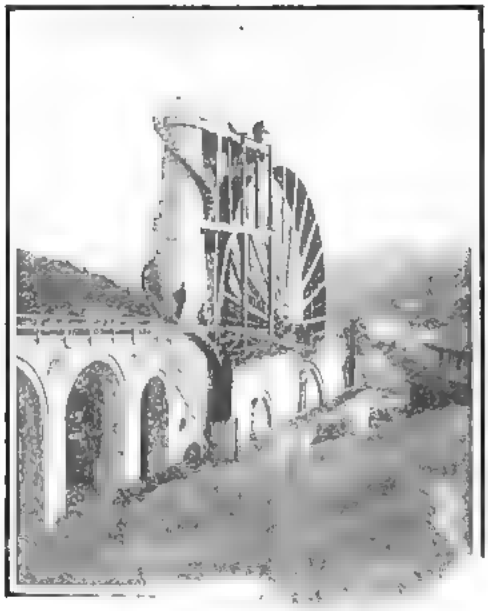
AS many CAPTAIN readers are aware, the Rev. Arthur Chilton, Headmaster of Emmanuel School, Wandsworth, has been appointed Headmaster of the City of London School in the place of Mr. A. T. Pollard, M.A., resigned. Mr. Chilton's appointment will give special gratification to Bluecoat boys, past and present, for the new City of London Head was educated at Christ's Hospital under the Rev. Richard Lee, M.A. Mr. Chilton was a Grecian before he left, and returned to Christ's Hospital as a master, proceeding thence to the Charterhouse, and in course of time resigning his post there to take up the chief position at Emmanuel School. The headmastership of the City of London School is in the gift of the Court of Common Council. "We understand," says the *Blue*, "that when the Court heard Mr. Chilton read, his audibility, authority, and manner as a man of power turned the scale very decidedly in his favour." G. E. B.

An Ideal Holiday.

CAMPING OUT AT DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

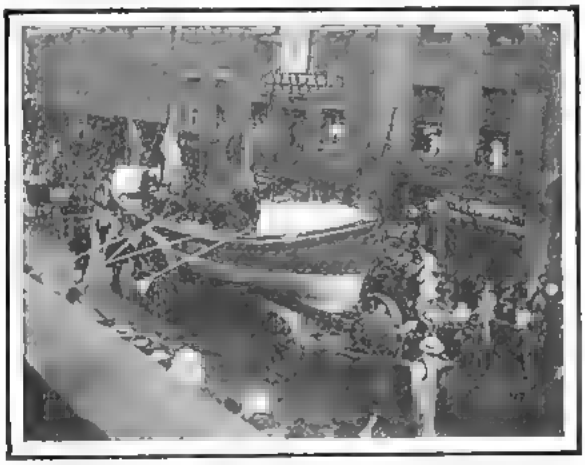
ANY boy or "old boy" who desires a really splendid, health-giving holiday cannot do better than betake himself to The International Young Men's Holiday Camp, Douglas, Isle of Man.

The Camp is excellently situated on the heights overlooking and commanding a splendid view of Douglas Bay. It is only a few minutes' walk from the promenade. The voyage to and



THE LARGEST WATER WHEEL IN THE WORLD, AT LAXEY, IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

It is 72½ ft. in diameter, 6 ft. broad, and 217 ft. in circumference, being equivalent to a steam-engine of 200 horse-power Photo. by Alex. Watters.



THE LIFEBOAT "HENRY HARRIS" IN THE PROCESSION AT PRESTON ON LIFEBOAT SATURDAY.

The "Henry Harris" was launched at Worthing in 1887, and was withdrawn in 1901 with forty-two lives to its credit. Photo. by Clifford Turner, London.

from the island is a feature in itself and is, of course, very enjoyable and beneficial.

For the small sum of about £1 per week, inclusive, all the delights of an open air bohemian life may be enjoyed amid some of the most beautiful scenery in the United Kingdom.

The fare provided is unlimited and nourishing.

There is a large pavilion for the accommodation and comfort of campers, containing recreation and dining-rooms, baths (hot and cold water), and everything necessary for the welfare of visitors. Gymnastic apparatus, a piano, organ, gramaphone, &c., are provided for making the best of an occasional wet day. The tents are fitted with boarded floors and spring-mattress camp-bedsteads. The Camp remains open from the beginning of March until the end of September.

An outline of a day's life under canvas will no doubt be of interest:

Breakfast is from 8 to 9 A.M. After breakfast the visitors disperse in different directions. Some will make up parties—either walking or riding—for journeying to the numerous beauty spots for which the island is noted; others will laze about or play cricket in the large field provided for the purpose, while others will bathe, boat, or "prom."

Dinner is provided from 1 to 2 P.M. After dinner the time is spent in the same way as before mentioned, except that some of the campers will lie in their tents for an hour or two to promote digestion. This, although rather lazy, is very pleasant on a hot summer day. With the flaps of the tent tucked back, a gentle breeze playing around, and extended on your back with a good novel or journal (notably the CAPTAIN), life seems to be worth living.

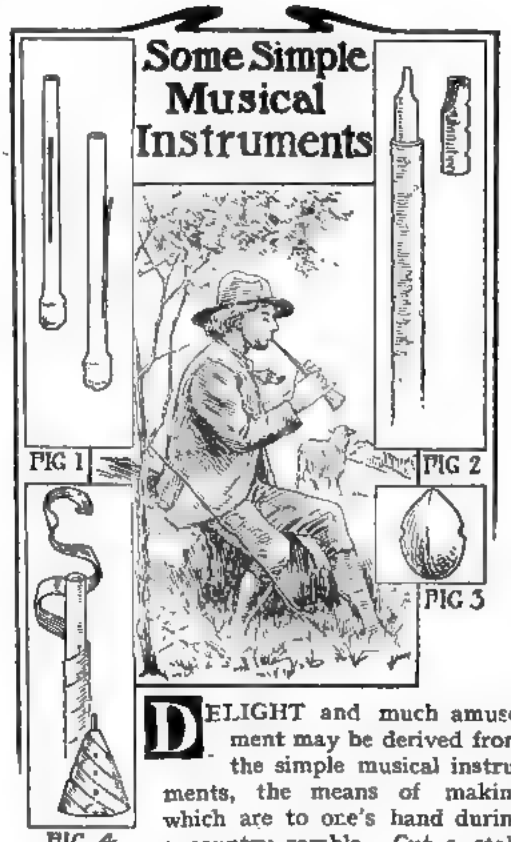
After tea, which is served from 5 to 6 P.M., most of the fellows make another toilet and get down to the promenade. Supper from 10 to 11.20 P.M. closes a most enjoyable day, and then, after a few popular choruses, bed is the word—to breathe the pure ozone the night through, wrapped in calm, dreamless sleep.

Mr. Cunningham, a genial and kindly man, who has control of the Camp, is deservedly popular, and is like a father to the "boys."

This holiday (an ideal one) will repay those CAPTAIN readers who undertake it a thousandfold with renewed health and strength. They will also derive any amount of pleasure from it and pleasant companionship with jolly fellows of their own age. In the height of the season the number under canvas is from 400 to 500.

Full particulars will be readily forwarded by Mr. Cunningham on receipt of stamp.

ARTHUR W. BOWKER.



DELIGHT and much amusement may be derived from the simple musical instruments, the means of making which are to one's hand during a country ramble. Cut a stalk of wheat or oats below one of the knots, thus having it closed at one end. Make an incision lengthways, as shown in Fig. 1, and blow down the open extremity, when a more or less harmonious sound will be emitted, the effect of which will be varied if the covering of the slit is not removed. Fig. 2 illustrates a whistle made from a sprig of lilac taken when the sap is rising, a piece of bark being cut as depicted and placed over a short piece of the wood shaped as a mouthpiece. By boring a hole through a peach or apricot stone, as in Fig. 3, and removing the kernel, a whistle may also be made. To make a hautboy, cut a willow branch about a yard long and rather thicker than your thumb; remove the bark in one long strip by making a spiral incision, and roll up to form a cornet, as illustrated in Fig. 4, using thorns for pins to keep it in place. Next make a mouthpiece as in the case of the whistle, and attach it to the cornet. A number of holes will make various notes possible, and you will be able to experience some of the pleasures enjoyed by the shepherd boy with his primitive pipe.

ST. IVEL.

OLD CHEESHILL RECTORY, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN WINCHESTER, ERECTED IN 1450.

The demolition of this historic structure is mooted, but steps are being taken to preserve it. Photo. by Charles E. Fowler.

The Great Fire of London.

AT the end of August and the beginning of September, 1666, a storm broke over England which was destined to play a great part in the country's history. One night, whilst the hurricane was raging, a fire, which was supposed at the time to be the work of Roman Catholics, broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane. Owing to the dryness of the summer, the wood of which the houses were composed blazed like tinder. The flames, fanned by the gale, rushed along at a pace which seemed incredible, and to spectators standing on the distant hills appeared to be avenging demons destroying the narrow, unhealthy streets, and purging them of the foul pest whose dregs still lingered on in some of the dirtiest slums of the city. During the progress of the fire, bands of marauders ranged through the streets, to the terror of all honest citizens, unchecked by the soldiery, who were restrained by the timidity of the Lord Mayor. As the pipes leading from the New River to the city were dry, unusual measures were taken to stop the progress of the fire. Houses were pulled down, and thus wide gaps were made in the streets. But, in spite of this, the fire continued until gunpowder was used and whole streets were blown into the air. Then, after the conflagration had raged for three days and nights, it abated and at last ceased. One of the grandest sights of all was the burning of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been the best example of the various styles of architecture in the whole world. Many great men had planned its building, but the grand old edifice was doomed. The fine tower, once the highest in Europe, was soon wrapped in flames, until it seemed an immense beacon over a fiery sea, pointing the way to heaven. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable and its beauty was terrific and enthralling. Streams of molten lead poured off the roof and ran hissing down the gutters of the streets as lava pours down the sides of a volcano, carrying all before them in their destructive course. The effects of the fire were highly beneficial; for all the old, narrow, unhealthy streets were burned down, and wider ones substituted. St. Paul's Cathedral was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in an entirely different style which, if not quite as beautiful as Inigo Jones's Gothic structure, has still a grandeur of its own, and will for ever remain

"AERO CLUB NO 2." ASCENDING FROM BECKENHAM ON JULY 12, 1905.

Photo. by Cyril Cole.

as a specimen of that great architect's best work.

JOHN THOMAS.

A Cricketing Tragedy.

JIM *Jackson* was a budding pro.
Who loved a *Darling* girl called Mabel,
And *Wood* have married her, but was
Not quite financially *Abel*.

But Mabel's pa, with *Hawke*-like eye,
Observed young Jim one *Knight* embrace her,
When 'neath the *Moon* they said good-bye,
And vowed he should not thus dis*Grace* her.

"You must be mad, my *Mann*," he said,
"Or at the *Least* an idle *Spooner*;
Now *Trott*—you shall not Mabel wed,
I *Warner* I would kill her sooner."

With which he *Cuff*ed our hero's ear,
Who like a *Bird* began to flutter,
While Mabel, *Lillywhite*, with fear,
D-*Hirst* not a syllable to utter.

"Begone!" her pa went on, "make *Hayeste*!
Your *Rhodes* henceforth lie far asunder;
Its neither *Wright* nor to my taste
That Mab by *Foster*ing boys should blunder."

"So go, *Butt* if there come a *Day*
When you as bowler, batsman, *Fielder*,
Are famous for your *Spry*tly play
And want my *Noble* girl, I'll yield her."

And Jim he swore that C. B. Fry,
McLaren, Jones, and Ranjitsinhji,
Would *Fane* implore him by-and-by
Their *Poynts* no more to render dingy.

This done he s*Cuttell*ed out of sight,
And left *Poore* Mab to pa and duty—
To pa, who *Blythe*ly cried, "That's right,
You'll ne'er *Seymour* of him, my beauty!"

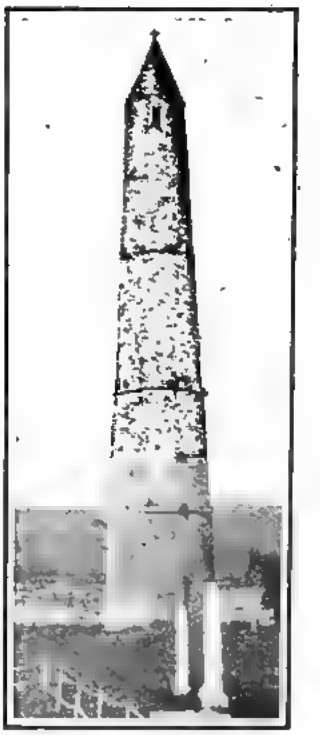
Nor did she, for,'tis sad to s*Tate*,
She wed ere long a wealthy *Mason*,
Which changed ent*Eyre*ly *Jackson's* fate,
And made him sp*Hearne* all consolation.

One morning, in a grassy *Mead*,
A passing *Hunt*sman dead descried him—
The *Gunn* with which he'd done the deed
In *Payne*ful evidence beside him.

"How's THAT?"

[Well, no one can say you *R. A. Duff*-er.—O.F.]

Ardmore Round Tower.



THERE are many of these round towers in Ireland, and it is conjectured that they may have originally been watch-towers, belfries, or telegraphs. Perhaps they served the purpose of landmarks to guide persons flying from justice to sacred spots where they would find sanctuary, or to direct travellers to adjacent monasteries where they could enjoy the good monks' liberal hospitality. The round tower of Ardmore is supposed to have been erected in the fourth century, and is one of the most perfect in Ireland. It is 90 ft. in height, and is called in Celtic "St. Declan's Reed," from the legend that it grew up in one night at the word of St. Declan, who was the first bishop of that part of Ireland.

R. T. ELDERS.

Noonday in Summer.

THE crimson poppies, scorched and tinted brown,
Are slumb'ring in the fields of gilded grain;
A solitary crow ungainly flaps
Across the grey and dusty, lonely road—
A road which seems to lose its musty self
In haze that hides the darken'd hills from view.
The air is sweet with murmur'd melody;
The soft, faint lowing of the cattle steals
Thro' meadows fair and scented pasture land.
And blends harmoniously with dreamy drone
Of unseen guests:
Hush'd are the wilds, for now
The minstrels of the wood have lost themselves
In shady nook of oak and elm, to 'scape
The glowing sun; slowly the river flows,
And foxgloves droop to kiss the dancing rays
That flit across the surface of the stream;
And on it all, on all the beauteous land,
The fiery sun relentlessly looks down!

JAS. MCGREGOR.

COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Last day for sending in, September 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, October 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class, ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 18.

The Results will be published in November.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***Scholarship-Appointment Competition.***—See "Editorial."

No. 2.—***"'Captain' Birthday Book."***—This time take the month of *October* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season October falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes. Class I. a "Guinea Klito" camera. Classes II. and III., a No. 2 "Scout" Camera, value 10*s.*, manufactured by Houghtons, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	. No age limit.
Class II.	. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	. Age limit: Sixteen.

No 3.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10*s.* 6*d.*

Class I.	. No age limit.
Class II.	. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—***"My Twelve Favourite Characters in 'Captain' Fiction."***—State, on a post-card, the twelve characters which have appealed to you most strongly in CAPTAIN serials and series of tales, such as "Tales of Wrykyn," "At Hickson's," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Tales of Eliza's," &c. On the post-card, write first the name of the character, and in a parallel column the name of the story or series of stories in which the character has appeared, as, for instance:

Sam Weller *Pickwick Papers.*

The sender of the list agreeing most nearly with the votes of the majority will receive a "Swan" Fountain Pen, value 10*s.* 6*d.* (See Prizes page.)

No Age Limit.

No. 5.—***"September Celebrities."***—Our monthly "Event" Competition having run for a year, we will now change its nature to that of celebrities only. Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of September. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. We hope to publish the pick of the event essays during the next twelve months, and we can recommend it as a feature that will be educational as well as interesting in a general way. Prizes: Three Gradidge Footballs, value 10*s.* 6*d.* (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—***"Ideal Number Competition."***—For particulars of this see "Editorial." Prize: A New Columbia Graphophone, value 17*s.* 6*d.* (See Prizes page.)

No Age Limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***October 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial September Competitions."

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Our next Volume.—For Vol. XIV. I have arranged a much shorter programme of regular features than is usually the case, my reason for this change being that with a considerable number of features scheduled—good word that, Jones Minor!—to appear regularly throughout the volume, I have too little space left in which to print all sorts of interesting matter that is languishing in my capacious "ACCEPTED" drawer. The result of my shortened programme will be that you will be able to open each new number of Vol. XIV. with a much greater degree of curiosity than that by which you have been inspired during the run of this present volume. Practically, with the exception of the serial and the series that are, so to speak, nailed down on the counter for Vol. XIV., you won't know what's coming. But you may be quite sure that what *does* come will be jolly good, Jones Minor!

VOL. XIV.

The White Feather.
(SERIAL.)
A Public School Story.
By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

An Awkward Charge.
A Series of South African Tales.
By BERTRAM MITFORD.

Contributors to the October No. will include: F. C. SELOUS, DAVID KER, HERBERT COMPTON, R. S. WARREN BELL, and the Usual Experts.

With the present issue of THE CAPTAIN we bid farewell to some interesting friends. We leave John Baywood happily married to Verity Whalley, and I think you will agree with me that we owe Mr. Crosfield cordial thanks for the pleasant hours we have spent in his company. In no tale of this nature that I have read for years has the author caught the style of his period more happily than has Mr. Crosfield in "The Adventures of John Baywood." Then, again, Mr. Ellbar's big warships pass out of our sight, though they will reappear, no doubt, at various times. "Hickson's" red-brick walls also go on vacation, after doing duty for eleven months in THE CAPTAIN. As it arrived too late for publication in this number, the twelfth story of the series will be published later on—possibly in our Christmas number. And yet again, we shake a very old friend by the hand in parting with Mr. Franklin Welles Calkins, of the U.S.A., whose "Tales of the Far West" have been appearing in our pages for a period of over two years. He is now verily an "auld acquaintance," and we bid him adieu with a hearty grip and—what is that I hear you say, Jones Minor?—and, yes, a tear in the eye. In my eye as well as your eye, Mr. Jones.

The White Feather.—Short stories are all very well, but I think the majority of CAPTAIN readers will be glad to hear that in our next volume Mr. Pelham Wodehouse will be represented by a full-fledged serial, in which he has worked out an excellent plot. Once again the scene is Wrykyn School, and again the hero is a prefect. The character of the story may largely be

inferred from its title. The hero shows the white feather—under what circumstances you must wait until next month to find out. Then follows the painful period in which he works out his redemption—and I may tell you that the noble art of self-defence plays no small part in that period. Mr. Wodehouse has a keen eye for every side of school life, and he is particularly far-seeing in his summing up of the characters of masters as well as of boys. Again, owing to the fact that it was not many years ago that he was a school-boy himself, and that he has ever since kept closely in touch with his old school, he is able to write from the standpoint of the boy in a manner which must appeal to all boy readers. Throughout the tale one cannot but chuckle over the gay wit which characterises all his work, which work, by the way, appears to find favour with the most discriminating gentlemen who at the time of writing are perspiring in editorial chairs. You may with confidence look forward to this new story from his pen, and if every CAPTAIN subscriber would like to tell his non-subscribing friends—should any such extraordinary people exist in his own particular circle—that next month is *the* time to start taking in THE CAPTAIN.

"An Awkward Charge," the only other new feature announced, is the general title given to a series of tales of adventure in South Africa. Mr. Bertram Mitford is one of the best-known and most popular writers of Southern African stories, and many of you will already be acquainted with the books by which he has won his reputation—"The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider,"—to name only a few. The hero of these adventures is a young Englishman entrusted to the care of an old and experienced hunter, who finds him in truth an "awkward charge." As you are aware, I always endeavour to enlist in THE CAPTAIN'S service writers who know their ground thoroughly. That Mr. Mitford is such an one may be gathered from a terse sentence forming part of his biography in *Who's Who*: "Career varied: mostly South African."

Mr. Selous.—Apropriately enough, the most famous big-game hunter of modern times will bear Mr. Mitford company in our October number. Mr. F. C. Selous, the celebrated shot, will describe the killing of his first elephant. His contribution does not take the form of a story so much as an expanded extract from a diary. He tells, in simple, direct language, how he went out, found his elephant, and shot it—since which time he has shot many a score. Another noteworthy contribution to our October number is by Mr. David Ker, who tells a tale about Alexander II., Czar of Russia. Mr. Herbert Compton, whose name will also be familiar to many of our readers, will be represented by an Indian military story—so that, what with Australia, South Africa, and India, our friend Jones Minor will next month be transported in spirit many thousands of miles from his class-room, which ought to satisfy even his almost insatiable thirst for travel *via* THE CAPTAIN'S monthly trips to the tropics!

An Ideal Number.—A correspondent ("Martin") begs to inform me that, in his opinion, we have too many "Corners," and that there ought to be more stories. "With most of your readers," he says, "stories come first." I have myself always been of the same opinion, my good "Martin." I believe THE CAPTAIN is bought first and foremost for its stories, and that the Corners are not of very great interest to our younger readers. But I know each Corner has its distinct following, and that numbers of readers would be very disappointed if any one Corner was left out. The question always is: What does the *majority* want? After all, it is only fair that the great bulk of readers should have first say, for the magazine depends on their support, and they certainly ought to have what they desire. I am, therefore, this month, setting an "Ideal Number" Competition. This may assist me in arriving at a pretty correct idea as to what the majority of readers want. Looking through the August number, I note that the contents run as follows:

(1) Serial Story.
(2) Athletic Corner.
(3) Short Story.
(4) Article.
(5) Short Story.
(6) Photographic Gallery.
(7) Camera Corner.
(8) Short Story.
(9) Cycling Corner.
(10) Short Story.
(11) Stamp Corner.
(12) Short Story.
(13) Article.

THE REV. ARTHUR CHILTON, M.A., THE NEWLY APPOINTED HEADMASTER OF THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

(14) Competitions.
(15) Short Story.
(16) Naturalists' Corner.
(17) "Captain" Club Contributions.
(18) Editorial.
(19) Answers to Correspondents.
(20) Results of Competitions.

I will ask you to frame your lists on this basis. We will say a number contains twenty features. Tell us what you would like those twenty features to be. If you think any particular Corner is unnecessary leave it out and substitute something else. Personally, I think it would be hard to better this list of August contents. You have a serial, six short stories, five "Corners," two general articles, and the usual stationary

features. It must be recollected that another usual feature is "School Magazines." If this item had appeared, the No. 13 article would probably have been omitted. Do not, therefore, forget this feature when making out your lists.

Scholarship Competition. — I have pleasure in announcing particulars of a Scholarship, value £25, offered for competition among readers of THE CAPTAIN by Mr. James Munford, Director of Kensington College, an institution which makes a speciality of training members of both sexes for commercial life, private secretary work, &c. The competition takes the form of a general intelligence paper, and is open to all readers who have not, at the time of entering, attained the age of twenty-two. Mr. Munford will himself adjudicate on the papers submitted, and wishes it to be known that extra marks will be given for good, clear handwriting, correct grammar and punctuation, and elegance of composition. The winner of this scholarship will be entitled to one year's training at the College and to a satisfactory appointment when qualified. No reply to a question is to exceed 400 words in length. Replies are to be written on ordinary foolscap paper, or paper of the kind used in school examinations, and only one side of the paper is to be used. The replies should be directed to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN in the usual way, the envelopes being marked "Scholarship - Appointment Competition." The competition is open to both sexes. In order to allow time for our Colonial readers to compete, the competition will remain open for three months, viz., until November 18, 1905.

It is an enterprising move on the part of the Director of Kensington College to offer this scholarship for competition, and I have no doubt that there will be a large number of entrants. A further inducement to compete takes the shape of extra prizes offered by THE CAPTAIN—*i.e.*, a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Eighteen; a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Sixteen; and a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a Colonial candidate. The following are the questions to be answered:

(1) Do you think too much time is given in our Public Schools to athletics? What is likely to be the result on the welfare of the nation if such be the case?

(2) What are the principal qualities of heart, mind, and body to which may be attributed the wonderful success of the Japanese? What is the real cause of the Russian defeat?

(3) What is knowledge? State clearly the use and abuse of books in the acquisition of the same.

(4) What is geography? Describe geographically any portion of England, large or small, with which you are *personally* acquainted.

(5) (*a*) Give a short historical account of the means by which the English people have secured their exceptional liberties; or (*b*) give a short account of the reign of Queen Victoria, with special reference to the advance in literature, science, arts, and manufactures.

(6) What living author may be said to hold out promise of being the most lasting of his generation?

(7) Comment on the saying, "Experentia docet."

(8) Divide 14,678,948 by 358.

(9) Multiply 3.4678 by .056789 correct to three places of decimals.

(10) A dealer marks his goods so as to allow himself 15 per cent. above the cost price, but gives his customers a reduction of 5 per cent. off the marked prices for ready money. What percentage of profit does he make on a cash sale?

Public School Sports.—I find I made a mistake in giving W. H. Dunnett's time for the 100 Yards as 10½ sec., at the Ipswich School Sports. The correct time was 10½ sec. This ("Wellingtonian" informs me) was beaten this year by Wahab, of Wellington College, with 10⅝ sec. In the Hurdles W. H. Dunnett must also take second place to Shakespear, of Wellington, whose time was 16⅝ sec., which is considerably superior to Dunnett's 17⅓ sec., and, indeed, ⅓ sec. better than that accomplished by Stronach, the Amateur Champion, at the Championships Meeting on July 1. With these superior times to their credit, it would have been interesting had Wahab and Shakespear turned out to oppose Dunnett at Stamford Bridge on the occasion of the Public Schools Championships Meeting, July 29, when Dunnett easily won the Challenge Cup for most points scored, and established a record for the Long Jump (20 ft. 10½ in.). I append results of this meeting as well as a long list of other scholastic sports results. It will be observed that E. R. S. Taylor was the winner of eight events at King William's College Sports.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(*Stamford Bridge, July 29.*)

100 Yards.—G. H. Weller (University Coll. Sch.), 10⅝ sec.

High Jump.—No one opposed W. H. Dunnett, who had already accomplished 5 ft. 5½ in. at Ipswich. He had three jumps, and after negotiating 5 ft. 1 in., retired. The record for this event is 5 ft. 5½ in.

440 Yards.—T. F. Muncey (University Coll. Sch.), 56⅗ sec.

Long Jump.—W. H. Dunnett, 20 ft. 10½ in., this beating the record, previously held by N. S. A. Harrison of Haileybury, with 20 ft. 4½ in.

880 Yards.—S. P. L. Lloyd (S. E. College, Ramsgate), 2 min. 6 sec.

Mile.—S. P. L. Lloyd, 5 min. 12⅕ sec.

Three-quarter-mile Steeplechase.—H. G. Yates, Battersea Grammar School), 4 min. 37⅕ sec.

[*We are indebted to the "Sportsman" for these results.*]

SCOTTISH INTER-UNIVERSITY.

Mile.—A. M. Matthews (Edinburgh), 4 min. 4⅘ sec.
Half-mile.—C. C. Twist (Aberdeen), 2 min. 2⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—W. H. Welsh (Edinburgh), 52⅗ sec.
220 Yards.—J. P. Stark (Glasgow), 22⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—J. P. Stark (Glasgow), 10⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—H. R. Neilson (Aberdeen).
High Jump.—G. M. Bain (Aberdeen) and G. H. Wilson (Glasgow), 5 ft. 7 in.
Long Jump.—G. Carmichael (Edinburgh), 20 ft. ½ in.
Hammer.—R. Gunn (Glasgow), 111 ft. 4 in.
Weight.—R. Gunn (Glasgow).

GLASGOW INTER-SCHOLASTIC.

Mile.—W. Turner (High School), 5 min. 28 sec.
Quarter-mile.—C. H. Stewart (Allan Glen's), 57⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—C. H. Stewart (Allan Glen's), 11 sec.
Hurdles.—D. Gray (Allan Glen's), 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—A. Harley (Allen Glen's), and D. Gray (Allan Glen's), 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—J. W. Findlay (High School), 18 ft. 4⅘ in.
Cricket Ball.—F. Mackinnon (Greenock Academy), 92 yd. 1 ft. 2 in.
Weight.—W. M'Innes (High School), 34 ft. 8 in.

ALLAN GLEN'S SCHOOL, GLASGOW.

Half-mile.—C. H. Stewart, 2 min. 31⅘ sec.
300 Yards.—S. Jeffery, 33⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—C. H. Stewart, 10⅘ sec.
High Jump.—A. Sayers, 5 ft. 1⅘ in.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. H. Harding, 5 min. 5⅘ sec.
Half-mile.—E. A. Knight, 2 min. 17⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—W. T. Wetenhall, 55⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—W. T. Wetenhall, 24⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—W. T. Wetenhall, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—V. C. Woodroffe, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—J. C. Rennie, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—V. C. Woodroffe, 17 ft. 8 in
Cricket Ball.—A. J. M. Owen and J. A. M. Spice, 75 yd. 2 ft.
Weight.—A. W. Barrett, 23 ft. 7 in.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE.

Mile.—Hollington, 5 min. 24 sec.
Half-mile.—Relton, 2 min. 10⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Hollington, 59⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—Smithers, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—Browne, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—Simson, 17 ft. 2⅘ in.
Cricket Ball.—Simson, 85 yd. 1 ft.
Weight.—Campbell, 28 ft. 7⅘ in.

HERETAUNGA SCHOOL, NEW ZEALAND.

Half-mile.—F. Quinlivian, 2 min. 16 sec.
Quarter-mile.—N. Clarkson, 53⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—L. Arthur, 25 sec.
100 Yards.—K. Ellison, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—F. O'Reilly, 18⅘ sec.
High Jump.—C. Hobbs, 4 ft. 9 in.
Long Jump.—N. Beatson, 17 ft. 4 in.

KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN.

Mile.—E. R. S. Taylor, 5 min. 14 sec.
Quarter-mile.—E. R. S. Taylor, 58⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—E. R. S. Taylor, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—E. R. S. Taylor, 18⅘ sec.
High Jump.—E. R. S. Taylor, 5 ft. 2⅘ in.
Long Jump.—E. R. S. Taylor, 17 ft. 8⅘ in.
Cricket Ball.—E. R. S. Taylor, 84 yd. 8 in.
Weight.—E. R. S. Taylor, 31 ft. 7⅘ in.

W. H. DUNNETT (IPSWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL), WINNER OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP CUP, 1905.
Photo. by Adolphus Tear.

JAMAICA COLLEGE.

Mile.—Brown, 5 min. 23 sec.
Half-mile.—Brown, 2 min. 13 sec.
Quarter-mile.—Brown, 51 sec.
100 Yards.—Brown, 11⅘ sec.
High Jump.—Levy, 5 ft. ⅘ in.
Long Jump.—Simms, 16 ft. 10 in.
Cricket Ball.—Baines, 90 yd. 2 ft. 8 in.

MERCERS' SCHOOL.

Mile.—D. E. Sinclair, 5 min. 59⅘ sec.
Half-mile.—H. J. Ellard, 2 min. 26⅘ sec.
660 Yards.—H. J. Ellard, 1 min. 44⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. J. Ellard, 1 min.

100 Yards.—H. J. Ellard, 12⅘ sec.
High Jump.—W. Morris, 4 ft. 7 in.
Long Jump.—E. S. Parnwell 15 ft. 5½ in.
Cricket Ball.—W. Morris, 78 yd. 1 ft.

MILL HILL.

Ten Miles.—T. L. McGeorge, 61 min. 17 sec.
Mile.—T. L. McGeorge, 5 min. 18⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—A. T. Waite, 58½ sec.
100 Yards.—N. A. Dore, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—F. E. Franklin, 20⅘ sec.
High Jump.—A. T. Waite, 4 ft. 11½ in.
Long Jump.—A. T. Waite, 18 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—A. T. Waite, 86 yd. 1 ft. 9 in.
Weight.—C. S. Williams, 29 ft. 2½ in.

SHREWSBURY.

Two Miles.—Dyson, 10 min. 45½ sec
Mile.—Dyson, 5 min. ½ sec.
Half-mile.—Gaskell, 2 min. 12½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Anderson, 58 sec.
100 Yards.—Anderson, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles —Cranstoun, 20½ sec.
High Jump.—Acton, 5 ft. 2 in.
Long Jump.—F. J. Roberts, 18 ft. 7 in.
Cricket Ball.—V. Leake, 82 yd. 2 ft. 5 in.
Weight.—Roberts, 29 ft. 5 in.

ST. JOHN'S, LEATHERHEAD.

Mile.—Park, 4 min. 57⅘ sec.
Half-mile.—Park, 2 min. 12⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Park, 57⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Stanway, 11¼ sec.
Hurdles.—Hopkins (major), 20½ sec.
High Jump.—Hopkins (major), 4 ft. 7 in.
Long Jump.—Fletcher, 19 ft. 5⅘ in.
Cricket Ball.—Fletcher, 82 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

Half-mile.—P. Norwood, 2 min. 19 sec.
Quarter-mile.—P. Norwood, 1 min. 4 sec.
220 Yards.—R. Fleet, 27 sec.
100 Yards.—P. Norwood, 11⅘ sec.
High Jump.—F. Mackenzie, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—F. Mackenzie, 14 ft.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, HARLOW.

Three Miles.—D. De Lisle, 16 min.
Mile.—D. De Lisle, 4 min. 55 sec.
Half-mile.—D. De Lisle, 2 min. 18⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—C. E. Sweney, 26 sec.
100 Yards.—C. E. Sweney, 10½ sec.
Hurdles.—C. H. Bacon 17⅘ sec.
Long Jump.—C. E. Evans, 17 ft. 10 in.

ST. OLAVE'S SCHOOL, SOUTHWARK.

Two Miles.—A. Hughes, 11 min. 9⅘ sec.
Mile.—F. J. A. Anderson, 70 sec.
Quarter-mile.—E. P. Vernall, 57⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—E. P. Vernall, 25⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—E. P. Vernall, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—G. W. Thomsett, 20⅘ sec.
High Jump.—R. M. Ramage, 4 ft. 8 in.
Long Jump.—E. P. Vernall, 20 ft. 8½ in.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, LONDON.

Mile.—J. F. G. R. Haywood, 5 min 7⅘ sec.
Half-mile.—J. B. Richardson, 2 min. 11⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—T. F. Muncey, 55⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—G. H. Weller, 26 sec.
100 Yards.—G. H. Weller, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—J. D. Jones, 21 sec.
High Jump.—C. H. Medlock, 4 ft. 9 in.
Long Jump.—J. D. Jones, 19 ft. 1½ in.
Cricket Ball.—C. K. Roberts, 89 yd. 5½ in.

WATSON'S COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

Mile.—W. N. Sutherland, 5 min. 24 sec.
Quarter-mile.—A. Morrison, 61⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—A. Morrison, 11⅘ sec.
High Jump.—W. Robb, 4 ft. 9½ in
Long Jump.—A. Morrison, 16 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—A. Morrison, 92 yd. 1 ft. 10 in.

Sitting on the Splice.

["*Sitting on the splice*": a technical expression for refusing to hit and keeping up one's wicket regardless of anything else.—CRICKET DICTIONARY.]

I'm sitting on the splice, Mary,
Where I sat years ago;
I've counted well the price, Mary,
For one must live, you know.
I make good sportsmen mad with rage:
They scout the mean device.
Who cares? I get my average
By sitting on the splice!

I'm sitting on the splice, Mary,
But not by all I'm hissed.
The ha'penny Press is nice, Mary;
It has an Honour List.
The match may go: the game may rot:
But I'll be "not-out" twice.
I think, my dear, I know what's what
In sitting on the splice.

I'm sitting on the splice, Mary,—
The fool would have a dash:
He'd vanish in a trice, Mary,
Whilst I collect the cash.
The little house is took, Mary;
Our banns have been called thrice.
I've proved I know my book, Mary,
In sitting "for the splice."

"THE CARP."

"Captain" Bookshelf: There are a few books on my table which have not been included in our ordinary review pages, but which nevertheless deserve mention.

First comes *The Boys' Handy Book*, by D. C. Beard (George Newnes, Ltd., 6s.). In holiday time, when the boy is frequently thrown upon his own resources for amusement, *The Boys' Handy Book* will prove an invaluable companion. Mr. Beard suggests and explains in an interesting way amusing occupations for all seasons and all ages.

The Pigeon's Cave, by J. S. Fletcher

THE REV A E. HILLIARD M A , THE NEW HIGH MASTER OF ST PAUL S SCHOOL

(Partridge and Co., 1*s.* 6*d.*), is a stirring tale of French smugglers and hidden treasure. It will prove a welcome addition to any boy's library.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant, by F. T. Montgomery (Ward, Lock and Co.), is a modern fairy-tale full of astounding adventures. The style is crude and unformed, but the tale will doubtless prove of interest to small children. The illustrations are as quaint as the story.

Brown, A1, by E. M. Stooke (Partridge and Co., 1*s.* 6*d.*), is an interesting tale of a school-boy's life on a farm. The plot is well worked out and the characters well drawn while the tone is unimpeachable. Mr. Staney Wood has provided some excellent illustrations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Indian Civil Service.—"May I be allowed" (writes "W. J. C.") "to correct an error in your 'Answers to Correspondents' for July? In replying to S. H. V. you state that the limits of age for the Indian Civil Service Examination is 21 to 23 years. Under the new regulations for 1906 the limits of age are 22 and 24 on August 1 of the year in which the examination is held. Thus, personally, I am 20 on August 21 of this year, so that I have four more years before I must absolutely take the exam., although I intend to take it at the end of three, if possible. I think that most 'Varsity men take the exam. at the end of their *fourth* year, and not third, unless they are very good. Having been at Cambridge a year, I am taking it on a fourth year's work only, as I do not intend to let it interfere with Tripos work. The article in the number for August, 1900 (evidently written by an Oxford man), is only applicable to very few cases, viz., Classics who have the inclination (and money) to go abroad to study modern languages. But of twenty-five

successful candidates from Cambridge in 1904, twelve had, as their strong subject, classics, and eleven, mathematics or science. Thus, mathematics or science require as much looking after as classics, *especially* so under the new regulations, for in each branch the maximum marks are now 2400, whereas they used to be 1800. Thus in the two overlapping subjects it is possible to obtain 4800 marks. The maximum marks obtainable in the exam. are now limited to 6000—so that, by taking the essay (500), a mathematical or science candidate can only take another subject, and he has his choice of English history, political economy, economic history, political science, &c. A classical candidate can only obtain 1800 from Latin and Greek combined, 1200 from French and German, and 500 from the essay, leaving 2500 to be obtained from subjects about which the candidate will know little probably. From this it will be seen that under the new regulations a mathematical or science candidate has an enormous advantage."

"Rhodensvendsky" has a desire to contribute a serial story to our columns, and wants to know what kind of paper he is to write it on, what ink to use, and "will I send the whole complete story together or in pieces?"—If "Rhod" (&c.) has any regard for me, he will wait a few years before sending that serial story in. A bootmaker setting to work on a pair of boots doesn't generally start by asking a customer what sort of leather he ought to use and what sort of thread he ought to sew the leather together with. Surely "Rhod" (&c.)'s sense must tell him that stories are written on ordinary lined or plain foolscap paper in blue or black ink. I may add that only one side of the paper is written on, and that the sheets are as a rule fixed together with a paper fastener. However, before hurling a serial at my devoted head, I think "Rhod" (&c.) had better climb the literary ladder by more gentle degrees and try me with a CAPTAIN Club Contribution. This will serve as an indication of his style, and pave the way for more ambitious efforts.

"Canadian" wishes me to explain the duties of a "Monitor" in an English public school—does he, for instance, have charge of the small boys out of school, and has he power to "spank"? I think "Canadian" could gather a good deal of information on this point by reading the public school tales we publish, and by studying such works as "Acton's Feud" (3*s.* 6*d.*), "Tales of Greyhouse" (3*s.* 6*d.*), &c., obtainable through any bookseller or from this office. A monitor is supposed to keep a general eye on the behaviour of his "house" and the school generally, and as a rule is allowed to "spank" in moderation. A bad case is, of course, sent to the house-master to be dealt with, and if it is very bad the latter passes it on to the Head. A public-school monitor does not, out of school, "shepherd" the small boys, but wherever he may happen to be he is supposed to see that the school rules are obeyed, and he may give lines or "cane" if he happens across a violation of them. I may add in conclusion that the "tone" of a public school depends almost entirely on the way the monitors discharge their duties.

Reader A.—To belong to the CAPTAIN Club you must be a regular subscriber to the magazine. If somebody else presents you regularly with the half-yearly volumes, that also serves as a qualification. Members contribute to the pages set apart for them, and are allowed to write to our experts for advice. We have discontinued the practice of sending advice from our experts by post, as this entails too much work on those busy gentlemen. The only official who replies by post is your humble servant the present writer, and he only answers sensible questions. Letters to all CAPTAIN departments should be kept as short as possible.

A Girl Captainite.—(1) Do not "swot" during the few days that precede an examination, but go over your notes gently, looking up and making certain about knotty points. Get as much fresh air as possible meanwhile, but do not overtire yourself with violent exercise. During an examination be sure to get plenty of sleep. Don't sit up late cramming the next day's subjects. (2) You can get a good photo of the Australians from T. G. Foster, Brighton.

Rona Sails.—Your tale is similar to most tales we receive from authors of 13½. The story-telling instinct is displayed in a very crude, amateurish form. It is the sort of tale that is printed in the Children's Corner of ladies' papers. You ask for my opinion, and there it is, and I hope your feelings won't be hurt by it, my dear. When you are 20½ or 21½ you may be able to write a tale, or possibly before. Time will show, Miss Rona.

C. H. C. (1) asks me to correct a mis-statement made in a letter which I published by him concerning the headmaster of Lord Weymouth's Grammar School. Mr. Blaxter, the headmaster, was never the amateur champion runner at 100 yd., but he was a fine runner in his time, and competed with the champions. (2) The poem is written skilfully and is a praiseworthy production.

Eastern Telegraph Company Clerkships.—In correction of my answer to a correspondent in the June No., M. S. H., writes: "The age for entering the E. T. C. is under 17 years. There is no fee for examination, but a premium of £48 has to be paid, and the Secretary's address is Electra House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C."

Bernard Weaver.—I will publish your description of the aloe in the C.C. pages if you will send a really good photo of the plant. The print you enclose is a poor one, and would not reproduce satisfactorily.

Spurgeon Parker.—For particulars *re* musical examinations write to: James Muir, Esq., Secretary, Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, 14 Hanover Square, W.

C. J. A.—Communicate with the Secretary of the Library Association, 20 Hanover Square, London, W., which grants certificates to young men desiring to qualify for appointments in libraries.

A Captainite and R.N.—Particulars *re* paymasterships in the Navy can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners. See reply to "Would-be Sailor" last June, *re* post as purser.

Yorkshireman.—Full particulars regarding "Yorkshiremen in London" can be obtained from H. J. Barker, Esq., 54 Cromford Road, East Putney, S.W.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from R. W. Jowsey, "Amelia," John Kingon, F. Dielanangerede (Darjeeling), "S. B. W.," W. J. White, "Rip" (your article doesn't tell us enough about the subject), R. J. Evans (very glad to hear you are up again), "Lavengro" (try your hand at a less hackneyed subject), J. J. S. (sorry; office dog), "A. A. A."

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"First XI. v. Rest of England."

(One age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: J. A. Bray, 14 Jidget Street, Lindley, Huddersfield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: William C. Cooper, 7 Montgomerie Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow; A. Tapply, Thorndale, Wateringbury; C. H. Joynt, 116 Eglantine Avenue, Belfast.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Warren, W. Stead, Goronwy Williams, H. M. Wharry, S. H. Vigor, Maurice H. Pugh, W. E. Goldring, F. H. Krohn, James Todd, Frank P. Ray, L. H. Maynard, William Gemmill.

No. II.—"My Most Exciting Experience while Awheel."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "BROOKS" B15 PATENT ROAD-RACING SADDLE: George Long, The Shrubbery, Whitchurch, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. T. Harman, A. A. Kerridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NEW DEPARTURE CYCLOMETER: W. F. B. Darvill, 26 Arthur Road, Holloway, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Bertram Poole, 34 Mall, Waterford, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. James, G. Austen Taylor, Fred Hill, Edith O. Watford, J. E. Patterson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NEW DEPARTURE CYCLOMETER: C. Quaile, 25 West Bank Road, Birkenhead.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frank Craven Carter, Cravenherst, Prior Park Road, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Osborn Hart, Vivian Davies, H. M. Barnes, R. G. White.

No. III.—"Drawing of a Tree."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF NO. 0 "MIDG" CAMERA: Horace A. Rainbow, 246 King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: T. J. Gillott, Upland House, Eastwood, Notts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Baron, Harold Whitaker, Alfred Adams, Constance H. Greaves, J. Dixon, W. S. Morley, Daisy Smith, Owen Coghlan, Mark Head.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Frieda E. Myers, "Parkfield," St. Asaph, North Wales.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred Adams, 4 St. James Street, Ashted, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Louis Tighe, R. Weatherley, Frank Gunn, Ada P. Foggs, Randolph L. Pawlby, Eastland Staveley, Ruth Bannister, C. Crowsley, D. G. Wise.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Leslie Collins, Woodside, Knockholt, nr. Sevenoaks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Myfanwy Pryce, The Deanery, St. Asaph, North Wales.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Charles Boswell, Ruth Righton, Charles Gordon Bennett, Peter Worstanley, John H. N. Craigen, Nellie Bilbrow, B. Davies, A. M. James, J. Gray, Raymond Walker, Force Spooner.

No. IV.—"A July Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" BAT: Alfred W. Dobbin, Frankfort, Montenotte, Cork.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Bernard Weaver, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, East Dereham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom E. Forster, Charles H. Stonham, George F. Russell, Percy Hodgkinson, Ernest Coghlan, Alan Marples, G. Austen Taylor, Joseph W. Dell, W. L. Dudley, Fred Hill, Herbert E. Cooke, Frances Whittingham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" KODAK: D. Tilford Boyd, 8 Willowbank Street, Antrim Road, Belfast.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. J. Evans, 77 High Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire; G. Warren, 17 Welbeck Mansions, Inglewood Road, West Hampstead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. H. Pullon, Ethel Vetley, Dorothy Osmond, J. J. Johnson, W. H. Strike, H. B. Champion, Alfred G. Wills, H. B. Higginbottom, E. G. Coomes, Swinburn S. Cherry, Esmé M. Parkinson, J. Harold Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" KODAK: Sidney Richardson, 8 Jardine Street, Wincobank, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joan Malvin, Eric Hodgson, Barbara Aitchison, Stewart St. B. Collins, Andrew B. Hodge, Fred Julian.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. S. Maples, Hopton, Mirfield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. T. Roberts, 40 Wingfield Road, Gravesend.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George A. Cumming, P. G. Cumming, Harry W. Witcombe, A. Ward, Herbert Cummins, Howard W. Durrans, T. Pape, K. Reeves, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. Gundry (jun.), Hope House, Balby, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. E. White, Frank Foxcroft, G. S. B. Cushnie, William G. Briggs, W. Seward Gales, C. G. Gordon-Soutar, J. J. R. H. Oldham, C. M. Finny, A. L. Pentelow, C. R. Byers, Ernest Townsend, J. M. Dawkins.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Cyril Cole, "Tespor," Hayne Road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Alice Hilton, H. J. Sanders, F. Russell Sadd, Mary M. Hughes, Vyvyan R. Poole, Morley Copeman, G. F. Stephenson, Maurice Edward Nolan, P. C. Graham, Leonard Pearce, James Althans Talbot.

No. VI.—"'Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Muriel Hall, 43 Victoria Road North, Southsea, Portsmouth.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: John Leigh Turner, "Ingersley," Shaw Heath, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, May MacCowen Hall, R. T. Glás Fryn, Albert Kerridge, Edith M. Nanson, W. Macpherson, Evelyn Hewitt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Evelyn Byrde, Wadworthy Rectory, Honiton, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda M. Nield, Ethel M. Parsons, Bernard Weaver, Dorothy Nanson, Ernest Coghlan, Harold F. Rowe, E. M. Gough.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Elsie Price, Bushey View, Hampton Wick, Middlesex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Dorothy Osmond, Rewe, nr. Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Leslie Cranfield, Dorothy Dale, T. B. Stewart Thomson, Myfanwy Pryce, Winifred Dawson, Olive M. Tomkins.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(June.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Leslie H. Burket, Blue Bonnets, near Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin Smellie (India), C. H. Roulder (Canada), H. Goodbrand (Natal), Sybil E. Hastings (India), D. G. Harris (India), Egerton W. Melville (Jamaica).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. Delmangerede, St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Florence Hutson (Barbados).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: T. T. Waddington, Woodlands, Pembroke, Bermuda.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric C. Morris (Canada), A. G. Allison (India), Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal), Alfred Keen (Canada), L. C. Hutson (Barbados), B. G. Twyeross (Cape Colony), H. Goodbrand.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. Bowley, Lilliesleaf, Drake Street, Observatory Road, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. G. Timson (U.S.A.), A. G. Allison.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: The Rev. P. H. Kirkham, St. Luke's, S.P.G., Toungoo, Burmah.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the July Competitions.

No. I.—The winning lists, decided by vote, are as follows:

"*First XI.*"—Jackson (capt.), Fry, Maclaren, Tyldesley, Bosanquet, Hirst, Rhodes, Hayward, Lilley, Arnold, Jessop.

"*Rest of England.*"—Warner (capt.), A. O. Jones, Martyn, Warren, J. Gunn, Tremonger, R. E. Foster, Denton, Lees, Haigh, Blythe.

No. II.—"Exciting" indeed were most of the experiences related, and I congratulate all prize-winners on being alive to tell the tale!

No. III.—Several excellent studies were submitted, but the chief fault of the great majority was that the trees were not drawn from life.

No. IV.—Quite the favourite "July Event" chosen for essay was the Spanish Armada; others were the Relief of Londonderry, the Storming of the Bastille, the War of American Independence, the Battle of Sedgemoor, the Royal Visit to Sheffield, and the Third Test Match. The essays as a whole were not up to the usual high standard of excellence.

No. V.—The photographs were considerably below the average in quality in all Classes.

No. VI.—There were not quite so many entries as usual this month, but some excellent artistic efforts were submitted, the drawings by Albert Albrow deserving special mention. Please keep quotations fairly short, and "do not neglect the CAPTAIN" when making your choice.

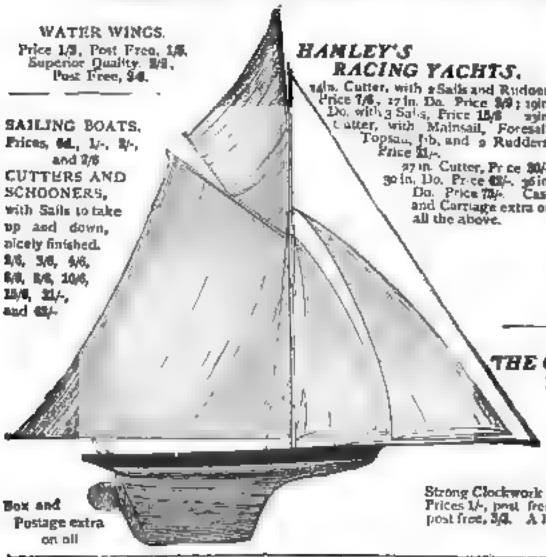
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S SPORTS AND NOVELTIES.

WATER WINGS.
Price 1/3, Post Free, 1/8.
Superior Quality, 2/3,
Post Free, 2/6.

SAILING BOATS.
Prices, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, and 2/6

CUTTERS AND SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down, nicely finished.
2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/6, 21/-, and 42/-



Box and Postage extra on all

HAMLEY'S RACING YACHTS.
14in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 1/6. 17 in. Do. Price 2/9; 19in. Do. with 3 Sails, Price 15/6 23in. Cutter, with Mainsail, Foresail, Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders. Price 21/-.
27 in. Cutter, Price 30/-.
30 in. Do. Price 42/-. 36in. Do. Price 72/-. Case and Carriage extra on all the above.

HAMLEY'S Speciality Boxes of Surprises.
Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 2 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 2 Fifi, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/-, Post Free, 1/3.
Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises, Price 6d., Post Free, 7d.
Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours.
Price 6d.; Post Free 7d.

BOYS' FISHING RODS.
Strong Bamboo and Cane Fishing Rods, 6d. and 2/- each. Post free, 10d. and 1/4. A large assortment, 2/6, 3/9, 4/6, 5/9, 9/6 each. Postage extra on all.
Floats, 2d., 4d., 6d., 9d. each.
Furnishing Lines, 9d., 1/-, 1/3 and 2/9; Postage 3d. extra.
Wynches, 9d., 1/-, 2/6 and 3/9 each. Postage 3d. extra.

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and go in any water or bath. Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3. 1/6, post free, 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free, 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guineas upwards.

SCIENTIFIC KITES.
The Celebrated American Box Kite.
They can be folded up in a small roll, and when opened form the shape of a box; it affords endless amusement to adults.
Made in Paper, 1/-; post free, 1/4.
Made in Linen, 20 in. by 10 in., 2/9; post free, 3/-; 36 in. by 24 in. 4/-; post free, 4/6; 48 in. by 36 in., 5/6; packing 6d. extra; 68 in. by 48 in., 15/-; packing 6d. extra.

PORTABLE KITES.
These Kites are splendid flyers, and have the advantage of being very portable, being so made that they all fold up and go into a case that can be carried in the hand like a stick; they are made of calico, and can be put together in less than a minute.
Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each.
Postage and packing extra.

BIRDS OR HAWK KITES.
These are also made portable, and when opened are in the shape of a bird, they fly well and are much used for sporting purposes.
Price 2/6, 3/6 and 5/- each.
Postage 4d. and 6d. extra.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES { 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.; 202 REGENT ST., W.; 510a & 512 OXFORD ST., W.; 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, W.; 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. } LONDON.

Pitman's Metropolitan School:

THE AVENUE TO BUSINESS SUCCESS.

ARE YOU COMPETENT?

In this age you need to be fully equipped with a sound commercial education if you wish to obtain success in business life. How many people think they are competent to fill a responsible position, only to find, when it's got beyond "thinking," that they are sadly deficient, some even in the elementary principles of commercial routine? Write at once to **Pitman's Metropolitan School**, Southampton Row, London, W.C., who will put you on the right road to commercial success. It is the largest and most up-to-date business school in the world. It has a staff of over 70 qualified teachers, and over 2,000 students secure good positions every year. Young men and women thoroughly taught Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Languages, Elocution, and up-to-date business methods, and coached for all Civil Service and other examinations. Special facilities for evening instruction.

You can study at home. Appointments obtained without charge. Prospectus No. 145 sent free upon request.

THE LARGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

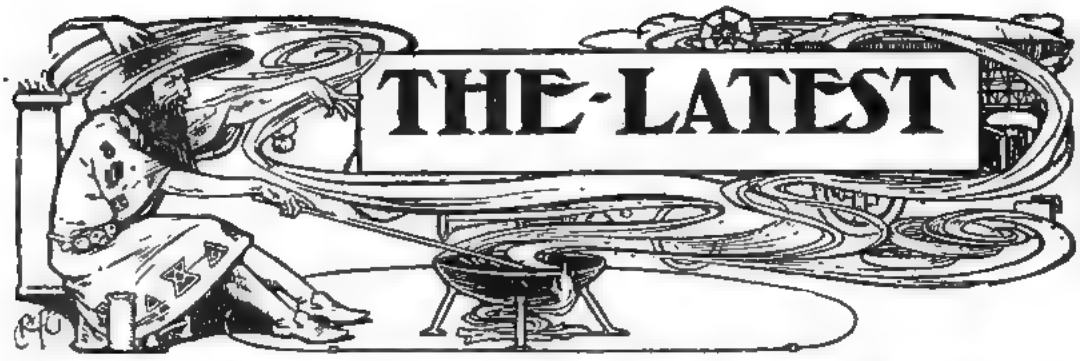
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

NATURAL HISTORY

We keep in stock everything required by Collectors of BIRDS' EGGS BUTTERFLIES, MOTHS etc. Our specimens which are scientifically prepared for long preservation are admired by all. Every description of Apparatus, Cabinet Books, &c. kept

WATKINS & DONCASTER
36 Strand, London, W.C.

PRICE LIST FREE



THE WATER WALKER'S COSTUME.

A Water Walking Suit.

THE accompanying photos show the costume in which Mr. James McEvoy recently walked along the Thames from Charing Cross to Westminster. The suit is so designed that its user easily maintains an upright position, whilst the head and shoulders are quite clear of the water.

The coat, it will be seen, resembles an ordinary pilot coat, but it is fitted with an air belt. The gaiters weigh 2 lb. each and have two brass wings fastened at the back of the heel. These open and shut when the wearer walks in the water, and have the same effect as a pair of oars in propelling a boat.

STROLLING IN THE THAMES.

The Topodict.

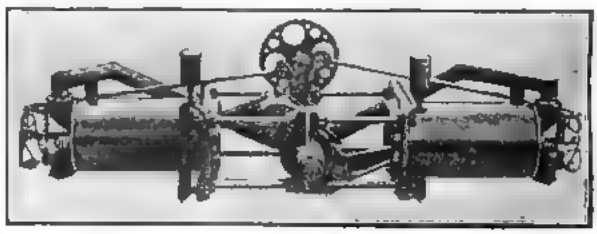
THE Topodict is the latest Swiss invention. By its aid you can fix the correct location of far-distant buildings or scenery, and, at the same time, reproduce on paper the exact form of what you see. It is, in fact, a most useful instrument for observing and tracing panoramas, for determining the place of a signal, or anything else the observer at the machine is desirous of locating.

The Lightest Engine in the World.

THERE has just been made in the United States what is claimed to be the lightest engine in the world. It is designed for use in air-ships. It is a 2-cylinder motor, and weighs less than 100 lb. During various tests it has developed between 15 and 16 h.p. at about 1000 revolutions per minute.

Latest in Typewriters.

A NEW German typewriter is said to print syllables and short words instead of single letters, making it possible to type at a very high speed.



MOTOR FOR FLYING MACHINES.

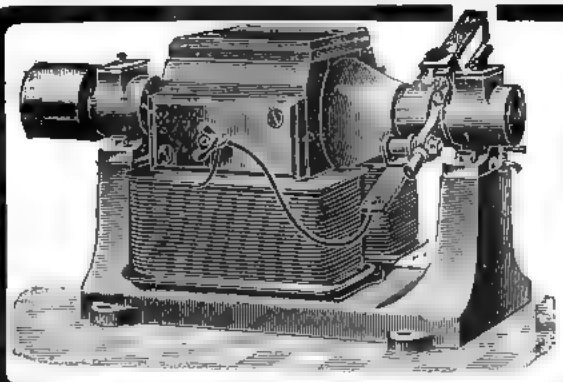
How much longer

will you be content to occupy a poorly paid position without any prospects of advancement? There is no need for you to be satisfied with a poor position. We want you to occupy a first-class position, with first-class pay, by qualifying yourself as an Electrical Engineer, the profession that carries with it high salaries and good positions.

IF YOU WANT TO DOUBLE YOUR SALARY

we can show you how. We train you by post direct to your home in your spare time, to enter the profession of Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electric Light and Power, Electric Tramways, Designing, etc, etc. We have done this for thousands, and can do the same for you. Write to-day for our free book "How to become an Electrical Engineer": it tells you all about it.

Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction,
494, NORWICH HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON.



DYNAMOS

For Electric Lighting and Charging Accumulators.

BRITISH MANUFACTURE. HIGHEST EFFICIENCY.

Finished Dynamos from 12/6. Castings from 3/-. Special Dynamos for Private Installations up to 1600 C.P. Special Charging Dynamos.

Write for New List of Dynamos, Motors and Accessories, 1d.

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 500 Illustrations of Model and Small Power Steam, Gas, and Oil Engines, all kinds of Castings, Finished Parts, Boilers, Fittings, &c., 6d. post free.

W. MACMILLAN & CO. (C. Dept.)
Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVES

No. 2750 high-class scale Model Locomotive and Tender constructed from the latest designs, and is thoroughly up-to-date. Has D.A.S.V. Cylinders, Steam Domes, Safety Valve, Whistle, Reversing Gear, Spring Buffers, etc. Beautifully finished, enamelled and lined correct colours.

No. 2 Gauge, £2 17s. 6d.; No. 3, £3 9s.; No. 4, £4 10s.
In L. & N.W., L. & S.W., G.N.R., or M.R. Colours.

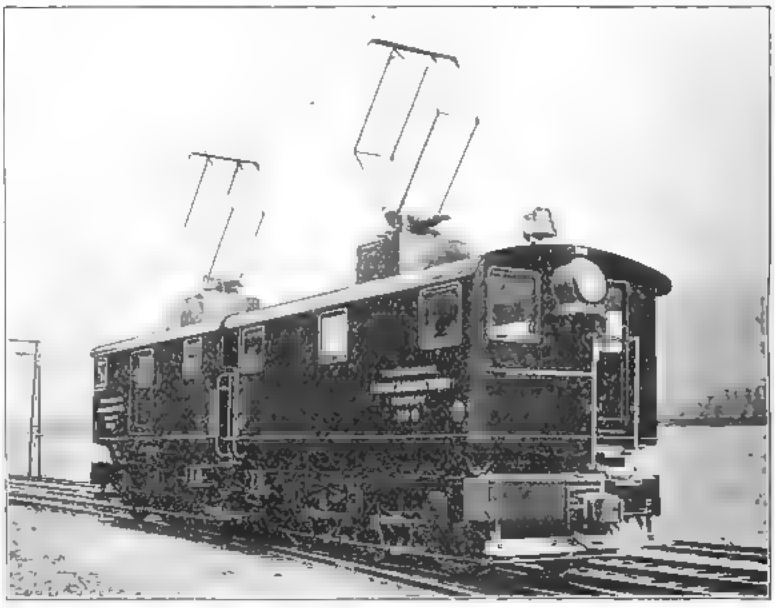
Our new Catalogue of Model Locomotives and Railroad Accessories, Stationary Engines, Electrical Novelties, Motors, Dynamos, etc., Guns, Ammunition, and all the latest novelties, 100 pages, containing hundreds of illustrations, post free, 6d., which is allowed on first order. Will be ready early in September.

RICHFORD & CO., (Dept. C), 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
Branch Depot, 22a, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

Biggest Electric Locomotive in the World.

THE adjoining illustration shows the biggest electric locomotive yet made. It weighs over 135 tons. It is designed to haul heavy goods trains at moderate speeds. It is operated with single-phase alternating current, collected from an overhead current conductor at 6000 volts potential. The locomotive is built in two halves, each mounted in a six-wheel truck with rigid wheel base. Each axle is fitted with a 225-h.p. single-phase motor, giving the locomotive a total horse-power of 1350. The maximum speed of this gigantic locomotive is about thirty miles an hour; as it has been designed for goods and not for passenger traffic. A train of fifty waggons weighing 1200 tons has been hauled by this engine without difficulty.

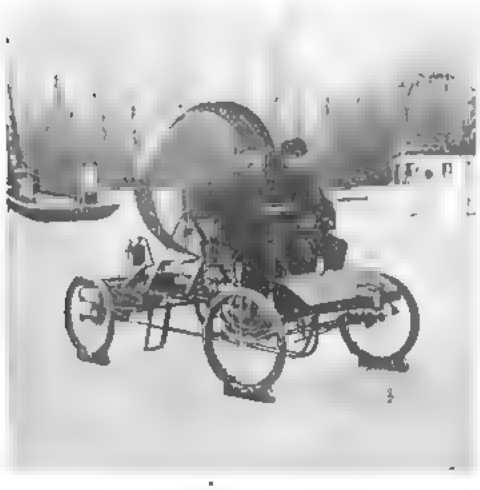
Hitherto nearly all electric locomotives have been designed on the multiple-unit system, and the introduction of the single-phase system has made the question of the electrification of main lines of railway an easier problem than it has hitherto been.



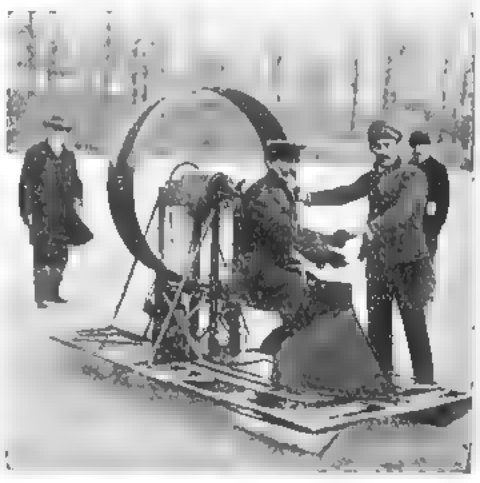
THE VERY LATEST IN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES.

Journeys by Pneumoslito.

SPECIALLY to make rapid journeys over ice and snow Mr. J. Bruce Macduff of Brooklyn has invented the Pneumoslito. The photographs below show this strange vehicle as a sledge and also when mounted on wheels. The Pneumoslito is driven by a screw which acts on the air in the same way that a steamer's screw works its way through the sea. The screw is driven by a 2¾-h.p. gasoline motor.



THE PNUEMOSLITO ON WHEELS.



THE PNUEMOSLITO AS A SLEDGE.

K.C.

PERSONAL AND POSTAL TUITION

Do you want a good Appointment?

Then send a Postcard to-day for a free Booklet of the K.C.

GUARANTEED APPOINTMENT

SYSTEM, with copies of Testimonials from Students recently placed in satisfactory appointments, to

Messrs. MUNFORD & PITMAN,

KENSINGTON COLLEGE, QUEEN'S RD., BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN

NATURAL HISTORY AND NATURE STUDY,

AND COLLECT EITHER

BUTTERFLIES & MOTHS, BIRDS' EGGS, or go in for **BOTANY, &c.,** send for **Gardner's Illustrated Catalogue** (which will be sent post free), and note the extremely low prices,

JAMES GARDNER

Manufacturing Naturalist and Furrier,

52 High Holborn, London, W.C.

THERE ARE ALWAYS VACANCIES for clever Black-and-White Artists. "Captain" readers can obtain thorough tuition by post in all branches of magazine and newspaper illustration. Copyright system. Pupils' drawings placed. Full particulars post free.—Secretary, **Press Art School,** 128 Drakefell Road, New Cross, London, S.E.

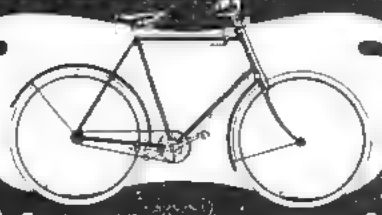
There's a deal in FUN.

—AND—

There's a deal of FUN in

Tit-Bits

Cycles that charm are those built of



EADIE FITTINGS

Manufactured of the highest grade PROJECTILE STEEL, stamped and carrying

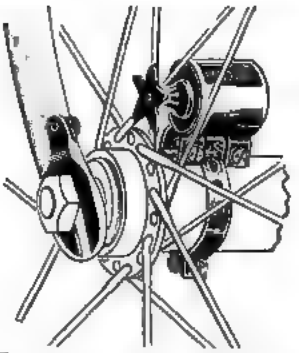
12 MONTHS' GUARANTEE

Your local cycle builder will build you a bicycle according to your own particular requirements, introducing EADIE FITTINGS, at a moderate cost. This is far better than buying a ready made and so-called cheap machine. The difference is not only one of comfort and pleasure in riding, it is the difference between absolute safety and risking broken limbs and possible loss of life

Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free on receipt of Postcard. Dept. I.

EADIE MANUFG. CO. Ltd.

Redditch



THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A CYCLOMETER

is on the hub of the wheel—out of harm's way. One Cyclometer fits in the right place. It registers accurately 10,000 miles and then repeats. Fits any wheel. It costs **3/6** from any good cycle agent, and its name is

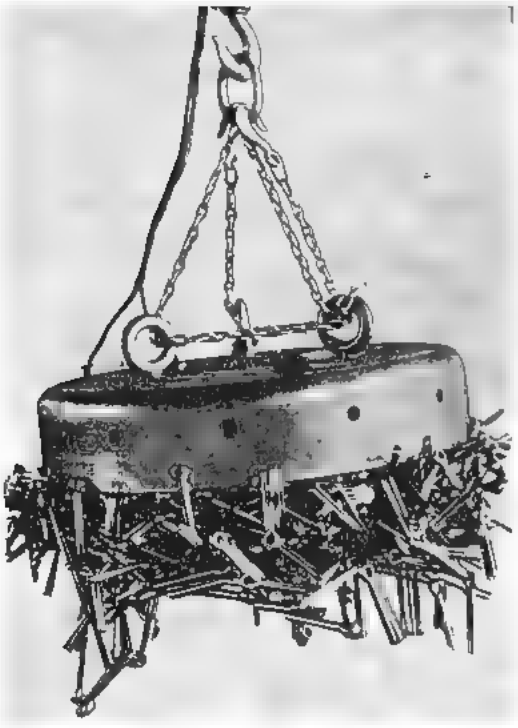
THE NEW DEPARTURE

"SECURITY" CYCLOMETER

Ask for 1905 "New Departure" Catalogue from

BROWN BROTHERS, Ltd.,

(Desk P.) 22-28 Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C.



MAGNETIC CRANE LIFTING SPLIT PINS.

Magnetic Cranes.

THE illustrations on this page show what the inventive genius of America has evolved from the little red horse-shoe magnet of childhood. Keen brains realised that there was money in that little plaything, and here we see the result!

The block of steel which constitutes the magnet is suspended from the hook of the crane, and either becomes magnetic or loses its power when a direct current of electricity is allowed to energise the magnet, or is cut off.

A flexible twin conductor cable is used to convey the current to the magnet, and a small switch, operated by the crane man, is usually the only additional apparatus necessary. The amount of current used is small, being from one to twelve amperes, according to the service for which the magnet is designed.

In operation the magnet is lowered on the material to be lifted and the switch closed, this causing the magnet to attract and hold the material, which may then be hoisted to the crane and transported to the desired point. When the current is cut off, the lifting block loses its attracting power. The magnet will support its load in mid air for hours and days, and even endless years so long as the electric current continues to flow through the two small wires.

The attachment of the magnet to the load as well as the release of the load may be accomplished by the crane operator without assistance, thus saving the labour of the men who usually attach the hooks and chains of an ordinary crane.

The lifting magnets before being sold for ordinary use by the makers, the Electric Controller and Supply Company, 47 Victoria Street, S.W., are always tested with from four to five times the specified load. There are some forty types of magnets, built for as many different kinds of work

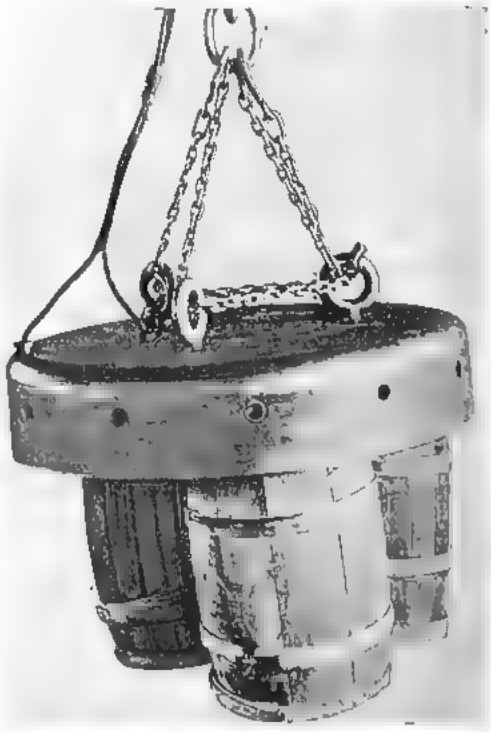
With the October CAPTAIN commences

A School Story in Three Parts,

ENTITLED

"COX'S COUGH-DROPS,"

By R. S. WARREN BELL.



LIFTING THREE KEGS OF RIVETS.

A SUM BOYS ENJOY.

200 Prizes to be Won,

1 Magnificent Rembrandt Photogravure Plate, "Nelson's Last Farewell," to be given Free,

1 Beautiful Coloured Plate, "In a Python's Coils,"

3 Stirring Serial Stories by the Boys' favourite writers,

2 Excellent New Series of Articles: "Turning Points in Successful Careers," "Under Nelson's Flag,"

100 Pages teeming with exciting and enjoyable Stories, Humorous and other Pictures, Funny Tales, Helpful Hints; Pages which every Boy and every Girl—and every Grown-up, too—can read again and again, and enjoy every time.

CHUMS—"The Champion of all Boys' Papers."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The October Part commences a New Volume. Permanently Enlarged to 20 Pages Weekly.

"*CHUMS*,"

October Part, 6d.

Ready September 26th.

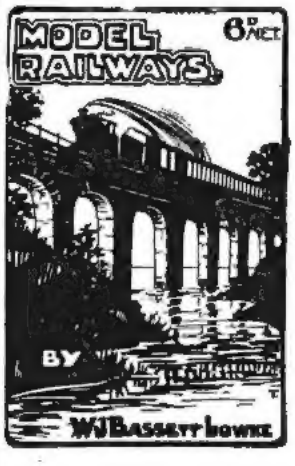
CHUMS

Weekly, 1d.
Every Wednesday.
Monthly 6d.
CASSELL & CO. LD. London
And all Booksellers.

ESTABLISHED 1788. MODEL MAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY

LATEST DESIGN CLYDE BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS.

Only to be had from us direct. Tested in water under sail and guaranteed. Our Yachts are now known **all over the world.** Sufficient to say this our **latest design** is **faster** than our previous designs. Well built, completely rigged with **Brass Fittings,** Helm, **Brass Quadrant, Steering Gear,** Sails made of our Special Striped Model Sail-cloth, etc., **as illustrated.** Sizes given are lengths of **decks only,** and do **not** include bowsprit. Deck 30in. long, carriage free, 45/6; deck 33in. long, carriage free, 65/-; deck 36in., carriage free, 63/-. Smaller sizes without Brass Quadrant Steering Gear, 16in. 5/6, 18in. 10/6, 20in. 12/6, 24in. 18/-, 32in. 30/-, 24in. long, 22/6, carriage free. "**Our**" new British made Model Racing Steamboats as described in last month's CAPTAIN, 12/9 to 45/6 each, carriage free. Send to-day for our New Illustrated Pamphlet E, which fully describes and illustrates above and other novelties, **Free** on receipt of one stamp.—**CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers and Electricians, Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B.**



The Latest Book on Model Engineering

"MODEL RAILWAYS"

By W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE

A Handbook on the choice of Model Locomotives and Railway equipment. Designs for Model Railways and Railway Signalling.

Demy 8vo. 72 pages, over 80 illustrations.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.—Choice of Size and Gauge; Clockwork, Steam, Electric Locomotives; Miniature Railways.
CHAPTER II.—The Model Locomotive.
CHAPTER III.—Tin Rail Formations.
CHAPTER IV.—Scale Model Permanent Way.
CHAPTER V.—Signals and Signalling Model Railways.
CHAPTER VI.—Stations, Rolling Stock, etc.

***Price* 6d. *net.* *Post free,* 7d.**

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., Northampton.

Digitized by Google

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, M.A. *Photo. Mills.*

Motto—"Many Countries but One Empire."

F. C. GOULD. *Photo. Newnes.*

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club-secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

MALTA.—I have to thank Mr. Robert Borg for a lengthy report of the B.E.L. Empire Day Celebrations. Malta has always been one of the most loyal and enthusiastic branches of the League, and on this occasion appears to have surpassed herself.

ELMINA.—Gold Coast Colony.—It is most gratifying to record that this newly formed branch of fourteen members journeyed many miles to take part in a patriotic procession and rejoicings on Empire Day. Much of the success of the gathering was due to the B.E.L. Members, who were conducted by their enthusiastic Hon. Sec., Mr. Manoel da Costa.

LEWISHAM, S.E.—I hear with pleasure that there is to be a great move in B.E.L. matters in Lewisham this autumn. Formerly one of the strongest of suburban branches, it promises to recover its old position. There is something in the nature of a surprise for all B.E.L. members who care to drop a card to Mr. G. Rock-Widlake, 7 Albion Road, Lewisham, S.E.

HULL, KIDDERMINSTER, NORTH WALSHAM, BROMSGROVE, COVENTRY.—I am in receipt of the usual monthly reports, all of which are encouraging. I hope to refer to them more fully in the *B.E.L. Gazette* for September.

By the time this number is in the hands of CAPTAIN readers, members of B.E.L. branches will be thinking of formulating their programmes for the winter. I have before me a pile of letters from Hon. Secretaries of existing branches, and also from others who would like to form new Clubs in their respective districts. I append their names and addresses in the hope that CAPTAIN readers who wish to join will write to them direct:

BELFAST.—James W. McNinch, 1 Woodbrook Villas, Ballgomartin Road.

BIRMINGHAM.—Cecil C. Goldsmid, Melbourne House, Edward Road.

BIRTLEY and CHESTER LE STREET.—M. W. Birkett, N.E.R. Station, Birtley, R.S.O.

DARTFORD.—H. J. Wallis, 114 Prince of Wales Terrace, Great Queen Street.

DERBY.—J. T. Bankes, the Firs, Etwall.

DUBLIN.—W. I. Hartley, 36 Waterloo Road.

E. FINCHLEY, N.—W. Smith, 5 Cavendish Terrace, High Road.

HOLLOWAY, N.—Arthur Jno. Strouts, 65 Grove Road.

ILLINOIS, U.S.A.—Edgar S. Wood (late Wellington, N.Z.), 3202 Enoch Avenue, Zion City.

LEEDS.—Clifford Dytch, 7 Woodsley Road.

LEICESTER.—Archie Wm. Branson, 1A Sparkenhoe Street.

MAIDSTONE.—H. J. Verrall, 47 Thornhill Place.

PLYMOUTH.—F. Mc J. Walker, Zion House, The Hoe.

REDHILL, SURREY.—Graham G. Reynolds, Blymhill, St. John's Road.

SHREWSBURY.—J. Smith, 2 Mardo Street.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Percy A. Maydwell, 36 Park Street.

WEST EALING.—A. Barrat, 115 Coldershaw Road.

WEST KILBURN, N.W.—A. C. Baxter, 161 Harvist Road.

WIMBLEDON.—A. E. Richmond, Brookfield, Woodside.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

Digitized by Google

POSTCARD ALBUMS.

SEASON 1905.

Art Vellum Bindings, Bevelled Boards, Dark Green Leaves.

Designs and Lettering in Real Gold and White.

To hold 200 Cards, 3 on a page, 1/9
" 300 " " 2/-
" 400 " " 2/6
" 500 " " 3/6
" 1000 " " 6/-

Same Design Supplied, Padded Covers.

To hold 200 Cards, 2/-
" 300 " 2/6
" 400 " 3/-
" 500 " 4/-
" 1000 " 6/6

All sent Post Free, Approval. Illustrated List of other Designs on application.

GEORGE TAPLIN,
Green Lanes, Harringay, London, England.

If you want a friend on whom you can always rely, then possess a

'SWAN' Fountain Pen

10/6 to £20. All hands suited.
Of all Stationers. Catalogue free.

Mabie, Todd & Bard
79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.
Branches:—
London:
93, Cheapside, E.C.
95A, Regent St. W.
Manchester:
3, Exchange Street.

A NATIONAL ASSET.

PENS to suit everyone. Pens that fit even the most difficult hand. Pens that give satisfaction all the time, bear the name of

JOSEPH GILLOTT.

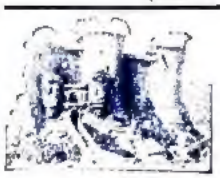
See that this name is on the Pen you use—it means you have the best.

In Sixpenny and Gross Boxes, of Stationers, etc., and from W. H. SMITH & SON'S Bookstalls. **FREE.**—Sample Card of Pens free on receipt of Penny Stamp for postage. Sample Box of Thirty Pens assorted, for testing, Seven Stamps.—**JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, 37 Gracechurch St., London, E.C.**

DO YOU WANT AN INEXPENSIVE CABINET

For your **Natural History** specimens? If so, write to us for terms and sizes. As we are **manufacturers** we can sell at low prices. We also keep in stock all kinds of specimens of **Birds' Eggs, Moths, Butterflies, &c.** Send for our New Price List, post free on application; it will be worth your while.

J. T. CROCKETT & SONS,
7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square
(Close to Oxford Circus, W.).



THERE'S REAL FUN IN HOME MODELLING WITH HARBUTT'S

PLASTICINE

The complete modeller, fitted with Plasticine in five colours and all requisites, including fully illustrated instructions.

2/10 Post Free

Wm. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), DEPT. T. **Bathampton, Bath.**

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP

MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound TECHNICAL and GENERAL EDUCATION to boys desirous of entering the MERCANTILE MARINE and other professions. SEVERAL NOMINATIONS TO ROYAL NAVAL CADETSHIPS UNDER BOTH THE "OLD" AND "NEW" (OSBORNE) SCHEMES OF NAVAL EDUCATION. Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and Prospectus apply to the Commander,
LIEUT. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

Digitized by Google

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.,

COMPLETE FOOTBALL OUTFITTERS

TO COMMENCE YOUR SEASON

SEND FOR OUR NEW FOOTBALL LIST.

POST FREE ON RECEIPT OF CARD.

SHIRTS.

HARLEQUIN or STRIPES

FLANNELETTE SHIRTS.
Harlequin or Stripes, 1/10 each.
2/2 reduction on 1 doz.
Ditto 2/6 each. Reduction on 1 doz., 3/-.
FLANNEL ditto, 5/6. Postage, 3d.

SHIN GUARDS.
CANE BARS, BEST MAKES, 1/-, 1/4, & 1/8. Postage 3d.

BRASS INFLATORS
9d., 1/5, 1/11, 2/6.
Postage 3d.

FOOTBALLS.

THE "CROWN"	... ...	5/- each.
THE "CLUB"	... ...	5/9 "
THE "GOAL"	... ...	6/6 "
THE BRITON	... ...	7/6 "
THE KIKOPH	... ...	8/11 "

Postage 4d.

KNICKERS.

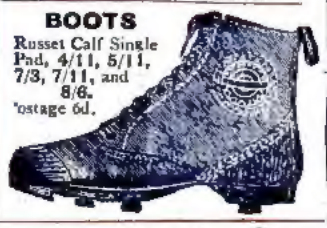
STRONG NAVY SERGE KNICKERS

BELTLESS KNICKERS A BOON TO FOOTBALL PLAYERS

BELTLESS KNICKERS, with Elastic and Patent Clip, 2/3. ORDINARY MAKES, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9. WHITE SWANSDOWN, 1/4, 2/2, 3/3. Postage 3d.
2/- reduction on 1 doz. Pairs.

BOOTS

Russet Calf Single Pad, 4/11, 5/11, 7/3, 7/11, and 8/6.
Postage 6d.



(DEPT. L) 117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE, AND MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

EVERY RELIABLE CYCLE

MAY BE DISTINGUISHED BY ITS EQUIPMENTS

The Moderate Prices of

BROOKS

Saddles

This name denotes
PRE-EMINENCE

permit their use on every reliable machine

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

"Really wholesome Confectionery."
Lancet.

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

CAREY'S CYCLE & MOTOR REPOSITORY.

Telephone:— 8380 CENTRAL.
Telegrams:— "GUMMINITY, LONDON.

The best place in London to buy, sell, or exchange Cycles, Motor Cycles, or Cars. Auction Sales weekly. Cash advances from £1 to £1,000 on Goods sent for absolute sale or purchased for Cash. *Address:—*

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE STATION, LONDON, S.E.

Digitized by Google